CRABB ROBINSON IN GERMANY

1800–1805

EXTRACTS FROM HIS
CORRESPONDENCE
EDITED BY
EDITH J. MORLEY

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
LONDON: HUMPHREY MILFORD

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London — *Amen House, E.C.* 4
Edinburgh — 100 *Princes Street*
Glasgow — 104 *West George Street*
Paris: 19 *Avenue d'Orléans* (*XIV*e)
Leipzig: Barthels Hof, Markt 8, *C.* 1
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PUBLISHER TO THE
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1929

'. . . I cannot account for it, but the knowledge that I am in a place where I never was before and where I believe I shall never be again, infallibly gives an interest to the objects around me—Sentiment mixes with the Idea—in fine it is the Secret Source of a Traveller's Joy And there is no more effectual mean[s] of rendering a Journey dull than to anticipate a return. . . .'—*H. C. R. to J. T. Rutt, 13 July, 1800.*

Printed in Great Britain

PREFACE

THIS book contains extracts from the correspondence between Henry Crabb Robinson and his brother, Thomas (together with one or two other relevant passages from H. C. R.'s papers), during the former's first visit to Germany, which lasted from 1800 to 1805. The letters from both brothers are extremely regular and detailed. These selections from them have been made with the purpose of showing the condition of Germany, and, to a lesser degree, of England—political, social, and intellectual—during the period of the Napoleonic wars.

The original spelling and punctuation have been retained except where they might cause difficulty, and, except, in very minor instances, any changes or additions made by me are indicated by square brackets.

For permission to publish I am indebted to the Trustees of Dr. Williams's Library, Gordon Square, London, who are not, however, in any way responsible for the passages chosen. I desire also to express my acknowledgements to Mrs. McKillop for her compilation of the index and the greater part of the appendices, and for her assistance generally; and to Mr. Frederick Page of the Oxford University Press for advice and help in various ways.

EDITH J. MORLEY.

September 1928.

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INTRODUCTION

CRABB ROBINSON IN GERMANY, 1800–5

ACCORDING to Crabb Robinson's own account, his schooling was lamentably inefficient: 'instead of being in due form flogged into Latin and Greek at our grammar school, I was sent to Devizes where I could learn nothing for nothing was to be learnt.' At Colchester, where he was subsequently articled to an attorney, 'I was equally unfortunate in my clerkship where I saw nothing of business but its stupid mechanical drudgery, where nothing was done which dunces could not do and where my ambition was not excited by difficulties'. He acquired, indeed, 'rather more law than common Attorney's Clerks possess', but spent his five years' apprenticeship to a large extent in desultory reading of novels, newspapers, and metaphysical and moral disquisitions which lulled 'the mind in a sort of indolent activity without calling forth its powers . . . it was the great evil of my then condition that I was totally without all distinct views of human life . . . led by sentiment only and not by principle . . . the uncertainty of my future fortune served to apologize for the indecision of my pursuits'. After an interval of 'busy idleness' at home at Bury St. Edmunds, he migrated to London in 1796 and entered a solicitor's office. Though he was thoroughly dissatisfied with his work and prospects, this time in London proved to be of crucial importance in his career. He made new friends, political and literary, joined debating societies at which he practised public speaking with some success, and, above all, frequented the theatre, at that time glorified by Mrs. Siddons. Then, in 1798, he received a legacy from an uncle, and, in possession of an income of about £100 a year, determined finally to abandon all thought of becoming a solicitor. Some time before, while visiting at Norwich and Yarmouth, Crabb Robinson had made the acquaintance of William Taylor, who, by his enthusiasm, encouraged the younger man's growing taste for German literature and an incipient desire to travel, which 'proceeded chiefly from dissatisfaction with my present pursuits and from a vague wish to be where I was not'. Accordingly he set

out from Yarmouth on 3 April 1800 with no very clear idea of his purpose nor even of his immediate intentions in making the journey. There was no particular reason why he should go—but then there was no particular reason why he should remain at Bury St. Edmunds or indeed in England. He was suffering not only from 'Wanderlust' but from discontent with himself and his aimlessness. He was 'ambitious of literary distinction', but he was very conscious of his lack of education and—less justly—of his lack of ability. He hated the law and he felt the narrowness of provincial life. He had come under the influence of Godwin, been intensely interested in the trial and acquittal of Hardy, Horne Tooke, and Thelwall, and admired the writings of Holcroft, whose novels he 'read with avidity' and whose 'conduct in surrendering himself in court when the trial of Thomas Hardy began', 'I . . . thought noble'. Godwin's *Political Justice* 'left all others behind in my admiration . . . in one respect the book had an excellent effect on my mind—it made me feel more *generously*. I had never before, nor, I am afraid, have I ever since felt so strongly the duty of not living to one's self, but of having for one's sole object the good of the community'. Needless to say, he had been carried away by enthusiasm for the French Revolution as seen through English eyes, and to him, as to other young men of his generation, the declaration of war against France seemed the death-blow to British ideals of liberty. 'It is well known', he wrote later, 'that the French Revolution turned the brains of many of the noblest youths in England. Indeed, when such men as Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, caught the infection, no wonder that those who partook of their sensibility but had a very small portion of their intellect were carried away.' And in later life he was fond of quoting Southey's dictum: 'I am no more ashamed of having been a Republican than I am of having been a child.' Crabb Robinson found no means of escape from his restlessness in visions of a Pantisocracy on the banks of the Susquehanna. His dreams of the unknown materialized into less distant wanderings. He travelled a little in the west of England, made a tour in Wales, and finally sailed for Hamburg under the guidance of Mr. Aldebert, a German merchant with whom he had become acquainted.

More by chance than by design, it happened that his stay in Germany was prolonged for five years and that it determined, to a very considerable degree, the development of his mind and views and the direction of his future life. He was brought into contact with European conditions during Napoleon's ascendancy, and whereas he set out an admirer of France, he came home in 1805 'disposed to be of that' political party 'which is most decidedly against the French', and even declaring that their tongue was 'the most circumscribed, unphilosophical, unpoetical language in Europe'. Whatever his knowledge of France and the French, he learned the German language and to understand Germany and the Germans better than perhaps any other Englishman of his time; he became impregnated with the new transcendental philosophy, studied Kant, and sat at the feet of Fichte (whom he once impersonated at a village inn), of Schelling and the Schlegels. He gained an intimate knowledge of German literature during the time of the *Blütezeit* at Weimar, met Goethe and Schiller and Herder, became intimate with Wieland, Voss, and Knebel, and was admitted to the circles, by no means only philosophical and literary, of many of the most distinguished men of the age.

Crabb Robinson systematically underrated his own powers and achievements both at this period and always, but even he never doubted the importance of his work in acting as the channel of ideas between the country of his birth and the land of his temporary adoption. To him, more than to any one else, is due the influence of German thought and German literature on England in the first quarter of the nineteenth century.

Every six weeks, throughout his stay on the Continent, Robinson sent a foolscap sheet, closely written, to his brother Thomas, who replied with equal regularity and at almost equal length. The correspondence is extraordinarily detailed, especially on the part of Henry, and shows how he fitted himself for his future function as intermediary between the two countries. 'It is', he writes, 'the cardinal maxim of my Correspondence . . . to make it the echo or shadow of my Life, whether it has been passed in Travelling or Reading.'

The brothers tell each other the most minute occurrences of

their daily lives. We learn whom they see, what they do, what books they read, what they hear as gossip, what they think, and what they feel. Henry is the more interesting, perhaps because he is the more leisured letter-writer and also the one who has more to tell. We can follow—sometimes, as Thomas appears to feel, in rather too much detail—every phase in his religious and philosophical beliefs, and trace the connexion between these and his views about poetry. We know exactly what books he reads and what he thinks about them; he retails the discussions in which he takes part and describes the progress he makes in his studies. Strangest of all, we are given, more than once, a minute analysis of his own characteristics, moral, intellectual, and social. For he is extraordinarily introspective and even more extraordinarily outspoken about the conclusions at which he arrives. We may not always agree with his low estimate of his powers, but it is impossible not to respect his frankness. Long before we have read through these forty-five letters,[1] we have formed our own opinion of the man and of his trustworthiness as a reporter and as a judge of character. He has trained himself to see and to describe accurately and with liveliness; he understands the virtues of a good correspondent and deliberately sets himself to acquire them. He constantly urges Thomas to give 'a simple unaffected statement of (his) opinions and sentiments', and it is such statement on his own part which forms the staple interest of his writing. Whether he is commenting on German methods of cooking or systems of government, on the politics of the Illuminati or the transcendental philosophy of Kant; whether he describes scenery and customs, his adventures when he forgets his passport or his feelings when he sees 'the smoke and flash' of the French guns, Robinson writes simply and without affectation. He can communicate his own emotions to the reader because he has nothing to conceal—he is equally frank about his 'miserably neglected education' and consequent ignorance of the classics, or the feeling of awe he experienced when introduced to Goethe. In short, he 'speaks to paper as to the first man he meets', and the result is a volume of correspondence as illuminating with regard to the writer as

[1] One of them, No 18, is not extant; there is reason to suppose it was destroyed because it contained an account of his love for Charlotte Servière.

to the subjects which he discusses. He cannot be numbered among the greatest letter-writers, but his place is nevertheless high in the second rank. He can vary his style surprisingly in accordance with his mood and his subject-matter, and he manages to convey atmosphere as well as information.

Nor is it the least attractive of his qualities that he unconsciously reveals the standpoint of the intelligent middle-class Whig of his generation, with his British prejudices and Radcliffian romanticism, at the same time as he shows his personal reaction to foreign conditions, and his rather un-English capacity to appreciate strange and new ways of life. From his letters we learn to know the England as well as the Germany of the beginning of the nineteenth century, and this not merely because of the deliberate comparisons made, but also because of the involuntary revelation of what is taken for granted by himself and his circle. Crabb Robinson may be regarded as typical of the average young Englishman who came under Godwin's influence at the most impressionable time of life, after growing into manhood during the thunder of the French Revolution and the reactionary government in England which was due to its reverberations. He was familiar from boyhood, even in his provincial, middle-class urban home, with the mutterings of the storm: he had seen for himself the discontent of the surrounding farm labourers and their masters and the gradual transformation of rural England as those economic and industrial movements began which were to change the old order and bring about modern conditions. Now he came into Germany at a time when, materially and intellectually, that country was in the throes of a much more rapid transition. 'The whole of the intellectual labours of Western Europe since the fifteenth century', says a recent writer (M. Beer), 'were compressed within a few decades in the German realm, and it seemed as if every ounce of strength were being exerted to repair the neglect of centuries.' There was evident the dawn of reaction against the political backwardness and princely oppression which had kept the bulk of the nation in servitude and misery much greater than anything known in England at that period. At home Crabb Robinson had been deeply moved by the State Trials and by the prosecution of Wakefield for his

assertion that the labouring classes could lose nothing by French conquest. As late as January 1801 he was still inquiring: 'Do the people continue as stupidly loyal as ever?' But in Germany he met with oppression much more overwhelming in its effects than anything he could have conceived from English conditions. The feudal tyranny of petty princelings, whose despotism was almost unlimited, is referred to again and again in the letters. Thus he tells of Cassel, where 'a military life is the destiny of all the males, and it is from the sale of them that the prince derives his revenue'; or describes the German peasantry as having less public spirit than the British, because 'The Corvée and other vassalage services which the Prince can demand from his Peasants in most parts of Germany tend to degrade the mind by making it constantly feel its dependence and subjection to the will of another'. Or again, in Bohemia, 'a sort of back-settlement of Germany', libraries and reading-rooms are utterly prohibited in the towns, while 'the peasantry are still in a state of wretched subjection to the lords under whom they immediately stand. . . . The Nobleman is bound to furnish a certain number of men according to the extent of his dominions and his officers have an absolutely arbitrary power of taking such of the peasants as they think proper . . . have the scourge at command, and resistance is punished as mutiny. Dreadful.' The next sentence, however, points to comparable tyranny at home. 'Still is it much otherwise as to our sailors?' he asks. 'Injustice cries aloud from every quarter of the globe.' Nevertheless in Germany he is shocked to see that women serve as day-labourers; or to note that Bavaria is the only state in which it is not necessary to obtain a licence for printing, or that in Dresden there is a puerile veneration of men of rank, or that, owing to misgovernment, no good bread is obtainable in Hessia. Notwithstanding these observations, he is of opinion that 'the fact seems to show in Germany that a nominally absolute power is not dangerous when limited by want of extension of territory and great revenue. There are few of the smaller Princes of Germany who are reproached with being practical tyrants and oppressors' as are the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel and the Duke of Würtemburg. Robinson duly remarks on the encouragement that is being given to various forms of mechanical enterprise

by the more enlightened rulers. Germany was, generally speaking, much behind England in manufactures at this period, and he gives instances from his own experience of the means taken to improve them. Thus at Chemnitz he met with a young Welshman 'of low birth, but of mechanical genius', who was earning £200 a year, with rent and firing, for the superintendence of a factory, and who received in addition an annuity of £100 from the Elector 'so long as he remains in Saxony'. There was in the same town an English cotton manufacturer who had been paid £200 for his travelling expenses in addition to a house and annuity of £100 'with no other condition than that of living in Saxony'. A similar policy was pursued by the King of Prussia. These things pointed, in Robinson's opinion, to the coming downfall of England, where, owing to 'the hardness of the times', it was difficult to gain a livelihood.

These bad times are illustrated in other ways in the course of the correspondence. Thomas writes to his brother, 18 December 1800, 'of the distress of all orders of people amongst us on account of the high price of provisions. The poor-rates have risen to an unexampled height—they have nearly doubled since you left England [in April of the same year]. The present rate of Bury for the quarter is seven shillings in the pound. . . . At the commencement of the war the rate with us was not more than 1/9 or 2/- in the pound . . . yet the situation in Bury is much less lamentable than that of many other towns in the kingdom.' Six weeks later he complains again that 'Corn rises every market-day'; the funds are falling, trade is very precarious and 'Such is the state of the country in the prime article of life—flour' that the millers are prohibited under very heavy penalties from making any but coarse flour—'A very pretty state we are reduced to—our pockets filled with paper and our bellies filled with chickens' meat!' As a result, the country is full of clamour: farmers are threatened and their barns and ricks in many places set on fire.

In reply, 'tho' it is a sort of bathos to quit the revolutions of states for details of sixpences and shillings', Henry proceeds to quote the prices of provisions in Frankfurt, where these are settled by the magistrates. 'Observing that the German pound is 5% heavier than yours—Beef 4d. and less than a farthing

p. lb.; Veal $3^{d}\frac{3}{4}$ Lamb 4^{d} Pork $4^{d}\frac{3}{4}$.[1] I do not know whether these articles are *frappant* but the common bread which is they say as nutritive as the common English Bread—that is the *ci-devant* English bread, for I know nothing of "chicken meat", is 1^{d} a lb. Butter (fresh and very good) 1/ p. lb. . . . Eggs are at present very dear, nearly 1^{d} a piece but they are at other Seasons 3 times as cheap.' He goes on here, and in other places, to make comparison between German and English food, noting, e. g., that whereas soup is, in England, a luxury reserved for banquets, in Germany it is a staple article of diet of which there is 'an infinite variety'. He also describes 'a sort of root which is exceedingly pleasant, cheap and simple', and inquires whether it be 'in use in England; if not it ought to be imported. . . . The Dictionary Translation for the word is "Red Beet Root". It is exactly the form of a Parsnip and is quite red. It is boiled till it is soft, then cut like cucumber, vinegar is poured over it, or to make it better, horse radish is added to it. It has a sweetish Taste and is particularly good with boiled Beef. . . . With boiled Beef here we eat also boiled Horse Radish.' On the other hand the Germans know nothing of apple-pies and Henry is at pains to procure the receipt for them from his sister-in-law—not, apparently, with very successful results. 'Tho' I think we have not failed in Butter we have never succeeded in making the crust short or flaky. What is the cause of this? What proportion of butter to flour is used? And is there anything else necessary?'

He is also much interested to know whether his brother's new Rumford kitchen-stove is a success, and the question reminds one that enclosed ranges with ovens were in the experimental stage at the beginning of the nineteenth century, when it was still the normal method to roast before an open fire and to have independent heating for each separate oven. Crabb Robinson comments on the rarity of roasts in Germany and ascribes it to the scarcity of coal. But he notes that 'the fireplaces are fixed in a sort of platform or stage which is raised at one end of the kitchen so that the cook has no stooping. There are Coppers and stoves in different shapes, so that every dish

[1] I am informed by authorities on the subject that it is not possible to give a reliable estimate of the value of these prices in present-day money. Probably there is not much difference.

has its particular fire, and no fuel is wasted'. Another discovery he makes at Marburg is 'a sofa of metal rings, covered with hair, the most elastic of couches, and to me a novelty'.

In most respects, apparently, he does not find either the exterior or interior of the houses and cottages very different from those with which he is familiar at home, though in his early letters he remarks that 'they perpetually suggest the idea that you are looking at England as it was a century ago'. 'In the wild parts of Hanover' he sees farm-houses which consist of 'one immense room, without Chimney or division. . . . At one corner the fire; here beds, there the piggery; here some furniture and a good carriage-way all through. Now the progress of refinement is this; after a time the sides are separated . . . glazed and adorned for the women and children—but still the centre is unpaved . . . the old Hall remains as in ancient English mansions.'—In the towns there is little of the 'elegant uniformity of a Bath street', but instead, a much greater variety of ornament.

Long before the days of walking-tours, Crabb Robinson tramped over the greater part of Germany, storing up and writing down his impressions. His own appearance on these expeditions must have attracted attention. On one occasion we are told he wore a black travelling dress with velvet pantaloons and gaiters, and it was his practice to carry his spare garments in capacious pockets. Sometimes he went alone, picking up chance companions on the road—in inns, in the street, or by the wayside. Once, to his obvious satisfaction, he journeyed with a petty sovereign prince; another expedition was with a young nobleman whose mother entertained him in their Schloss, and yet another with Christian Brentano. But everywhere and always he mixed with all sorts and conditions of men, entering into their lives and pursuits and making himself generally popular by his high spirits and gaiety. His love of 'characters' enabled him to sketch many out-of-the-way people, and he portrayed them and their habits with as much gusto as he devoted to more famous personages, e.g. Goethe or Mme de Staël.

In his correspondence Crabb Robinson thus avoids the error against which he warns his brother—that of omitting apparently trivial details and overlooking 'the daily occurrences because

they are daily'. Dimly he seems to be aware that a social environment can best be reconstructed precisely from such unconsidered trifles.

Yet his letters include many things more obviously important, and his intelligent observation and wide interests make these records also of real value. On the whole, he thinks German morals are superior to English. There is comparatively little drunkenness, and robbery is infrequent; open prostitution is less flagrant and 'Germany is certainly not arrived at that pitch of depravity which prevails in England'. But while dishonesty and swindling are less rife, petty over-reaching and want of liberality in business matters are more noticeable.

Generalizations about Germany are, however, for the most part inadmissible, for we are made to realize for ourselves as we accompany Crabb Robinson on his travels that, 'in the more than 300 sovereign states of Germany there are not perhaps two in precisely the same situation' as regards economic and social conditions. Extreme and abject poverty is the same wherever found: except where that exists, the working classes in Germany do not appear to be materially worse off than in England, though, as we have seen, their political condition compares very unfavourably.

The fear of conscription makes 'the lower classes dread the future secularizations: the peasants of the ecclesiastical Princes being unquestionably in general in a far better situation than those of the secular Protestant powers. It is true that the poor Devils are miserably stupid and superstitious (by which I do not mean to insinuate that the others are directly the contrary) but they eat and drink better than the subjects of the enlightened Calvinists and Lutherans.'

In the Erzgebirge the iron industry has brought prosperity to the miners, and, their women and children being employed in lace-making, this district is one of the most flourishing which Crabb Robinson describes: 'The Mine Towns . . . are well peopled and industrious and exhibit the rise of Manufactories and Arts which in time must be the destruction of *our* country.' On the other hand, the Nuremberg toy-trade is being ruined by Birmingham wares. Generally speaking, in the trading-towns Crabb Robinson at first notes a strong dislike to the British

government owing to the fancied English despotism in commerce and monopoly of trade. As time goes on, however, it is clear that the decided leaning to the French is everywhere less noticeable and that belief in French liberty has disappeared with Napoleon's ascendancy. Of the new Emperor no one speaks a 'civil, favourable word'. And later still: 'The Court here (Weimar) is openly, what all Courts are privately, the Enemy of Buonaparte.'

Most interesting of all are Crabb Robinson's accounts of the intellectual and spiritual changes which were revolutionizing German thought. Social, economic, and political movements at this period went along with corresponding intellectual energy. In all regions of thought, and especially in philosophy and literature, it was a time of unparalleled creative activity. As an undergraduate at Jena (where the austere ways of living are contrasted with those of Oxford and Cambridge), and as an intelligent observer of German life in all its phases, Crabb Robinson came into close contact, spiritual and personal, with the great poets and thinkers who were the first to revolt against prevalent conditions in Germany and to secure her intellectual emancipation. For Crabb Robinson himself, their influence was the determining factor in his life. In his letters he records faithfully its effect and direction. He quickly discovers that in current philosophical theories he is becoming 'acquainted with a totally new set of Ideas . . . the transcendental view of things is quite new. . . . Kant's system extends over the Universe of Thought.' Locke, Hartley, Priestley—to name only some of those whom he had formerly admired—are entirely supplanted by the far-reaching speculations and the freedom of intellectual inquiry which he finds so stimulating. 'You say with truth I am growing a mystic. I rejoice to perceive it. Mystery is the poetry of philosophy.' 'In the study of Kant, independently of his grand result, I have learnt to detect so many false reasonings in our school, and have acquired so many new views of intellect, that I rejoice in having undertaken the study of him.' A great part of Crabb Robinson's work in later life was to spread the knowledge of German transcendentalism among his own countrymen. In this mission he was a pioneer, and one who, like Coleridge, realized Kant's superiority as a philosopher to Fichte and to Schelling.

Finally, the letters show Crabb Robinson as the enthusiastic admirer of German literature and one whose zeal was equalled only by his knowledge. His balanced critical faculty makes his appreciation all the more valuable, and there is no doubt that his comprehension of the great German writers, and more particularly of Goethe, did much to counterbalance the prevailing ignorance in England of their relative worths. Kotzebue sinks into his proper position once Goethe has been made accessible. That Goethe was the supreme genius of his age was Crabb Robinson's unswerving conviction, and one which he did his utmost to bring home to his countrymen—more successfully on the whole by his conversation than by means of his translations or attempts in these letters to reproduce German hexameters in English!

On 21 April 1805 we find Crabb Robinson writing to his brother that his 'curiosity is for the present exhausted . . . time and a sufficient period of rest at home is necessary to restore my travelling capacity'. In August, accordingly, this first series of letters from abroad is brought to a close, and Robinson lands at Yarmouth on 17 September of the same year with the feeling that he has 'seen the best days of German Glory' and without much hope for the continuance of the 'artificial' 'power and political greatness of England'. But Trafalgar was to be fought and won in the following month. When he next crossed the North Sea as foreign correspondent of *The Times*, the tide had turned, and it was more possible to foresee the stabilization of England's position together with the final downfall of Napoleon and the end of the European War.

No. 1

Kaysershoff. Hamburgh 6th April 1800

p. 1, *line* 15. . . . At the White Bear [Yarmouth] we met Mr Aldebert and immediately proceeded to secure a passage. . . . And procured from the Alie[n] Office a kind of passport . . . on Thursday the 3d of April I embarked and a little past 4 the paquet . . . weighed Anchor. . . .

p. 1, *line* 45. . . . You are not ignorant of the economy of a Vessell—In a small Cabin in the centre were ranged 12 Hammocks one of which I had the good luck to secure wholly to myself while my less fortunate companions were stretched on sails & matting along the ffloor. . . . I could have slept but for my unlucky situation I lay above a poor french woman . . . who was so . . . loud in her moans that they redounded along the cabin like the yelling of an amorous Tom Cat Had she been more at ease, I should not; for at my right hand lay a vulgar scotch woman who threatened to throw her baby into the sea for not lyeing still And scolded a great boy of 12 for not chusing to place himself just in the attitude her maternal kindness suggested as the most proper—This was her nightly employment So that I gladly escaped abot 6. . . .

p. 2, *line* 18. . . . My Evening was rendered highly interesting by a long & serious conversation in french with a Dutch Officer in the Statholders Service—You would not expect [from a] person of that country & in that position any thing like liberality of opinion but I found a great deal mingled with so much solid sense as to operate as a practical lesson agt professional & national prejudices. Of course politicks & religion were the Theme. He avowed his hatred of the french but qualified it so much as to leave him strong pretensions to the honour or disgrace of being a Jacobin.—In reference to Dr Prices 3 famous positions—he allowed them [to] their fullest extent & asserted with warmth that he was a firm republican & on that account only a Statholderian. . . . That he [?] acknowledged the Stat-

holder not as his prince or master, but as his equal; the useful chief of a party he loved—as a Man personally without reproach & filling a character of great importance to the harmony & sober governm[t] of the United States. In brief he related the history of the Dutch Revolution. The Divisions of parties, he said arose from the obstinacy of the noble families in whom power was lodged, who refused to admit the upstart or modern rich families of the states to a participation of their privileges, which he did not justify. Hence arose a contest between the rich & the noble burghers—The popular party revolted ag[t] the Governm[t]. ffrance secretly favoured their projects but Prussia by her interference decided the quarrel. When the french revolution excited the attention of the world Dutch partisans were very naturally led to take a decided share—And Republican ffrance did in 1795 what Prussia effected before the revolution. I was pleased to hear that the Dutch Emigrants were by no means in the destitute condition of the ffrench, that their property tho' legally confiscated was yet in a great measure remitted to them and that the coldness & mildness of the Dutch character saved them from the ferocious practices of the ffrench people. There seems to have been no blood shed civilly. As to the revolutions since the french authority; he treated them as insignificant, he appeared to dislike the consolidation of all power into one government by the abolition of the provincial jurisdictions but was cool & dispassionate and betrayed little animosity ag[t] the ruling powers He asserted that the body of the people were dissatisfied with the present government & desirous to relieve themselves from french oppression, but did not appear to be sanguine in his hopes of a counter revolution He was engaged in the late Dutch Expedition & tho' he did not chuse to speak at large upon it, sufficiently insinuated his disapprobation of it. It was he said ill planned & ill executed. Dissatisfied with the conduct of our ministry he had refused to fight under their command & was abo[t] to retire into Westphalia till he should be called out by the Statholder. . . .

p. 3, *line* 1. . . . As we drew near, We were met by a boat—It was filled by the Elbe pilots who are stationed on the Island to conduct all Vessells thro' its dangerous channels—When they had reached us they presented a novel picture, a set of tall stout

rawbone fellows with a wildness of appearance that gave them the appearance of savages except that they [were] well cloathed & about their centre had crowded a wardrobe not of clothes only but if we might judge from the size, of provisions & furniture When one of them stooped he presented such an immense battery that it would fairly have taken in all the figures of Homers Shield and into the bargain I fancy our inscription of the Statutes at large—I sho^{d} suppose from the softness & thickness of the exterior strata it would also have lodged safely half a dozen canon balls—Why to promote the woollen trade should not this custom be introduced with us, it would be at least as wise as the compulsory burying in woollen? They having shuffled in a cap we took in a couple who steered us thro' the mouth of the Elbe—the necessary precautions which such a course demand produced the most amusing scene . . . what crowned the pleasure of the night was the continued heaving of the lead—If you have not heard the capital song on this subject you cant imagine the power & expression of the Sailors cries—A Man stands on the outer part of the deck & being secured by a rope, hangs over & hurls with all his might a lead towards the head of the ship. Thus he [?] takes his soundings—To inform the Pilot he then cries or rather sings in a very musical & impressive tone the fathom of water 'By the deep nine—a quarter less seven' &c &c. I was so charmed by the novelty of the surrounding objects that I staid alone on deck till midnight. . . . And abo^{t} six on Sunday Morning we were safely lodged in Cuxhaven Harbour. But this afforded only lamentation—for our fellow passengers were lucky enough to engage boats immediately while one of our party went on shore to secure one for us & left us two hours to fret for his return. . . . We had 15 German or 90 English Miles to go & were apprehensive of being too late for Hambro'—At length we procured a fishing boat belonging to Blankenesee & 8 of us then proceeded down [up?] the river Elbe—Now you will expect some picturesque gibberish—but be not alarmed—This river little corresponds with our Idea of one—for a considerable way the Danish coast to our left hand was invisible And to our right we saw only a narrow slip of land not barren of churches or houses The former were all distinguished by slender spires and the cottages looked like

barns for in the Hanoverian Dominions Chimnies are taxed which makes them rare among the peasantry. . . .

p. 4, *line* 25. . . . The sun was declining & our ffears were not over when we were in the outer road, lest the Gates sho^{d} be locked but we passed them a few minutes before the Evening gun was fired at 7 after which there is no passage allowed into the city, either by Land or Water; the drawbridges are then raised and a chain thrown across the river As we sailed under the Walls an officer stood on a platform to take down our Names M^{r} Aldebert began with mine—When the severe guardian of the City interrupted him by saying 'M^{r} R.^{1} is so well known in this town that I want no other name' I bowed with the dignified affability, [&] courtesy my importance required. . . .

P.S. on p. 3. I have heard a piece of unpleasant news—The ffrench have refused to declare ffrankfort a neutral country. This may subject me to great inconvenience. . . .

No. 2

Frankfort sur Mein
11th May 1800

p. 1, *line* 4. . . . I find less Novelty than I expected Nature is the same in almost every part of the Globe—Man is the same too, in all essential points, in civilized countries and it is only in the frivolous minutiæ of manners that variety can be expected—there is little pleasure in either hearing or relating that here Men eat more Soup than in England that they put the fork in the right hand & sop bread in the gravy—And yet the menage of the dining table is almost the most curious observation-worthy variety of manners I have yet met with— . . .

p. 1, *line* 19. . . . We remained 12 days at the Kaisershoff where we paid 7/ a day for a dirty room on a 2^{d} floor 4/ to the waiter who served & attended us in the Town 1/4 apiece frequently for breakfast and in short where, tho' we lived in the plainest & most economical style, our daily Bill was nearly a Guinea apiece—We then removed to private Lodgings where the civility & honesty of its good ffamily, remind us of the ffamily

[1] I have not been able to find the explanation of this occurrence. But I am informed there is still a well-known family of Hamburg merchants named Robinson.

of Lot. London we have been in the habit of considering as the seat of refined knavery & imposition of every kind—Hambro' will at least stand the trial with it—The War has thrown so much temporary business into it that the manners of the people are thoroughly impregnated with every thing that partakes of the insolence & prodigality of newly acquired wealth—Within the walls are included 150 thousand inhabitants—as this is the first fortified Town I ever saw, I ought not to let it pass unnoticed. I believe your Tactics as well as mine are derived from the History & plates illustrating the famous siege of Man Soul by Generaliss[im]o Diabolus; its five gates are still present to my Eye—Now Hambro' & most of the great ffortresses of Germany have five Gates too; but not precisely in the style of M^r^ Bunyan—The lofty walls of ancient times surmounted with their turrets & their Portcullises are superseded by a much less impressive but more pleas^t^ fortress of earth a wide ditch is the protection ag^t^ an assault & in projecting angles which are made to correspond apertures are sunk opposite to which Cannon are placed—The greater part of the rampart is a terrace walk necessarily commanding the country, which tho' it prevents the fresh air from reaching the streets & houses, enables the Inhabitants occasionally to imbibe it—A Walk thus novel could not but be agreeable—It was my daily promenade. . . .

p. 1, *line* 42. . . . The remark I before made on the houses of Altona applies to Hambro' and the Adjacent Country. They perpetually suggest the Idea that you are looking at England as it was a Century ago—The original model of a farm house (& farm houses were the primitive houses) as I have seen it in the wild parts of Hanover, is that of one immense room, with^t^ Chimney or division, the various parts are divided as a ffarmer lays his different seeds or ffruits—At one corner the ffire; here beds—, there the piggery—; here some furniture and a good carriage way all thro'—Now the progress of refinem^t^ is this; after a time the sides are separated (like the King's Bench & Common Pleas in West^er^ Hall) glazed & adorned for the Women & children—but still the centre is unpaved—I have seen sev^l^ respectable houses of this kind in the country near Hambro'—Refinem^t^ encreases but still the old Hall remains as in ancient English mansions. Perhaps we have gone beyond the exact

mark of propriety & thro' our proud love of retirement by convert^{g} our Halls into narrow passages & large parlours; have injured our houses as summer retreats & promoted the natural shyness of our tempers—In the Houses near Hambro' the genteelest families dine or drink coffee in their Halls & with the Doors open to observation & curiosity—In the Town too, most of the Houses have the narrow or gable end in front, wch necessarily precludes the elegant uniformity of a Bath Street but at the same time allows of an infinite variety of ornament wch gives an idea of distinctness to the mind & is I think an advantage—As the Stories rise, the curtain, if it may be so called, is narrowed till it terminates in a Pyramid—There is, it must be confessed, a great waste of room in the lofty halls & shops wch you see in the front of the Hambro' houses But perhaps it is more pleasg to witness resources & means of future improvements, as necessities may arise, than as in London to behold every inch occupied and Managem^{t} & Economy put to their last shifts—The Dress of the Lower Classes confirms the suggestion that Germany is now what England was—Many a poor woman bears abot her a tight black velvet bonnet like that in which Mary Q. of Scotts is painted—The Lutheran clergy appear to wear the cast-off ruffs of Queen Elizabeth, & the heads of the maid serv^{s} & country women are adorned with stiff perpendicular lappets, giving fierceness & rotundity to their square faces and on the crown of their heads they bear a profusion of gold and silver, that is yellow and white lace—So much for the outside of the Men and Women of the lower ranks—The higher orders dress differently. All the Gentlemen imitate the English, all the Ladies, the ffrench. . . .

p. 2, *line* 27. . . . I was more frequent in my visits to the churches. Not that I admired them but that they were curious & new—They may be described generally as being without taste, beauty, or sublimity, but as being rich in petty ornaments—Lutheranism is the estab^{d} Religion of Hambro' but its pictorial & sculptured decorations made me often mistake the churches for catholic.—Sometimes the Pulpit is above the Altar but that sacred spot is most elaborately wrought. The screen rises to the heighth of the Church—Below is a piece of painting or coloured statuary, & round & above it ffigures of various forms—generally

terminated by a Jesus as large as life, who is illumined by a concealed window—in that case the ceiling over the altar is painted like clouds, and once I saw a church whose roof was painted like the Sky with a profusion of angels peeping in every direction But the Altar always rises like a temple & however vulgar its ornament, & gross its taste, I doubt not, it is no mean assistant in the service of the day—Behind it is a passage for the administration of the sacrament I had the good luck to witness the ceremony on good ffriday—On each side of the Altar is a stool ▭ on which the communicant kneels with becoming ▭ ▭ gravity;—the priest after a short prayer places a wafer on his tongue—When it is digested, I suppose the patient rises makes a very elegant dancing bow if he is a young man, to the minister retires behind the altar to the other stool, & sips the wine out of a silver crane—I mixed with the communic^{s} & observed them closely, & was surprised to find the ceremony so fashionable—Some very elegant women & not a few Jemmy Jumps were of the party. Perhaps one of the causes of its being attended by such persons, is the opportunity of displaying a pretty shape, or a graceful posture. When I first saw the cup given to a man in colours I recollected that thousands of lives had been lost in fighting to ascertain wh^{er} he sho^{d} be admitted to the honour And the thought did not promote my piety. In the Reverence that is paid to the Institutions forms & Instruments of Worship there is no consistency or uniformity. An English Church for Instance is not much adorned within, it has no paintings & no monuments but what are sepulchral—But the outside is disting^{d} from all other buildings both by situation & form—Here on the contrary the Churches are hardly known from the houses when their steeples are concealed—the windows are often like those of dwelling houses & the building of red brick—Tho' a dog wo^{d} certainly be killed who sho^{d} profane a catholic church—It is no uncommon thing to see stalls & articles selling in it, Yo wo^{d} suppose from what I have yet said that there is great strictness in religious service—Yet on the first Sunday I was invited to dine with a party of near 30 at M^{r} Hagedorns and in the Evening Cards were introduced as of course—Afterw^{ds} I was invited to a Ball on the Lords Day, Virtue may not be an affair of Geography, but certainly

the ceremonials of Religions, as well as the Decorums of ordinary life are, It wo[d] be ridiculous to scruple where even the most serious & strict lead the way. I mentioned Dinner—eating & drinking occupies so large a portion of human life that tho' it is a low subject you will expect me to say something abo[t] it—When I first dined at the Table d'hote (or ordinary) I was astonished at the schoolboy fashion in wch we were served—First Soup—Then some boiled meat then a dish of Vegetables (in wch the Germans infinitely surpass us) with an entre met then roast Meat are given to you with[t] a question being asked—this is at first unpleasant & subjects a person to inconvenience if he is dainty since he knows not what is coming he may repent of eating too much or too little—private tables are served much in the same stile—The Meat is bro[t] on the table and taken off again to be carved—there is a pause between each course by wch means much time is wasted & much food too, for one eats upon such occasions thro' ennuie—The Cooking is generally abused by Englishmen but in sev[l] respects I prefer it to ours—But roast meat is seldom good—and there are few puddings. . . .

p. 3, *line* 29. . . . And now methinks you are as anxious to leave Hambro' as I was; . . .

p. 3, *line* 37. . . . I will copy the Itinerary of our Post Stations All the Post Horses are here under the Regulation of the Governm[ts] we [page torn] thro' Germany too are prov [edge torn] but most persons travel in their own as did M[r] Alderbert—1—[H]arburg[1] (entered Hanover, first obj[t] I saw was a Gibbet very caracteristick) 2 Wellen—3 Soltau 4 Bergen all Villages 5 *Zell* 6 Schillerschlact 7 *Hanover* 8 Thiedewiesen 9 Brucken 10 Einbeck 11 Northeim 12 *Gottingen* 13 *Minden* 14 *Cassel* 15 Werben 16 Jesburg 17 Holsdorf 18 *Marbourg* 19 Giesel 20 Bourtsbeck 21 ffriberg 22 *ffrankfort*. . . .

p. 4, *line* 10. . . . But one other striking object remains to be noticed—Cassel the elegant & superb residence of a vulgar & savage tyrant, a dealer in man's flesh One of the most unpleas[t] sights here, is the hard labour of the women—the peasants are all forced to be soldiers hence Agriculture is in a great measure

[1] The full itinerary, with modern spelling, was: Harburg, Welle, Soltau, Bergen, Celle, Schillerslage, Hannover, Bruggen, Einbeck, Northeim, Göttingen, Münden, Cassel, Wabern, Jesberg, Halsdorf, Marburg, Giessen, Butzbach, Friedberg.

carried on by the women—a military life is the destiny of all the males. And it is from the sale of them that the prince derives his revenue—they are his property & he compels them to fight as other cattle are forced into the harness—Yet, strange perversity of man, this prince with a charackter as personally despicable as politically atrocious, is popular among his subjects. . . .

No. 3

ffrankfort sur Maine. 21st June 1800—

p. 2, *line* 1. . . . I hope that this letter will be delivered to you by Mr Aldebert himself He takes it to England And I expect will pay you a visit on his way from Yarmouth to London . . . According to the regulations of the government No foreigner can leave Yarmouth till he has procured a Passport from London—But as he is well known he hopes he will get permission to go as far as Bury & have his passports transmitted to him there. . . .

p. 3, *line* 3. . . . Another reason for liking my present abode is the society of a Young Man in Mr Aldebert's house Pietsch he is about 19 speaks the 3 Languages . . . the Son of a Gentleman who was a privy counsellor to one of the little German Princes but a devoted partisan of the ffrench; he retired across the Rhine and is now the first municipal officer or chief magistrate of Mayence . . .

p. 3, *line* 28. . . . foreigners in general accuse the English of not returning their Hospitalities. I have heard it mentioned once or twice here when national characters were discussed—And it was accounted for, from the pride of the English and the idea that there is little valuable out of their own Island—I fear we must admit the fact the cause too is well explained. Schillar [*sic*] in his Cabal and Love which I saw last night & think to be one of the noblest productions of the age—makes his Hero reproach the British princess with her country, that she being the daughter of the freest people on the globe 'a people who are too proud to respect even the virtues of other nations' should yet submit to practice their vices . . .

p. 4, *line* 2. . . . And when you do write I will thank my sister

. . . to fill up the odd Ends of the Direction Page with some Cookery Receipts—They are very simple—And you will perhaps wonder why I ask what I ought to know . . . there are sev[l] of the commonest things in England which are quite unknown here or cooked so differently as to become something else. I beg my Sister then clearly & minutely to inform me [1]

Imprimis how to make a beefstake—a thing here only known by ffame.

2[dly] How to make a plain apple pudding—an apple pye and a baked apple dumpling

3[dly] The Proportions & Material & Manner of making a Syllibub—

4[thly] How to make apple Pancakes which we have here, savoury instead of sour

5[th] A Current pudding that is not a plumb pudding but a juicy garden current pudding with the ffruit in the centre—My Mouth waters at the recollection—By the bye in so serious an affair and to avoid fatal mistakes—I beg leave to remind my sister that I do not yet know of what materials the crust of a pudding is composed I presume of flour butter and eggs but the Proportions must be accurately stated Not by Pounds & Ounces but by relative quantities—I also entreat my sister for the sake of her literary Reputation—to be as eloquent as possible Since her Letter will be put into the hands of M[r] Pietsch to be translated into German and ffrench . . .

p. 4, *line* 27. . . . I shall occasionally send for Articles to eat—the three commonest things in England I miss extremely here—Tea—cheese and Beer—Besides I have almost forgotten the colour of ffire . . .

No. 4

Frankfurt sur Mein 29[th] July 1800.

p. 1, *line* 24. . . . You know where ffrankfort lies, I doubt not pretty well, as you must have shewn it to at least 12 Gossips on your Atlass—You therefore perceive that I am within an Inch, on the afores[d] Atlass, of the provisional Departm[t] of Donnersberg in the ffrench Republick—The Gazetteers, too,

[1] See Appendix I, p. 175.

call it an ancient, rich, free commercial, imperial Stadt or Town, each of which phrases is by no means insignificant & forms an important Circumstance in the History of the place and they luckily afford me a Number of Heads or Divisions. . . . Imprimis, then it is *ancient*: That is the Streets are narrow & wretchedly paved the Houses lofty, & irregularly built, the Churches mean & the whole with^{t} either dignity or beauty excepting one broad place which is called the *Zeil* or strait line, tho' it is unluckily rather crooked 2^{d} & 4th it is rich & commercial—And in this charackter it holds a distinguished Rank in the Cities of the Empire. From its situation so near the Confluence of the Rhine and Maine and the singularly good Roads which are kept up between it and the great Cities higher in the Empire it has become the great Mart of Commerce with ffrance—and on each Side with Holland—and Switzerland even down to Italy—That even the length of Land carriage is not a sufficient Impediment to this Trade, the Commerce of M^{r} Aldebert's House is a proof, it consists principally in the Manufacture of Cotton Goods at Manchester where M^{r} A. is now about to settle—and in the Sale of them in Italy where another member of the House resides.—As the balance of Trade is altogether ag^{t} Germany—its exports being very inconsiderable—while it imports the Luxurious [Luxuries?] of politer france more industrious Holland & more enlightened England, the Patriots affect to consider the Town as carrying on an harmful and pernicous Trade—I leave to Economists to determine what the Effect of this is upon the Empire—It does not make the Town more agreeable to me—It takes away all the distinctness & pleasing peculiarities of a national character & gives it only the mean vices of wealth—In the language of the Saints tho' not precisely in their Sense Frankfort is a dark Town there are but Two Coffee Houses and they take no News Papers but the ffrench and german Journals of the Town, That is two dirty mean little Quarto sheets published every day & sold for a penny which I have read constantly with^{t} being able to learn whether Napper Tandy is dead or alive whe^{r} Fox took a share in the Union debate or whe^{r} the Law is yet passed—

Of the Society of the place I am disqualified from yet speaking confidently. According to all report and all appearance, it is

the reverse of enlightened. Here are no literary Characters—Yet it had a Lodge of Illuminati—I know one of that celebrated Body and mean hereafter if you are interested in the Subject to send you some Information which will better enable you to judge of the Abbé Baruel's & Robisons Books.[1] Here are no literary Institutions—No public Libraries but one belonging to the City and which is more a matter of form and a collection of antient books than a *useful* and *used* Library—The circulating Libraries, are like the English—Yet there is one Circumstance which it would be ungrateful in the Traveller to omit Its' Inns are some of the first in Europe—No Town of its Size can boast a moments comparison with it. Both in Number and Size they are very excellent they have not the tasty genteel Air of the Hotel at Caernarvon the Castle at Marlborough and our Angel but they are immensely large and very well built Houses—with the best accomodations—The *Tables d'Hote* are infinitely better attended than our Ordinaries—Ladies & Noblemen do not hesitate to join in the party. And before I fixed myself here I was amused by comparing them—for less than half a crown you have really a sumptuous Entertain[t] generally of 4 courses including a Pint of Rhine Wine (in England commonly called Old Hock) fruit pastry fish &c. They are protected by the Magistrates in a way that seems illiberal to strangers—who can not go into private Lodgings without a Licence—Besides these Inns which are some of the best Houses in the Town, there are other Houses very large & substantial, Not so far removed from the English Style as those of Lower Saxony—but by no means as elegant as ours.—Indeed tho' the place is wealthy there is not that display of luxury which is so offensive to those who are not rich—either in dress or furniture—The Hours too here are

[1] 'During the heat of the first Revolution in France, two works appeared, one in England by Professor Robison of Edinburgh, and the other, the more voluminous, in France, by the Abbé Barruel, with the common object of showing that the Revolution and all the horrors consequent on it were the effect of a conspiracy deliberately planned and carried out on the Continent of Europe by an Order of Infidels, who, by means of secret societies, planned to destroy all thrones, overturn all altars, and completely upset the established order of things. The society to which this scheme was ascribed had the name of *The Illuminati*. They were supposed to have ramifications everywhere. . . . And of this tremendous evil the founder and archdeacon was Adam Weishaupt.

H. C. R. 1804. *Sadler's Diary.*

See also p. 49 et seq.

far better than those in England—Most persons breakfast bet. 7 & 8—They dine at one, the play ends at 9—And most honest people are in bed at 10—There are no *Gentlemen* properly speaking—Indeed the remark might be extended to almost thro' Germany. The Wealth of the Country is divided between the little nobility and the great merchants, & as the former have sometimes more titles than revenues their resource is in the Army & Church—but how I ramble—

3rd & 5th. It is a free & imperial Stadt—that is a fortifd place—I have, if I forget not, mentd fortificns before. Suffice it to say then that those of ffrankfort are strong enough to save the Town from surprise but unable to resist a siege and that it is now a burthensome expensive honour which the Citizens would gladly get rid of if they could—It is one of the free Cities of the Empire, that is, it has been fortunate enough to acquire the Rights of Sovereignity and independency of the Princes of the Empire—This is the Source of their wealth and Prosperity—the Governmt is Municipal—The Senate consists of several classes of Merchants & Inhabitants and the Executive power is vested in Bourgermeister's and other Bourgeois officers as in the antient Dutch Towns—Instead of teazing you with a dull detail of forms, it is more agreeable to say that the Governmt has the singr good fortune to have the affection & esteem I believe of most of its Subjs at least this is the Confession of french & German Democrats and of those who by difference of religion are as in England excluded from particn in it.—Catholicks & Calvinists are only tolerated—The national Church is Lutheran —And it was not till within a few years that the french Calvinists were even allowed to have a chapel—there are it is sd bet 6 & 7000 Jews they as in most other Towns, endured mortifying & vexatious Restrictions. The ffrench however have been their deliverers in part; they were confined in a single street & locked up like unclean beasts in the Evening. When Hoche besieged the Town in 1794 he very civilly battered their Street & their Street only to the very ground—it was impossible to continue the unjust restriction and the Liberty they necessy obtained then of mixing with the Citizens will probably be preserved —As I have not had the good fortune to see an imperial Coronation you will not expect me to relate the mummery which

is practiced on those occasions, if I mistake not Logan mentions them—The Dome Kirche or Cathedral is old & inelegant & the Römer or state house where the newly consecrated Caesar dines & is attend^{d} by his 7 Head Servants or Electors has little of the dignity which one wo^{d} naturally connect with the highest earthly dignity Begging Pardon of the Emperors of China & Morroco & the Grand Turk who alone can dispute precedency with the elected head of the holy Roman Empire—I say the Build^{g} where the Emperor & King first dines is so mean in its exterior that the Building most resembling it I ever saw is the Bridewell on the Hog Hill.

When I add that the population of the Town is between 30,000 & 40,000 Inhabit^{s} I believe I have completed my description within the Walls And the rest of the Discourse, that is, the Environs I shall leave till a more favorable opportunity—because I expect you will be heartily tired and a little peevish with me for my profound statistical Information and are burning with impatience to know how many Bullets I have pecked out of the neighbouring Trees, how many heads I have seen knocked off and how many Cannon Balls I had the gratification of hearing whizzing about me—On second thoughts perhaps you have not heard of the Adventures in the neighbourhood—The Capture of Genoa—and the Battle of Marengo, Buonap^{s} Passage of the Alps and the Treaty or rather Capitulation of Gen^{l} Kray, have I fear eclipsed the Transaction of the 5th & 6th July &c &c And possibly unless you have looked with very microscopic eyes into the military transactions of the Army of the Rhine you are yet ignorant that ffrankfort is now possessed by French Troops. Yet such is the ffact—and you would not forgive me if I were to omit relating all that I have heard & seen however trifling—Well then

Oh Muse! Nay I have no great need, neither, of a Muse—for I have neither seen nor heard anything which plain prose is not equal to—The objects which affect us most are not those which make the greatest impression on the Senses—It is the Mind alone, which feels, and is formed of infinitely complic^{d} sentiments & associations & habits—I believe—was a cracker or squib to be let off in any Town in great Britain & it was tho^{t} to come from a french Hand, half the old Women would be in

fits—Now I had so much of the old woman abo^{t} me that one day when I was sleep^{g} over my German Grammar—the maid burst into the room 'The ffrench are at the gates' I made but 2 skips down stairs & flew into the princ^{l} street. It was a false alarm but I found all in confusion—a body of *Mayençois* Troops had demand^{d} Entrance & were then on the March to support their Allies whom the french were attacking a few miles off—They had Cannon with lighted matches—the Men were fine fellows & with^{t} being sad were grave—I knew they were going into the ffield and I felt that sinking within the breast which betrays the Coward—but they passed away & my sinking too—The rest of the day nothing was known—On the morrow we learnt that the french had been thrice beaten back, but that early in the Morning they had renewed attack and were now in the midst of the Engagem^{t}—I now left my Books and the Ramparts and Gates being covered with Idlers I imitated them & lounged abo^{t} Couriers passed backw^{s} & forwards but nobody knew what was going forward.—Citizens are mob & Soldiers are Gentlemen at such Times And Steines remark concern^{g} Susanna & the women at a Groaning might be parodied here—We were not left however to starve for want of nourishm^{t} every now & then a waggon slowly entered the Town & tho' covered with straw or cloth we generally could perceive something moving underneath—it was only a wound^{d} Man nothing more—Bye & bye however I ventured with the D^{r} of the House to make an angle—we walked up a hill & were near enough to hear the exchange of Musquetry & see the Smoke & flash of the Canons but that was all And I was half angry with myself for being so composed It was probable that every Instant some horrid wound was inflicted on some wretch suddenly carried off and yet I ate cherries And how could it be otherwise We are sympathetic and indifference (or the want of passion) is catching as well as passion itself. The Persons around me were at their ease and that made me so in a great degree.—In the afternoon a party of pleasure was made to Hannau I visited the famous Gardens of Wilhelmsbad and made a low Bow to a Princess—quite forgetful of the score of poor soldiers wives whom I had seen in the Morning on their Baggage waggons crying most bitterly for their husbands then in the Engagem^{t}

and waiting Intelligence whether to retreat or preserve their Station—I can not forbear a remark, tho' simple it is important —From the modern system of war & politicks by wch the Civil & Military state are so much separated and the subj^{t} so much disting^{d} from the Prince—this consequence has arisen that War has ceased to be a matter of national passion in a great degree it is a professional business—At least in this Neighbourhood it is so—ffrankfort tho^{t} itself & was acknowl^{d} neutral by the ffrench—But it was feared that the necess^{y} of the army wo^{d} be stronger than the treaty made a few years since, and so it proved—In the night after the Engagem^{t} I referred to, all the Imperialists quitted their posts, and as this was of course soon known—half ffrankfort went on its walls to mark the approaches of the french Army.—With Colours flying and in great Order they invested the Gates struck up the Ça ira & demand^{d} admission The drawbridges were kept raised as the Town affect^{d} to consider itself as neutral; its city Guards made a kind of parade with^{t} the gates—These Things are matters of course— The greater part of the Army crossed the Main in pursuit of the Enemy while a few Loiterers made tents on the outside of the Gates, they were gradually opened till at length everything went on as usual—The Magistr^{s} hav^{g} refused the contrib^{n} demand^{d} with^{n} a few days things are altered.—The Armistice putting them more at their ease the ffrench have taken greater Liberties. Abo^{t} two thousand Men are now billetted on the Inhabit^{s} to compel the Magistr^{s} to pay the Contribut^{n}. In the mean while to give the Men their due their Conduct has not been bad—they are far from fine fellows as Soldiers—generally small & often very young—In their Manners they are I think to be prefer^{d} to our english Privates there is a certain cleverness & good humour abo^{t} them which make them far more amiable if not happier than the sulkyness or turbulency too often found in an english Mob—After the horrid Events of the Revolution it is daring to advance that the national character of the lower order of french men is better than that of Englishmen and yet I was a few days since informed of one circumstance in the economy of a french Soldiers life which appears to me of sufficient importance to turn the scale in their favour. It is one of the standing laws of the french Military Code that a french Soldier

can on no account be struck—There are but two punishments—Death and Arrest and the latter is said to make a sensible Impression—When we read the shocking Descriptions of the Knout as inflicted in Russia we feel a difficulty in acknowledging either those who can inflict or suffer such Punishm[s] as our fellow Creatures It is so utterly vile as to sicken every mind of common sensibility—I fear the Cat o nine Tails is enough to damn our national Characters inflict[d] as it too often is for mere formal peccadilloes.—And I know no one fact to oppose it in the permanent Institutions or general Customs of the french Nation—I admire the delicate stroke of Goldsmith in his capital History of the disabled Soldier 'I hate the ffrench because they are all Slaves & wear wooden Shoes' The Instance may not be a good one but the submission of a whole people to privation & miseries not aris[s] from natural but political evils is surely a reasonable cause of Contempt—May England never be contemptible—. . .

No. 5

ffrankfurt sur Maine 22[d] Sept[r] 1800/

p. 1, *line* 30. . . . to receive an eighteenpenny Letter full of uninterest[s] Details . . . is not pleasant I confess And yet it is the ffault those who write from distant Countries are perpetually falling into for want of other materials. We overlook the daily occurrences because they are daily and because it requires extraordinary Talents to make them interesting where the Parties are unknown—You complain as usual that your 'Materials are scanty'—What must mine then be, now that I am become stationary—Compare my Life with yours—It is more uniform in itself and far less interesting in relation I breakfast at 1/2 past 7 and dine at 12 then I go to a Reading Society where I me[e]t with a profusion of German Magazines which are something between the English Magazines and Periodical Essayists. . . . Three times a Week I go to a respectable Old Gentleman who corrects my Translations into German and from him I try to get an Idea of German Literature It is however too soon to talk about it—I take solitary Walks abo[t] the Town which are pleas[t] and generally on the Sunday accomp[y] some

Ladies to one of the neighbouring Villages where we drink Coffee—or Wine This is the universal Custom and I do not dislike it—These little parties are not expensive the Company is very mixed And there is often Musick & Dancing but the dancing is unlike any thing you ever saw—You must have heard of it under the Name of *Walzing* that is Rolling or Turning, tho' this Rolling is not horizontal, but perpendicular Yet Werter after describing his first Walse with Charlotte says and I say too—'I felt that if I were married my Wife sho^{d} walz (or roll) with no one but myself' Judge—The Male places the palms of his hands gently against the Sides of the ffemale not far from the Arm pits The female does the same And instantly with as much velocity as possible they turn round and at the same time gradually glide round the room—Now as Sir Isaac Newton borrowed his Notion of Attraction from an Apple falling why might not Copernicus who was a German conceive his Theory of the Twofold Motion of the Earth from a Walze—where both parties with great rapidity turn on their own Axis's and yet make the Circuit of the room—There is one Difference—The Earth is always inclined—The Couple not always, but occasionally a fair Lady may repose her head on the Bosom of her Partner particularly when they embrace so closely as to revive the Idea of Platos primitive Man which is the vulgar way, tho' it is decorous to keep at a little distance—There is not too the same Order as in the Planetary System, Dancing makes Giddy and a Couple sometimes falls in that Case an *honnête* Chevalier gets undermost and receives his partner But you will complain that this is not *personal* for unluckily I cannot walse—I can only look on and ask in the Language of Pope

> What guards the purity of melting Maids
> When Walsing softens &c . . . .

p. 2, *line* 44. . . . M^{rs} Alderbert has left Town I accompanied her to the Gates of Cassell [i.e. Kastel], a kind of Suburb of Maintz on the right Bank of the Rhine—This Excursion afforded a little Adventure—for want of better matter accept this without being angry. Two Miles from this famous Bulwark of Germany stands Hochheim famous for its Wine Old Hock tho' in England all the Rhine Wine has that appellation Hence one has a broad

view of the country round—to me it was dreary—During the late Sieges every House, Tree & almost shrub within a Mile or two of Mentz were razed so that the scene is desolate—The fields are chiefly corn but not having hedges they are rich only in the economists eye—The Town which is old and marked only by some noble Cathedrals and the Palace is surrounded by immense Works—to include an ascent which wo^{d} otherwise command the Town the ffortifications extend so far as to require an Army of 30,000 In case of Siege—Hence I could not see the Town very near I alighted at the first outpost and beheld the Centinels with fear and almost trembling. As Cassel has no Moat, I saw nothing that could raise the fancy so that I returned to Hochheim hot and somewhat dull—At the Inn there I found three ffrench Officers—I was startled but as there was an Armistice (It was the 16th of Aug^{t}) I thought ffrankness the safest policy—I joined them at the Dinner Table—'A hot day Sir' 'Yes Sir'—N.B. The french like the Quakers do not like to be called Citizen but by a Citizen. Tho' unlike the Bretheren they preserve the old forms of civility and 'Sir' as much as formerly to Strangers I immediately told of my Ride from ffrankfurt, of my ffriends who were at Maintz and of my incapacity to follow them It is mortifying said I to see a free Town and rich Country shut against one'—'Yes to be sure. But it is not difficult to get a pass You are a Germ:' 'No!' 'Pray what Country man are you then'—'Can I answer with safety—If now I sho^{d} be an unlucky Enemy by Birth are you bound officially to arrest me!!'—Oh no said they—and laugh^{d}—and I found that the Englishman was very wellcome So I staid several Hours with them—debated on politics, swore there were more republicans in England than in ffrance, laughed at the first Consul and damned M^{r} Pitt—I found in these & also in sev^{l} other Officers I have been in Company with, a decided and envenomed hatred against the Bourbons but very little apparent dislike to Monarchy—A contempt of the Austrian officers—more respect than I sho^{d} have expected for M^{r} Pitt who individually is fancied to be the all in all in the Cabinet and a warm zeal for *france* as *france* with^{t} much Care abo^{t} its immediate Governm^{t}.—This spirit of Patriotism has unquestionably saved the Nation could M^{r} Burke have persuaded the people of france that

'*france was out of itself*'[1] the Affair would have been over—And the revolution owes its success to the early Creation of a power which the people looked up to as its head—The first Assembly by called [*sic.* calling?] itself *National* gained the Nation by the Word—The King was lost & forgotten and on the 10th of Aug. less consid^{d} than the Legislative Body—Had there been no permanent Legislature—ffrance had now had a King and Buonaparte has shewn profound Wisdom in the distribution and temporary Session of the Comptrolling powers—Much of my reading lately has been on ffrench politics And I am perfectly reconciled to the revolution of Brumaire tho' not quite satisfied with the Constitution Again I beg your Pardon for a political digression almost as bad as a description—In the progress of familiarity I begged the Officers to tell me how I stood as to pers^{l} safety.—They said, unquestionably liable to be arrested every Moment but not in any great danger—there were parties on the Scout to pick up deserters & examine Travellers—being on foot I sho^{d} likely enough be considered as a native, but if questioned, as I had no passport I sho^{d} certainly be taken before the Commandant of Mentz [Mainz?], and they did not advise my going further—Now in spight of my constit^{l} Prudence. In the Evening I pursued my Walk for I first calculated it was 20 to 1 that I sho^{d} meet no one, or if met, that I sho^{d} not be interrogated—I then recollected that the Chef de Bureau of the Departm^{t} of Mont Blanc was a personal acquaintance I highly esteemed & who had expressed himself kindly of me—The 'Conseil du Prefect' was the ffather of M^{r} Pietsch And I knew the Professor of Nat^{l} Hist^{y} in the Univers^{y} And a literary Man since Professor of Belles Lettres there, so there was no danger of hanging as a Spy—A guinea or two Expence was no great Risque run considering and I went on . . .

p. 3, *line* 37. . . . the Princes Castle [at Bieberich] had a dismal air as if it disdained or fear'd to shew its former splendour before a republican Shore—the grass grew on the Noble Terrace over the Rhine and other Marks of Neglect the Prince had secured a kind of Neutrality thro' the K of Prussia Who you know (or rather don't know) is a younger branch of the Nassau

[1] H. C. R. means 'beside itself'. He is thinking of the German 'ausser sich'. As time goes on, he becomes increasingly liable to translate German idioms, &c., into English. Cf. e.g. p. 89, ll. 4, 5.

Haus. The Rhine here is parted by an Island and has not a very magnificent appearance—N.B. I was very forgetful or insensible for I never once sipped of its stream In honour of the Republic —Of which it has by a late Consular Decree been made the Boundary—My Landlady as if she knew me, made me an Egg cheese or Omlet a Luxury I never met with in England. . . . In the Morning . . . I renewed my Excursion, passed the curious old Town of Wiesbaden . . . across the Country towards ffrankfort. . . . In this walk I passed thro Catholic Countries—With a wantonness perfectly French—every Christ, Virgin & Saint in the high roads were beheaded—this was more expressive they tho^{t} than total destr^{n}—Yet I remarked sev^{l} profound reverences before a guillotined Jesus wch shew^{d} that the *Natives* did not think a Head necessary to a statue. . . .

p. 4, *line* 21. . . . It wo^{d} be ungrateful not to return my grateful Acknowl^{s} to my Sister for her Receipts—They have afforded us a great deal of Amusem^{t} & promise to be useful—Not that I can (to be honest) flatter her with a Reput^{n} equal to her deserts All Reformers are hated by the Priests of the Old Religion and I fear my Sister is despised if not hated by Betty our Cook Maid and I was forced to superintend the Execut^{n} of her Direc^{s} to prevent any Imposition. We have made 2 apple Puddings but hitherto have been unable to keep out the Water A Beef Stake is not makeable here as we have no Coals or proper fire place—A propos tell me how you manage with your new fire place a la Rumford—Novelty makes people curious and I begin to understand the theory of cooking no contemptible one—Still if my Sister will excuse it I have one other Question to put—How are roast Puddings made? They I believe will suit the fire places here—But I was saying my Sisters Communic^{s} will be disinterest^{d} Generos^{y}—Only M^{r} Pietsch & I are here to praise her—The Mention of Dripping in the Pan Cake Receipt I am sorry to say excited a laugh of Contempt [1] But in return M^{rs} Cole who professes great Obligations desired me to impart to my Sister an important hint viz that in Apple Pancakes to make them very good instead of Milk put the same quantity of Beer—yesterday we made a Trial I can^{t} add in the favorable Sense Probatum est I have twice made or caused

[1] See p. 176.

to be made Mashed Potatoes but they are always sticky—The most successful Commun[n] has been the Apple Dumplings I make them myself & am promised them whenever I please— . . .

[*P.S.*] With respect to Postage of Letters I have the Whip Hand of you—Your letters cost me only 6[d] indeed a fraction under—The reason is, You pay both ways the Sea Postage—My Letters to you cost me a little more, owing to the Want of Order in the Office here I sometimes give for the Carriage to Bremen 9[d]—sometimes 1/ I ought to pay the same as for yours—

No. 6

13[th] Nov[r] 1800—

p. 2, *line* 26. . . . I begin now to understand the German & am anxious to employ myself in some Translation Besides that I want Employment as a *moral* Necessity I likewise feel that I ought if possible to add a trifle to my Income which I find I am outrunning at an alarming Rate—The rumour[d] cheapness of Germany I find quite unfounded.[1] . . . I am afraid of stumbling on some Work already executed—As the German Translator[s] are growing a numerous, tho' for my Credit I am sorry I must add, a shabby Tribe— . . . Strutt may despise German Literature which he knows nothing about—I begin to relish it & to feel its Worth. . . .

p. 3, *line* 16. . . . I lately had a Rencontre which you will think singular and interesting—I met by pure chance with Gilmore my pedestrian companion in Wales—I saw him in London a few days before I left England when he was on the point of going to ffrance. At Paris he heard . . . that I was in Germany but not where: Our Surprise therefore was mutual when we met at the ffrankfurt Theatre at the Representation of Hamlet. . . . His Account of Paris will not be uninteresting even to you. Inrespect to Splendour and Taste, he says London is mean & vulgar compared to it, to Luxury, tame & insipid, to Debauchery and Moral Corruption, chaste and pure—In no Place he says does the universal Aspect announce more strongly the Dominion of Wealth of Dignity and Royalty.—Less republicanism cannot[2] [be] conceived, the legal vocabulary is current at the Offices, but in private Societies no one dares to

[1] See Appendix III, p. 178.

[2] Paper torn.

insult another by the appellation of Citizen—G. had the best resources, he dined weekly with the American and Dutch Ambassadors—spent an Evening with Madam Buonaparte and was once in Compy with the First Consul. Buonaparte he says wears a face most wretchedly worn by Care and Labour, In his Carriage grave and mysterious—he exposes himself rarely to the public Eye and is attended by Guards with a Pomp that makes the King of the British Isles small in comparison with him. Half of the people of Paris he says never saw him In short it seems he

assumes the God
Affects to nod
and seems to shake the Spheres

In spight of the destruction of the french Commerce all the Marks of Affluence abound in the Metropolis—All orders of people dress with extreme extravagance

There are in P. thirty Theatres & a profusion of splendid Gardens formerly the Property of Nobles & generally now open as *pleasure* Gardens—Dissipation is the epidemic of Paris as it seems ever to have been but it is said since the Revolution a striking change and degeneracy in the Manners of the Citizens is evident Nay it is added that voluptiousness has from its unbounded gratification in the less criminal forms assumed certain brutal and detestable Shapes which are the most incontestible Marks of perfect Depravity—The facts justifying this broad Accusation are not of a Nature to be written Besides this, and a scarcely less abhorrent ffeature in New Paris is an unparelled Acquiescence & Indifference to public Measures—Even the Republican Victories excite no Emotion. The Nation seems to have lost its Excitability to all but Pleasure and that in its grosser forms—But G. added that throughout every part of ffrance during the Summer provisions were cheap & good—an Article in the Balance that will weigh a great deal on the English Scales at present—The Charackter of the ffrench Governmt is still the most interesting subject of contemplation that Europe affords And as far as a daily Perusal of the Moniteur and Journal de Paris and 2 french Journals enables me, I am amused by observing it: Unsatisfy as the Constitution is and suspicious as the people in power are, there are certain

Traits still pleasing & promising—And one is more contented with the Tendency of the Measures pursued than with the Means—There seems to be a Determination to assert the Glory of ffrance according to the Old Notions of Glory and however Cold watergruel Philosophers may with reason decry this as Vanity and Delusion—one can[t] be surprised that a *french* governm[t] of any form should assert it & we ought not to infer that its usual Accompaniments of internal Tyranny will necessarily follow.—To give up Trifles and retain the Substance seems to be the wise Order of the Day. Hence the Restoration of the *old* Vocabulary of Weights & Measures, tho' the Decimal System is adhered to—Notwithstand[g] the Consuls Unlucky Letter to the Vendeans calling the English *Heretics*, I see no marks of restoring the Church as an ally of the Government—And the Prize Question proposed by the Institute respecting Interments intend[d] evidently as the Prelude to some General Law, shows the resolution of the Administration to give no 'local Habitation or Name' to Christianity in the Constitution—I take in the New Mercure françois And have been amused by remarking how closely the Editors follow the Politicks of the Governm[t]—In the Political Department they use even polite Language towards Russia, the Port &c while all the Talent of the Writers is directed ag[t] 'that Proud and Tyrannical State whose flagrant violations of the Laws of Nations, whose Rapacity and whose immense Conquests in both Indies & unbound[d] Dominion over the Seas ought to make all the powers of Europe unite against it as a State whose prosperity is incompatible with that of all other Independent States and which ought to be considered as the com[m]on Enemy of civilized Europe' Such is the Substance of the eloquent Declamations ag[t] the Modern Carthage and they certainly read as well as those of M[r] Windhams or M[r] Reeves—

The Literary Departm[t] of the Mercure, which deserves attention as the Publication is evidently the Work of the ruling party —is not less offensive to English Ears Tho' say they with great gravity 'The English Stage does not possess one good play nor strictly speaking one good Act Yet we confess it has some striking Scenes But not even this can be sayd of their teutonic Copyers'.—Shakespear they allow has strength but it is a

'*brute force*' The Ignorance & Vanity of the ffrench Literators are indeed amusing when they do not disgust—& contrasted with their Impotence in all Works of Poetry are truly comic. . . . I am fully persuaded of the Importance of knowing something of foreign Literature, even to understand our own Comparison is the Soul of Judgement— . . .

P.S. I have restored my Sisters tarnished Reputation by explain^{g} the difference bet Pork lard & dripping. But there is one point on which I want Information Is there no fat or dripping in apple Puddings?—

1800–1803.
No. 13.

T. R. to H. C. R.

Bury St Edm^{ds} 11th Dec^{b} 1800

p. 1, *line* 8. . . . I will first thank you for the information concerning Paris, which was peculiarly interesting for although the deplorable degeneracy of manners in that city was not intirely new to me, yet I had never before seen so authentic a statement. In return for this account, I can not forbear speaking a word or two on the situation of our own country—You can not be aware, I think, to the extent in which it exists, of the great distress of all orders of people amongst us on account of the high price of provisions. The poor rates have risen to an unexampld heigth, they have nearly doubled since you left England. As it is probable your attention has never been directed to this subject, I am not certain that the fact I am about to mention will particularly strike you. The present rate at Bury, for the *quarter* is seven shillings in the pounds upon an assessment of two thirds of the actual rental. In short as much is paid to the poor as to the landlord. At the commencement of the war the rate with us was not more than 1/9 or 2/0 in the pound. The burden which the circumstances of the time, have thus laid upon the people, will I imagine be scarcely credited in Germany, & yet the situation of Bury is much less lamentable than that of many other towns in the Kingdom. The alarm respecting a scarcity is so great, that Parliament is now assembled by special proclamation to take into consideration the best means of relieving the nation in the present dearth. High bounties are accordingly offered to encourage the importation of grain, and various plans of

economy are recommended to diminish the consumption of bread. The *causes* of the distressed state of the country are a subject of controversy both within and out of Parliament. The Administration are of course very strenuous in maintaining that the *war* has no share in it, while the opposition as loudly attempt to prove that *it* is the *principle* [*sic*] cause, the seasons have unquestionably been very unfavourable. But besides these palpable reasons, an idea has been set afloat, and very eagerly caught at by a vast number of persons, that the scarcity is to be chiefly attributed to *monopoly*. As a disciple of Adam Smith, you will probably recollect his sentiments on the subject. He compares the dread of monopoly, when a *freetrade* is allowed in an article so bulky as corn to the terrors of Witchcraft. This opinion, it is understood, has been adopted by our leading statesmen both on the ministerial and opposition side—And so much has this opinion prevailed 'till of late, that I understand the statute laws relating to forestalling, regrating &c. were, some few years since, repealed. The *common law* however still remaining in force, a prosecution grounded upon it, was a few months since commenced against Waddington a great Hop Merchant for *monopoly* and another against a Corn Factor for *regrating*. On one of these trials L^{d} Kenyon combated the doctrine of Ad^{m} Smith, and the *defendant* being convicted he warmly applauded the Jury for their verdict, and said 'the country was much indebted to them'. He was followed in this opinion by the greater part of the Judges, who on the ensuing circuit, declaimed against those hard hearted persons who made a prey of their fellow creatures by withholding from them the necessaries of life, and strongly urged the magistrates to be vigilant to prevent the markets being forestalled. In consequence of this recommendation, associations were formed in almost every County and town to carry it into effect. Owing to these proceedings a violent clamour was excited against farmers and corn dealers, which being joined in by the Mob—artificial scarcity became the cry—Farmers were threatened, and their Barns and ricks, in many places were set on fire—this has been particularly the case in the neighbourhood of Bocking, where several wilful conflagrations have taken place. Rankin has for some weeks been obliged to keep a watch in his yard, and has not dared to venture out in

the Evening without firearms. This mania was spreading very fast, and although grounded upon notions not admitted by Government, yet ministers seemed very well satisfyed that such opinions should prevail, as they diverted the public attention and prevented it's fixing upon the war as the cause of the real evils of the country. But the pernicious consequences resulting from an odium thus excited against farmers and Merchants began to be felt, and just before the Meeting of Parliament, a letter of the Duke of Portland's appeared in the newspapers, containing sentiments in favour of a free trade and evidently in opposition to the doctrines of the Judges. The King's Speach soon after echoed the same language which of course made it current at Court. It has been amusing to observe the change of style in the government newspapers—But although the tide of popular phrensy has been stemmed, yet the subject is not dropped. The Monthly Rev— is full of notices of Pamphlets on the subject. Indeed all literary discussion seems to be confined to this point. Even the important cause of religion, which our pious governors have expressed so much concern about, has been deserted, and the cry after the bread of life is lost in that for the bread which perishes. . . .

[P.S.]. What I have said concerning the rates is rather under than over truth since this was begun I have been told that in several towns in Essex the Rates are *double* the rental.

No. 7 and Extraordinary[1]

ffrankfurt December 17th 1800—

p. 1, *line* 12. . . . On the afternoon of Tuesday the 21st of October I took in my hand my old silk Umbrella and with no more luggage than necessary began my walk—I had two points to reach, Mentz and Coblentz. . . . Instead of taking the direct Road I preferd directing my course towards the long row of Mountains which give Variety and Interest to the Country round ffrankfort They reach along the Wetterau and the Rhinegau and form the Western Boundary of all the Prospects in the Neighbourhood. It had been the Scene of some military Events in the present War and I love the wild and romantic Having

[1] i.e. an extra letter, written out of H. C. R.'s turn.

passed an old wretched Town *Krönenburg* in the Middle of the Hill whose poverty & desolation did not save it from a Troop of french Soldiers—Having reached the Ruins of an old Castle *ffalkenstein* which embrace a wide campaign Scene . . . I proceeded but a short way further to Königstein the first object of my curiosity . . . and instantly ascended the Castle It *was* small its Garrison was only 800 men and yet it has been thought of consequence as it stands on an eminence and commands the only *Strasse* or High Road between Mentz and Giessen—In the famous Campaign of 1792 It was taken by a Coup de Main by a branch of Custines army when he besieged Menz—It changed hands several times afterwards, till the ffrench at length blew it up by Gunpowder that is, enough to make it not worth the while to renew the fortifications—This was the first *Modern Ruin* I had ever seen And I now felt how different the Effect from that produced by Old Castles like those we see in England and Wales. These are objects only of a sort of poetical Interest. Our Imagination instantly takes flight to the distant Ages of Chivalry which are blended in our Minds with Romance. And the Pleasure we feel at seeing an antique relique of Desolation resembles the Impressions of Tragedy—But a *new Ruin*—the Walls sometimes black with Smoak sometimes white with yet untarnishd Mortar—all this awakens ffeelings of real & actual Misery which saddens the Mind—besides the Village itself is a long narrow street of vile cottages half in ashes—for the Prussians in a subseq^{t} Bombardment were so clumsy as to batter down the Village & leave the Castle untouched. . . .

Wednesday . . . a day of pleasure . . . I found a narrow Valley in the Mountains which contain (buried as it were) a serious [series?] of picturesque scenes that would be admired in Wales—I lost myself in a fforest which belonging to our new Ally the Elector of Menz the ffrench were actively deforesting—I passed the Neat Town of Wisbaden distinguished by a Hot Spring which runs smoaking thro' the Streets and gives respectability & Wealth to the Place And by the Remains of a Roman wall which shows that the Rhine was not as pretended the sacred & inviolated Boundary of the Ancient Germans when the Romans sought the Conquest of the World—And in the Even^{g} I housed with a good humourd old woman a very German in her

Phisiognomy if you consider as I do, her most gracious Majesty as the Standard of ffemale Germanism— . . . I lounged in the Gardens of the Prince of Nassau Usingen which stand on the Rhine—The Palace however is in a wretched Condition as if it disdained or feared to display its Magnificence to the Newly republicanised Shore and River—About 2 miles higher on the Rhine on the left bank stands Mentz the celebrated Bulwark once of Germany now of ffrance. . . .

p. 2, *line* 8. . . . Peeping into a Church Yard I lit upon the Charnel House, well filled & overflowing—These open & exposed Collections of Bones are extremely offensive (to me at least)—Here however there was some respect shewn to the last Remains of poor Man for on the top of the Heap sat dressed in green silk with a plenty of gold fringe—a large doll of course the holy Virgin. . . .

[at Rudesheim]

p. 2, *line* 32. . . . In the Evening I was amused. The Inn was respectable and the ffamily room contained some jolly Demoiselles who resembled our wealthy ffarmers daughters And I begin to know German enough to make myself tolerable to a German Jungfer And as a foreigner is always an amusing Companion I was wellcome.—But amongst the Company was a little thin Man . . . dressed with priggish precision—His Voice thin & squeaking. He soon intimated that perhaps I sho^{d} be better understood in my own Tongue & when I refused taking the hint & answerd in ffrench—he volunteerd in English So finding I was discovered I answered him accordingly And the Evening was spent in a long & interesting Conversation—for he was acute & subtle, a Master & an Actor in the Intrigues & Politicks of the day, a propagandist an Illuminati and a furious german Jacobin. The character was new to me. Finding him to be a German & then acting as a Commissioner in the french Service I supposed he must have had some Share in the Illuminati Dissentions—I asked him whether the Imputations of the Abbe Baruel ag^{t} the Illuminati were well founded—'Don't believe a Word he says against them' said he with warmth, it is all Calumny—I knew the Leaders myself it was a most respectable Society'—But Sir, Barruel brings something like Proof

& it seems that they had worked an Alteration in the publick Mind—'Worked an Alteration! Sir why if the Society had existed a Year longer the German Revolution would have preceeded the ffrench all *our* Trouble was to keep things back'—Your humble Servant Sir I see I may believe something that Baruel says'—But I soon found that in the Mind of my Companion This was no Imputation but an Eulogy—A Digression on the Illuminati wo[d] alone fill my Paper I mention this only as a characteristic Trait of M[r] Links Vanity & Exaggeration—I then asked him How being such a republican & Modern Philosopher as he was, he co[d] account for the Evils, the Horrors of the Revolution and how he co[d] repel the seeming objection arising therefrom ag[t] Republicanism—This by the bye is my common Question a sort of Touchstone or Trial of Talent, His Ans[r] was not the worst I have received 'It is Sir that there are certain Things *Children* must begin that *Men* may end them, ffrance has been the Sacrifice and Scape Goat of Europe a wiser and better Nation will avail itself of their Experience & Sufferings and go beyond it in Liberty & Philosophy' I had no difficulty in finding that Germany was this Nation M[r] Ls Account of the Degree of Light and the Progress of the New Philosophy was like that of most ffanaticks extravagant but far from being ill founded—Every University, sayd he, is a seed of Jacobinism —(true)! All the Literati are decidedly reformers (nearly true,) The Protestant Clergy are the most enlightened in Europe and secretly friendly to a radical Reform (possible) And I know of a Society wch has Men of Rank & ffortune among them & 30,000 Stand of Armies (hem) and Sir I hope to live & see the Day when German Solidity and German Talents will support ffrench Liberty and when we shall reconquer the left Bank yonder—(Bravo Bravo Citoyen Commissaire) We talked of faces—'Have I, do'you think a republican face' sayd he—Not exactly—'Perhaps you think, more, revolutionary'—To be frank I do—And He seemd to be pleased with me for the Compliment—The fact is that his fface, sly artful fierce & *politic* as it was —was an honest one—I have since learned his History—I omit his name thro' Prudence[1]—A Professor in a G. Univer-

[1] The name 'Links', in line 9 above, was inserted later by H. C. R. in different coloured ink above the line.

sity in the Palatinate he embraced the Party of the Illuminati And at the Revolution became an ardent Intriguer & Propagandist—When the ffrench were established on the left Bank, he occupied a judicial post at Menz but was expelled for peculation & oppression—a troublesome friend & a despised Tool he was removed to an underling Office & when I saw him was superintending the Cutting down of the Prince's fforests on the Right Bank—Such, Liberty such, Philosophy are thy Apostles! . . .

p. 3, *line* 15. . . . The River winds incessantly & presents all those varieties of Turning of Vista of Angle which Gilpin so well describes—In themselves they are *alter et idem* In Description that is in my Description they would be (to use a Mercantile Vulgarism) Ditto repeated. . . . I will just mention a few Points which a picturesque Traveller I suppose would dwell upon. . . .

p. 3, *line* 30. . . . I ascend^{d} the R.B. To look at the Castle of *Catzenbogen* wch lyes over *Goorshausen* where I lodged. Here I suffered a little Embarrassm^{t} but which ended pleasantly. Stroll^{g} abo^{t}, a Centinel accosted me. I underst^{d} that he wanted Drink Money wch I gave him, as much thro' timidity as goodwill He left me & return^{g} conducted me into the fortress; a few useless balls & rusty Canon would have ill repayd my Labour But behold I was suddenly thrust upon the Commandant. I felt awkwardly The Capt^{n} co^{d} not speak ffrench However in broken German I simply told my story & he with great Civility did the Honours of his Chateau From him I found I was in Hessia a Neutral country His Lady a fat dame who wo^{d} better have become Threadneedle Street than a banishm^{t} on a rock for which she had deserted the elegant residence of Cassel—was gratified by my praises of that most elegant Town. We talked Politicks She spoke of the 'Dear Buonaparte' in the Tone of a Lady who praizes her Lapdog and seem^{d} quite satisfy^{d} with french Neighbourhood. They cautioned me ag^{t} ffootpads & ffrench Soldiers who had committed Deprad^{s} in the Neighbourhood—I left their Society with regret, for the co[a]rse Comp^{y} at the Inn where 'sluttish plenty decked the Table' I found a Hessian Sailor who had served in the American War And I learned that a Handsome White House over the water was owned by a Jew whom the ffrench had made—My Informer knew not

what but a Thing they called a Mayor—I wished I co^{d} have paid M^{r} Moses Mayor a Visit a sandy beard in french costume would be no unpleasing sight. . . . .

p. 3, *line* 50. [In Coblentz, looking across at Ehrenbreitstein.] . . . Below it [the Rock] lies a Town wch I would gladly have passed but I learned that even the Neighbouring Peasants were forced to buy Passports. The sight of some french Guards quickened my ffears & awoke my slumbering Prudence. I turned up a Lane ascended a Hill & took a last farewell of Coblentz & the Rock, once more in my heart denying my Country—It was now dusk and I had abo^{t} 4 English miles to walk across the Country to find a Village on the Lahn which I had crossed and up whose Stream I meant to pursue my Way back accordingly I took farewell of the Noble Boundary of the Roman & ffrench Republicks I luckily overtook a travelling workman with whom I chatted as well as my broken German wo^{d} allow I meant to go to Ems a Watering Place on the Lahn but my Companion recommending a public house in his native Village—I stopped there And had no reason to repent of it. the Homely Civility of such Persons is always pleasing and one learns something—I found a very humble party at Supper on Rye Bread & Thick Milk, This is milk made sour & clotted a common Article here. Like Tea Olives & other Sharp tasting Things it is at first unpleasant but with Time becomes very palatable) But for me they procured white bread & butter And I recollected my former Beverage and drank myself almost tipsey with Brandy & Milk—There was too something interesting in the Company and I was remind^{d} of an excellent Dissertation by Godwin on what he calls 'the Murder of Intellect' by the Condition imposed on the lower classes by Society if not by Nature—Yet it is pleasing to believe that after all the Species does not degenerate And there was something like an Instance before me—The ffather was a thin pale haggard Man tho' only middle aged—he had exactly the look of a Spittalfields Weaver—His Wife had indeed fewer Marks of Wretchedness in her person & complexion—But their Child was a fine ruddy lively boy who seemed, tho destined to be a slave to have the independence of a Prince. . . . I soon fancied a very strong resemblance between him and Thomas . . . so much the same as even to affect me—Not that

I thought so much of the absent as the present Boy the one in all probability will have at least the substantial Comforts of Life—while the other wretch at present his equal in all respects with the same Capacities & Propensities is almost inevitably destined to slavery—(for poverty is slavery in all its essential points) & most likely will be doomed to a Soldiers life—The poor Man tho' ignorant was not incurious Having learnt I was an *Engländer* he was desirous to know whether we spoke German or French & when I informed him (what he did not seem easily to comprehend) that we had a Language of our own neither one nor tother—he extend^{d} his Enquiries to the Geography of England & asked whether it was not 'among the Turks'. By the bye I sho^{d} in honesty relate that the Evening before when of course I submitted to the Interrog^{s} of my Companions I set them a guessing where I came from And they took me for a Prussian a Dutchman a Russian & a Pole and never once thought of poor England. . . .

p. 4, 3 *lines from bottom*. . . . At least I ought to give some general Remark on the state of the Country & people—The fact is that the Difference is slight indeed bet. that of the Country & people in England—The very poor are always very poor—field Labourers are almost everywhere ignorant but honest & civil—Innkeepers are always courteous where they expect to get a Profit—I am no farmer But certainly the Eye of a general Traveller is not less gratified in the Country where I was than in the general Prospects afforded by England It is true that the Rhine is a remarkably fertile spot & well populated—As well as I co^{d} I tried to learn how the people were affected to the french—But they seemed to be very indifferent One old Man (quite a poor Man) had learned a little of the Jacobin Phraseology and mentioned how the Peasants of a Neibour^{s} Village had gone to Law with their Prince And they told him 'That the Princes came from the Peasants, not the Peasants from the Princes' Since the Contin^{t} is subj^{t} to perpetual conquests And every Peasant has heard of former changes of Mastership they are in the Habit of considering the Events of War as something above them & foreign to them An old woman shook her head & said it was 'a sad thing for the poor Bishop'—true said I but is it [*sic*] worse for the poor Peasants—It matters not what

a Prince or Bishop loses—he has always enough left—But the Peasants are the better—for on the left Bank they will pay no more Tythes—Oh said she if it [is] so they are lucky indeed for we are squeesed most sadly here. But the Commun^{n} is much imped^{d} even for Country people—I could not without risque have gone over the Water As it was I was not free from Danger—My curiosity got the better of my Constitutional Prudence. The French maintain a severe Policy as to the Provisions & raw Commod^{s}. And suffer very few Things to cross the Water—It is said that at a general Peace The Tolls on the Rhine will be all abolished If so, it will enrich exceedingly both ffrance & Germany And open new channels of wealth & commerce—for I presume you know that if the Stowmarket Canal to Bury had taken place I co^{d} have gone by Water from ffrankfort to Bury. . . .

No. 8— . . . .

ffrankfurth 4th Janry 1801.

p. 1, *line* 3. . . .—it [his Brother's Letter] came Time enough to sanctify the holy ffestival which here lasts three days. Christmas is celebrated here as in England by Sermons and Cakes Prayers and Stuffing—We have no Mince Pyes but a more amusing Entertainment for the greater and lesser children.—A large Toy is made, of which the principal part consists of a Branch of Fir Tree thickly covered with Confectionary. . . .

line 16. . . . I have just finished Volney's Egypt. . . . It is replete with Thought with Sentiment with Description. It has made me rejoice in the ffrench Expedition which Thanks to British ffolly will now unquestionably succeed & enlighten and reform a World—After all however, Books that refer to Human Opinions (and Manners which are but acted Opinions) are to me as well as to you the most interesting And yet thro' Laziness or Prejudice we often neglect the best Means of acquiring what we most want. ffor Instance I dare say you have not read the Abbe Baruel because it is the work of a furious and bigotted Jesuit—Now false as is the tendency & result of his Work, it is an excellent Party Production Robison's Letters—Wraxalls Tour, Mirabeau on the Illuminati, all contain ffacts that speak

the character of the Age—You have read none of these yet you renew a third Time your Questions abo^{t} the Illuminati—Have you read the Abbe Barruel?—or if not how are you interested in the subject? You ask and it is a Question I would gladly answer if I could—In what Light is Xtianity here viewed? Has it been rationalised? or is it wholly discarded? I must remain here at least seven Years before I venture to answer this. You forget that Germany is not like England a single State, that its Literature is not concentrated, that it has different religious Establishments, and that it comprehends every Moral climate & Zone from the Illuminati of ffanaticism, of Swedenbourg & Cagliostro to the Illuminati of Theism of Weishaupt and Knigge —That it is a vast ffield of which I have been only in a Corner and that I have not yet got the Use of my Eyes—As to the Illuminati I have been able to gain few ffacts but I have collected some general Remarks. . . . In respect to Christ^{y} and natural Religion Germany seems to have kept the Midway between ffrance & England—After all It seems that one or two superior Minds have given to each of these Countries their ruling Character and fform. You are yourself learned in the Socinian Controversy, and need not be told what you owe to your Master Priestley who certainly had foun^{d} an Epoch. Every body knows what the ffrench Philosophers Political and Metaphysical have done—Germany too has had its Priests and Leaders—But for the reasons before assigned without the Uniformity & distinct character of the ffrench & English Philosophers. Few have advanced so far as to avow Atheism But the greater Number have stepped entirely over the Boundary of Xtianity and several Ministers of Talent & Reputation have done that here in which *Martin* has been left alone with you They have preached what is here called Naturalism it explains itself nevertheless Prussia & Saxony have had some famous Socinians. Nearly half a century ago Semler took the Lead— Damm & Bardt followed—But the most illustrious of the Naturalists or Theists was Lessing A first rate Critic, excellent Dramatist an active Thinker and a busy Man—He did a great deal & gave a turn to the Opinions of protestant Germany both in Letters and Religion. He was an Enthusiast for Toleration and Theism and distinguished himself for his Writings

in favour of the Jews: His Nathan the Wise you have read—Moses Mendelsohn was his ffriend A decided Theist but thro' Prudence he professed Judaism—he is an accomplished Writer & popular Moralist One of the German Classicks—I have read his Lectures on the Being of a God—But it was too scholastic for me to understand—But a large Portion indeed the greatest Number of the University Professors and Scholars have become the Disciples of *Kant* Of Kant I daresay you would be glad to know something—I refer you to a capital article by Taylor in the Monthly Review of Willicks Kants Philosophy What has had so great an effect cannot be contemptible otherwise a knowledge of the first Principles of Kant would lead one only to discard him unheard as we do Mahometan Miracles. In the first place Kant is a Libertarian And he is the decided opponent of the Philosophy of Locke. His Hostility to the English School of Philosophy (for I think we may venture to give it that Name) is not accidental but forms the Essence & Basis of his System—In his fundamental Work 'The Criticism of pure Reason' He explains pure Reason to mean those abstract & eternally true Ideas which the Mind forms by its native and proper Energies without any necessary Connection with the Objects of Sense. In other Words he asserts the existence of Innate Ideas—A priori one wo^{d} have expected that a system so mystical in its fundamental Principles would be accessary to the fraudulent Theory which Governors & Statesmen encourage. On the contrary Kantianism is suspected to be elaborated Infidelity. Kant asserts that the Being of a God cannot be demonstrated And tho' his ffollowers affect Religion, they are in general thought hostile to Revelation—Decidedly convinced as I at present am of the Truth of what Kant directly opposes I mean to undertake a formal Study of his System And expect daily some Instructions from an Acquaintance at Mayntz, the only very interesting Person I have met with on the Contin^{t} M^{r} Jung tho' an ardent Republican & a Poet, is by no means an Enthusiast Tho' intimate with Knigge he refused to become an Illuminati. . . . And he deliberately asserts that Kantianism will be in the Philosophical World what the ffrench Revolution will be in the Political—The Mighty System that sooner or later will absorb the Moral World. . . .

p. 2, *line* 17. . . .—There is another great Body of the German I can hardly say Literati or Thinkers—who made great Noise previously to the ffrench Revolution These are the religious Illuminati the Animal Magnatists—Exorcists—Swedenbourgians, This Sect flourished in Prussia The late King ffred Willm was actually a Believer in the Miracles wrought by these people he was their first Dupe—Cagliostro figured with these—The amiable & excellent Lavater was also an Enthusiast—See Wraxall's Memoirs—Masonry also is a more interesting subject here than elsewhere—The cold & reserved Character of the people—The infinite Divisions of the Governs The Contrariety of religious Establishms—The marked contrast bet[n] the Progress of Science among the Men of Education And the Pertinacious Adherence to superstition in the Catholic & some Lutheran States—all tended to make Secret Societies a fashion & a rage in Germany. The Scholars exercised in them a power, which this Want of Rank in the State deprived them of—And all parties availed themselves of them to answer their Ends, more or less insignific[t] & partial; Till the *Aufklärer* or Enlighteners —contrived to draw to themselves the larger body—Having proceeded thus far I will contrary to my Intention Say a word or two of the Illuminati The Sum of it is this—Weishaupt the founder of the Society was educated a Jesuit—The Bavarian Court was divided The Jesuits gained the Upper Hand And Weishaupt formed this Society as a sort of Balance Himself an enlightened Man—he conceived the Plan of forming a sort of Second Education among the Young Men of Rank a Sort of Aristocracy or Priesthood of Philosophy Knigge (a Mason) suggested the reform of Masonry *Bode* the Translator of Sterne was among the active Agents—The smaller & more enlightened Princes of Germany adopted the Plan with Zeal And even many of the Catholic Clergy—The Society at its Dissolution contained the best & most enlightened characters in Germany such Men precisely—As Price—Priestley—Granville Sharpe, Major Cartwright M[r] Wyvill—M[r] Lloft The very elect of the Empire But it had also its scabby sheep its Withers its Horne Tookes its Sheridans Bavaria where it arose possessed exactly the most superstit[s] Governm[t] in all Germany—Every one knows that the Emperor had long cast a wistful look on a part of the Bavaria

dominions he was if not an Illuminati a Philos:[1] And it was suspect[d] that the Illuminati were intriguing to cause the Cession of this p[t] of Bavaria to the Emperor. By an Act of Arbitrary Power the Society was dissolved in 1786 But its Leaders are now in honour in various Courts and one of them actually Prime Minister of Bavaria at pres[t]. The Abbe Barruels Book is a curious specimen of the Art of giving to Truths the malign[t] & false Effect of Lies—The Indiv[l] Parts of his Books are true. But they are so arranged & connect[d] as to be operate on the Mind like One great Lye—One remark proves it—Every one of the dist[t] members of the German Lit[y] Republic The Socinians Deists, Kantians, Schwedenbourgians, Masons &c are all blend[d] tog[r] under the name of Jacobins—their Actions quite unconnected & accidental are in defiance of probability represent[d] as forming a System of conspiracy Barruel has artfully collect[d] out of the whole Mass of German literature whatever breathes the spirit of Improvem[t] or even of change—all that is not one of the three established Religions is Jacobinism—All the Changes in opin[n] All the Exertions of the human Mind whether they tend tow[ds] ffolly or Wisdom the Spirit of Enquiry in its infinite & even discordant fforms all & every of these is a branch of the Great Conspiracy And by thus uniting & repres[t][g] as ONE what is essentially unconnect[d] & MANY 4 large Volumes are made to frighten good Christians into a silent submission to the Governm[t]—I fear that his Book has had a bad Effect The proper Way to answer it wo[d] be by a History of the Literature of Germany for the last 40 years. . . . It is curious enough that Weishaupt & Barruel should both have been Jesuits indeed if I were called upon in one Sentence to describe Illuminatism—I would say—It is an Antijesuitical Jesuitism. It is A System having the same End and almost the same Means. The Jesuits for Ages had the Honour of being the best Instructors and of hav[g] the most practical Wisdom among the Xtians—A profound knowledge of the human Mind characterises the ffounder of the Illuminati—Both mixed with the great World & aimed to govern Princes by their useful & captivat[g] Talents.—

The Jesuits preached Christian[ty] and taught a servile submission to the Church and many of them were doubtless sincere.

[1] Paper torn.

The Illuminati preached Philosophy, Cosmopolitism, Economy, the Spread of the Sciences, the Perfectibility of Man and above all *Self Knowledge* And I am persuaded the Majority (if not Weishaupt himself in spight of his *one* crime) were Enthusiasts for Virtue & human happiness Ambitious & bad Men soon mixed with both And both were so led away by the Esprit de Corps as to scruple no Means to attain their End Both submitted to Arts of Delusion they themselves depised[1] (Tho' by the bye I do not give Barruel Credit for a Quarter of the Mysteries & Ceremonies he asserts to be practised by the Illuminati) And I must confess that in reading Barruel the prevalent ffeeling was a Wish that I had been born a German and had been a disciple of the School. . . .

p. 3, *line* 12. . . . I have the Honour to be acquainted with a German Lady Mad. la Baronne de la Roche who is acquainted with Gen. Andreossi who is the private ffriend of Buonaparte & was his companion in Egypt. Thro' him I heard what to Historians will be a curious Anecdote that Buonaparte considers Hannibal as the greatest Warrior of Antiquity And asserts that Scipio did not merit the honour of fighting with him—I have also heard That the afores^{d} Buonaparte is now busied in a Project to reduce by Treaty the Military Establishm^{t} of Europe

[1] [Marginal note by H. C. R.] The great difference between Godwinism & Illuminatism consists in this that Godwin proudly rejects all temporising, he shews the distant End & would have his followers strive to attain it immediately. The Illum: on the cont^{y} concealed their End & allow^{g} it to be the same with Godw^{m} it was a Sort of Mystery—Instead of preaching *down* Christ^{y} They tried to preach *up* a something which when raised wo^{d} necess^{y} make Christ^{y} sink & this someth^{g} seems to be a refined Stoicism the better parts of the ancient Greek Philos^{y} Instead of preach^{g} *down* Kings directly & immediately they preached *up* Virtues wch if generally prevalent wo^{d} insensibly destroy Monarchy. Whilst they acknowl^{d} the *Capability* of Man they saw & scrupled not to play on his Weaknesses. Like Paul they were all things to all Men. They gained the protest^{t} clergy by flatter^{g} their superior Illumin^{n}. They gained Princes by promis^{g} them Immortal^{y} by making them believe they were Little Great ffredericks & by shew^{g} the opposition their & the Churches Interest they gained the Idle & trifling by the ffarce of Ceremony & the Vain by the promise of rank & consequence To the rich Commoners they shewed themselves Despisers & Enemies of Empty Titles & Etiquette. To the poor Nobility they inveighed ag^{t} the meanness of Upstart Wealth the Vices of Luxury & the mental Degradation produced by Commerce. But after all I am fully persuaded that the End was good & the Means Wise & that there was no greater Mixture of Evil in the Compos^{n} than we have unhappily uniformly found in all human Projects To be the Enemy of Illuminatism because there can be collected from it a Mass of Absurdity wo^{d} force us to be likewise the Enemy of the ffrench Revolution of the Reformation of Christ^{y} itself. . . .

—Each Power making a Reduction in proportion to the Existing Standing Armies and bound not to augment it during Peace— This is at least one Step towards the Grand Romance 'An Eternal Peace' the benevolent Conceit of St. Pierre, Rousseau, & Kant. . . .

p. 3, *line* 29. . . . I thank you for your List[1] of German Translations. . . . the Number is much smaller than I expected . . . . The Translations are in general not from the first Masters of German Literature Nor are there many Books of great Celebrity on the List I must except Herder's Outlines of a History of Man. . . . Herder is the third Member of The Literary Triumvirate who at present illustrate Weimar. Wieland & Göthe are his companions in Glory. . . .

p. 3, *sixth line from bottom*. . . . Your Account of England's present Situation is interesting tho' not new—As I see the London chronicle twice a week—but the Poors Rates afford me a clearer Idea than any general Statem^{t}—. . . . In a Sort of half official Declam^{n} in the Moniteur the shutting up of the Banks and the Profusion of Paper is asserted to be the ruling Cause. . . .

p. 4, *line* 19 [*below address*]. . . . I shall certainly not^{be} [in] Time enough to send you The first Information of the Great News we yesterday officially received of the New Armistice & confident Engagem^{t} by the Emperor to make Peace without the Cooperation of England—Yet I can't help mentioning it— By the Guarantee given—ffrance is put in possession of the Tyrol—almost the whole of Austria And within 30 German (i.e. 150 Eng) Miles of Vienna—Peace is now considered here as certain—But what will become of England? The ffrench Nation have lately been sedulously wrought upon ag^{t} the English Governm^{t}. If Ireland be attackable It is certainly in Danger—And the Northern Powers are not yet appeas^{d} Do the people continue as stupidly loyal as ever? D^{r} Sangradd gave his Patients water for any Disease—Surely Starving is a good Remedy for Insanity. . . . In case of War with the Northern Powers All Communic^{n} wo^{d} be stopped Dont therefore let the pres^{t} means of writing pass by unprofited. . . .

[1] See Appendix IV, p. 181.

1800–1803.
No. 22.

T. H. to H. C. R.

Bury S^{t} Edm^{ds} 27th Jany. 1801.

p. 3, *line* 7. . . . It would be an interesting piece of information for us at this time to be informed the prices of some of the common articles of life—such as *meat, butter, cheese* &c likewise house rent & taxes &c you said, what surprised me a good deal, that the rumoured cheapness of Germany was ill founded & complained that you were outrunning your Income—yet I recollect, on the other hand you stated some time back that you could partake of a profuse entertainment at a public ordinary for less than 2/6 these accounts are not very consistent, and I wish you to explain your self more fully. . . .

p. 3, *line* 23. . . . The times continue excessively hard with us —indeed the cloud of evil seems to threaten more & more every day—corn rises every market and indeed alarm is spreading in all directions and not least among the friends of [the] administration. I wish not to dwell upon political topics, but distress has brough[t] them home to everybody's bosom, that they now produce all the interest of domestic incidents. The Funds falling, and trade very precarious that Mary and myself sometimes speculate upon emigration, but where to go is the question? France is the only country which to [my] mind presents any temptations, did not the language throw in the way an insuperable objection. Buonaparte seems as if he would make the assumed title of *great nation* a valid claim And I fear it is as clear that the Sun of England's Glory is set. Indeed I am become quite an alarmist which I believe is equally the case both with the democrat & aristocrat. Such is the state of the country in respect to the prime article of life flour, that the Millers are prohibited under very heavy penalties from making any but *coarse flour*, and instead of any restraint being laid upon them against mixing of grains encouragement is given for them to do it—Speaking on the state of the country the other day to Garnham[1] (who I believe is now sick of using his wonted phrase '*let them go on*')

[1] The Rev. R. E. Garnham, '. . . a man of learning & attainments—Of singular habits—A bitter talker and very free thinker on all matters of speculation'. H. C. R., who thus characterized him, made his acquaintance in 1795, and T. R. ultimately became one of his executors.

he exclaimed a very pretty state we are reduced to 'our pockets filled with paper and our bellies with chicken's meat'. It happens fortunately for Pitt generally to have some tub to amuse the whale—the present is the *Imperial Parliament* which will be opened in form in the course of a few days. So griping are the taxes that we are almost obliged to forego amusement of every kind. . . .

p. 3, *line* 49. . . . Among the Pamphlets which have lately been published on the subject of the scarsity, is one by the Author of the 'Essay on Population'—I was particularly pleased with this pamphlet, and of course thought it clever on account of the Author's general ideas *coinciding with my own*—he quite discountenances the notion of the high price being occasioned by *Monopoly & speculation*—And he considers the severe distress on every deficiency of our Crops as a very strong exemplification of a principle which he endeavours to explain in his Essay on Population—It is proper to attend with caution to a writer who has previously adopted a Theory, and then searches for facts to prove it—but I fear he is but too well supported in his melancholy conclusion That the consequences of Population are the production of *misery*, which must somewhere or other exist. . . .

No. 9

ffrankfurt sur Main 11th Febv 1801—

p. 1, *line* 34. . . . Thus much is certain That till the Cloud is passed over which threatens to involve England in the Horrors of real not nominal War—I shall certainly remain here—No Duty calls me into the ffield I could be of Service to no one, on the contrary if civil dissensions resembling those of ffrance shod take place, it may be useful to have one Member of the ffamily abroad. At any Rate I think of remaining on the Continent all the next Winter—where, I know not. I am Tired of ffrankfurth, it is a rich uninteresting town— . . .

p. 1, 4th *line from bottom*. . . . I find a great disadvantage in being an Englishman—one is thought rich & fair game. If I travel as a *Gentleman* my pocket is pickt, if I go as a Man of Letters & cultivate Literary Society—then I am in danger of being

trounced as a sort of quack & Pretender. . . . I am not learned in the Ancient Languages which is expected from all Scholars. I am an Example of the Inconveniences of Aspiring I have been once spoken to in Latin & looked like a ffool—Another Time I was asked if I was acquainted with the Duchess of Devonshire—As it was a *Prince* who put the Question And I was then visiting a Spanish *Cavaliero*—I looked as much like a *Lord* as possible—And gave him to understand that I had not *chanced* to meet with her. To be sure Lords and Princes are not such terrible Beings here as in England one may jolt little Barons in the Streets without being in danger of getting a kicking, and at an Ordinary one may chance to mistake them for the Waiters. . . .

p. 2, *line* 30. . . . Tho Politicks are generally the most uninterest[g] of Subj[s] Yet I do not wonder in your present Condition that you sho[d] be compelled to make it your main Topick.—The Dangers that threaten England are even here the great Object of Interest—The Language here is—ffrance was able to resist all Europe—We shall see whether England can resist half— . . . .

p. 3, *line* 16. . . . M[r] Hamilton[1] . . . is a deep politician. . . . He believes that the ffrench having resisted the Defensive War which England raised ag[t] it, means at length to retaliate And to attempt the Annihilation of the British Governm[t] at least—That the Northern Powers are able to compel such a dispersion of the British Navy as to give the ffrench at least a chance of victory at sea—He thinks that before June an Invasion will be attempted—that a Landing is possible and that the Nation wo[d] join them. Hunger it is true may do much but I am persuaded that all parties would in that Case fly to the Governm[t] Standard Such is the Magic Influence of the Words Country—Nation—This is a dismal prospect—Had I tho[t] of return[g] home I confess It wo[d] have kept me here—But after all it is possible that before this reaches you an english peace m[ay][2] be proclaimed such is the secrecy & dexterity of the french Diplomacy. . . .

p. 3, *line* 28. . . . Tho' it is a Sort of Bathos to quit the Revolutions of States for details of sixpences & shillings—I do not at

[1] James Edward Hamilton, an Irish politician who had been sent out of France to prevent him meddling in French politics. He was on parole in Frankfort where H. C. R. made his acquaintance. He described him in detail to Thomas as a 'character'.

[2] Paper torn.

all wonder that in your Situation you sho^{d} ask abo^{t} the Prices of Provisions—Tho' it is rather a melancholy Entertainm^{t} to 'read of Luxuries one cannot share' ffor instance it wo^{d} be malignant in me to make the eloquent Panegyrick of the rich milk bread & Butter Cakes which we eat here with^{t} Butter—a simpler & I think a Better Taste—In the family we eat a sort of brown rye bread which is designedly sour I am not yet quite reconciled to it tho' your Report makes me less dainty And the Account M^{rs} Alderbert sends from Manchester confirms yours—The Prices of provisions are settled by the Magistrates I copy the Tarif for your Edification—Observing that the German Pound is 5 p Cent heavier than yours—Beef 4^{d} & less than a farthing p. ℔ Veal 3$^{d}\frac{3}{4}$ Lamb 4^{d} Pork 4$^{d}\frac{3}{4}$ I do not know whether these Articles are *frappant* but the common bread wch is they say as nutritive as the common English Bread, That is the *cidevant* Eng: Bread for I know noth^{g} of '*chicken Meat*' is 1^{d} per lb.—Butter (fresh & very good) 1/ p. lb. The same price for the best *Swiss* Cheese The Cheese which the Natives make is very cheap but not eatable by any but the Natives—Candles too 1/ p. lb: All sorts of Garden Stuff & particularly Potatoes very cheap—And the Mode of cooking them is very good. Eggs are at pres^{t} very dear nearly 1^{d} a piece but they are at other Seasons nearly 3 times as cheap—Poultry too I believe is in proport^{n} dear—Whilst I am upon Victuals I will digress to say that tho' *roast* meat is a luxury here unknown Every thing being *properly* baked—Yet in many respects the Cookery is preferable to yours—In this House for Instance—Beef is boiled twice a week to furnish a Basis for Soup wch is had every day as regularly as a pudding And they have the Art of making them very delicate. They have an infinite Variety. Among the best, Soup made of Potatoes, wch are first boiled, then mashed And then ag^{n} boiled to a slight Consistency—Parsley & Salary are the great ingredients to give fflavours—Barley Soup is also very good—The grain remains whole & soft & eats pleasantly—There is a Sort of Root wch is exceedingly pleasant cheap & simple, I sho^{d} like to know whe^{r} it is in Use in England, if not it ought to be imported & brought into general use—The Dictionary Translation for the Word is 'Red Beet Root'—It is exactly of the form of Parsnip & is quite red—It is boiled till it is soft then

cut like Cucumbers, Vinegar is poured over it & to make it better horse raddish is added to it—It has a sweetish Taste & is particularly good with boiled Beef. . . . With boiled Beef here we eat also boiled Horse Raddish wch of course is boiled in a very little of the liquor. But the great reform in y^e^ english Table Economy must be the Introduct^n^ of Soups—You know already its economical Advantages from Co^t^ Rumford—The Want of *Coal* here (for little but Wood is burnt) is the reason why roast^g^ is disused—But still the Kitchen economy seems in many respects superior to yours—The fire places are fixed in a Sort of platform or Stage wch is raised at one End of the Kitchen so that the Cook has no stooping Here are coppers & Stoves in different Shapes so that every dish has its particular ffire & no ffuel is wasted—When the Oven is full—They set the Pan contain^g^ the Meat over a ffire cover it with a tin lid & throw over it live Coals & this they call *roasting* By the bye *I repeat* that I sho^d^ like to know your *new Rumford Kitchen Stove succeeds* does it roast well? I prophecy not—

You ask what Taxes are paid—Now this as you know is not a *simple* Question To be answered intelligently the Laws, of property, the Nature of territorial possessions, And all the pecul[i]arities of a political State are involved. England & ffrance are the only countries where Stamps Licenses & all the dirty details of finance are known. In more despotick countries precisely because they are despotick Royal Demesnes & more arbitrary Impositions, with corporal Service not military only but by working the Lords lands & on the High Roads &c supply the Want of such multiform Expedients—Besides in the more than *300* Sovereign States of Germany there are not perhaps 2 In precisely the same Situation—One thing only I know because It concerns myself that I pay 1/ a Week for permission to Reside in a private House—at first I grumbled at this as an imposition but on Reflection it seems reasonable enough—While I am here I am a sort of Subject & sho^d^ pay for the protection I enjoy —Travellers who live at Inns are by courtesy consid^d^ in a different light—But some Manchester Manufactorers who are come here to attend the next ffair, are forced to pay for the permission to reside here *before* the ffair a Guinea a Week. This is ffleecing but they call it retaliation—House Rent is here very

high because this is a commercial Town—£30 are received for the use during the two ffair Times only, for 2 small rooms.—But in places unfit for Business a neat family House may be had for 20£ˢ—On the Contrary at Cassell & other elegant Towns where the Court resides, a palace comparatively speaking may be had for the same Money—It is there that poor Nobility reside & where English Emigrants must resort to.—But when you talk of Emigration I attribute it only to the Spleen, in your situation it would be folly—But I smiled at your saying that Ignorance of the Language alone, was an insuperable objection to ffrance, for I recollect that you can at any time learn ffrench in a Week—However the state of public affairs ought certainly to be a fresh inducemᵗ to learn that universal Language. You may acquire that with ease. Not so the German I fear I shall never be master of it. . . .

p. 4, *line* 20. . . . —I have since I began this Letter settled my Money Accounts I have not spent so much as I feard & yet more than one woᵈ expect considering the extreme Economy in which I have lived & the few Books & Clothes I have bought—One thing wch makes every thing dear is the loss one suffers by the Exchange A pound Sterling in the common Estimation is worth 11 fflorins or Guldens—But I have received only 10. . . . I brought £50 with me, took 20 Guinˢ of Mʳ Alderbert—And 2 or 3 Days ago gave a Bill on Messrs Rutt & Jameson at 2 Months Date for £40—Out of this I have but 3 Gues left—I have had but one Coat since I came & have bought very few Books—I give indeed 50 Guās ℔ Ann: for my Board & that is in fact a little more as even honourable people here do not scruple to take all little Advantages—The Rest has gone I dont know how in trifling expences that come under no Class but form the greatest— . . .

P.S. *p.* 1 *margin*. . . . The possibility of a Russian War & consequently that of the entire stopping of *all* Communicⁿ with England makes our Correspondence precarious—and therefore let it be understood between us that we must not wait more than a few days after the appointᵈ time of receivᵍ a letter but write, *tho' no Answer* be received. . . .

1800–1803. No. 23. *Mrs. Clarkson to Rev. R. E. Garnham*[1]

Ewsemere Hill
Feb: 12. 1801.

p. 3, *line* 8. . . . —I suppose you Burians munch up Parliament Bread & Herrings & at every mouthful cry out God bless his Majesty—God bless the Parliament—Sir J. Musgrave sent a large Cask of Herrings to the Clergyman of the Village where he has his Estate to be given away to the Poor & also some Potatoes but the poor People were so afraid of being cozened out of their rights that they w^d^ neither take Herrings nor Potatoes—Dont you think they ought to have been sent to the House of Correction?— . . .

1800–1803. No. 24. *T. R. to H. C. R.*

Mch. 9^th^ 1801.

p. 1, *line* 8. . . . I should be glad if I felt competent to give you advice on the conduct most proper for you to pursue but the times as far as concern this country, are so extraordinary and perilous, that it would be perhaps as well to recommend you *not* to embark in any undertaking here, at least for the present. . . . In connexion with this subject, I must again remark that I do seriously revolve in my mind a departure from my native land. Every newspaper which I see presents a worse aspect of affairs, than that which preceeded. Events are happening which excite a *momentary hope* of better times but which is as suddenly dissipated. Who could have supposed that after the disasters which Pitt and his junto have brought upon the country, that any prospect of his removal would have been regarded otherwise than a blessing, yet the contrary is the fact, for it is now understood that the same system is to be pursued by men of inferior abilities. M^r^ Sheridan calls the new ministry nothing but 'a *masked skeleton of the old without the brains*'. . . .

p. 4, *line* 17. . . . Your statement of prices was very interesting and sufficiently *frappant*—everything you mentioned excepting Eggs and poultry is more than as *cheap again* and bread more than

[1] See note, p. 53.

five times as cheap—by the bye, I do not think that it is consistent with the prices you have mentioned that you should pay so much as 50£ pr Ann^{m} for your board. I suspect you are not the companion of Princes and styled his excellence for nothing—I apprehend you pay something more to bolster up your dignity.— . . .

p. 4, *line* 32. . . . In reply to your repeated question respecting the roaster—I have to say it answers very well as an oven for baking pastry—but as a roaster it does not succeed but as it is not made according to the plan of Ct Rumford it affords no proof that *his* kind would not do.—What is of frequent occurrence is worth inquiring about—You talk of the excellent mode of *cooking vegetables*—a hint or two on this subject would be of capital use to us. . . .

No. 10

ffrank-furt sur Main Sunday 22^{d} Mar: 1801

p. 1, *line* 45. . . . Thus much I must repeat that till the Crisis is over in England I shall remain here—And your Advice that whilest here I sho^{d} keep up my Spirits is not necessary—I have been on the whole very comfortable here Nor was it till just before I wrote my last Letter that I began to be uneasy & discontented—And the Cause of that discontent is now very happily removed.—The only thing I then wanted was Society—for the sake of a Joke I made the most of a few trifling Incidents & talked about Princes & Lords but the Truth was And it was very discernible in my Letter, that I was languishing for Society—I could not be frequently amused by that of genteel Merchants ffamilies—where they played Cards & wore fine clothes—And I knew of scarcely any other—In the course however of a few Weeks—My State is totally altered And I now abound in Society 'after my own heart' so that I have lost all design of leaving ffrankfurt. . . .

p. 2, *line* 10. But I forget that you are wait^{g} for an account of these new acquaintances who have so much interested me.—The first then & the Principal one is a person of whose intimacy I might really be *proud* if I was not indebted for it to the circumstance of being an Englishman And tolerably read in the Belles Lettres & general Litterature of the Eng: Lang: which give me

an *accidental* Value & Interest, which prove nothing as to my essential Qualities. . . . My new Acquaintance is a German Nobleman & a dignitary of the Romish Church being *Grand Doyen*—or Great Dean of the Cathedral of Spire—besides other inferior ecclesiastical Titles & possessions. In the German Constitⁿ no one is capable of such a post who cannot count 16 Noble Ancestors, not like Sir Rogers stained & polluted by plebeian blood. Baron *Hohenfeld* therefore ranks with the 'Old Nobility' of Germany. He is an elderly Man & may be looked upon as a public Character in Germany. . . . He was as he himself expresses it for 12 Years a Mr Pitt in Miniature—having been during that Time Prime Minister to the Elector of Treves—He has been repeatedly employed on diplomatick Concerns—, & was even invited by the English Administratⁿ some years ago, to accept of a Post of Honour in order to be their Adviser in Matters that concern the internal State & complicated political Interests of the German Powers. The Talents of a Minister of a Small State are it is observed by Rousseau generally greater, & necessarily so, than those [of] mightier Potentates—And I believe my ffriend the Baron has not been inferior to his Bretheren I have never met with a Man so profoundly conversant in History & politics—I learn much from him both of judicious Opinion & matters of ffact. . . . He has suffered greatly by the War & by the expected Secularization will lose more He intends to resign all his Church preferments And live at London on the Wreck of his ffortune—'having' said he 'had extensive Influence in German Courts & lived as a public character so that I kept 12 saddle Horses & livery servants I cant easily brook the diminution of my dignity here In London I can still live in elegant retiremt & associate with Men of Education & Letters thither I will retire'—He is an enthusiastick Admirer of the English Nation *And of the English Administration* He laughs at my mournful lamentations & dismal apprehensions. . . . England said he, is the most enlightened & the most active people on the Globe And it has the most Enjoymt of all Sorts—It will rise superior to its present difficulties A Revolution & a Bankruptcy would have no material change on its system of conduct or politicks: It will remain at least for many years—The seat of the Arts—The Emporium of Riches & Commerce the favorite

residence of Literature & Science. By the bye—a very natl fault with practical Statesmen—he confounds always riches with happiness—And he denies that our national superiority has much arisen from our free Constitution—Indeed he underrates the moral Benefits of Liberty exceedingly And the Liberality I admire in him, is chiefly apparent when we talk on Religion. . . . I must say that in Spight of all this my Opinions are in no respect altered And my approbation of the great leading doctrines of Godwin are every day strengthened—On Religion too my Opinions are maturing not changing in their principle. . . .

p. 3, *line* 21. . . . His political Opinions bear the stamp of his Wishes. He is confident the Peace will not be permanent—that Prussia & Austria are on a good Understandg together—that their object is to seize all they can of the Empire, & that they will then join their forces and retake the left Bank of the Rhine He asserts that the Defeat of the Austrians has been permitted from political Motives And affirms Buonaparte to be a 'good Corporal' & nothing better—His Diplomacy wod disgrace a child—Here I believe there is little reason or judgement But on such Subjects I am forced to be silent—Within a few days however he has alterd his Tone And he begins to allow that England is in a critical State but he will allow no ffault whatever to our Government. . . .

p. 3, *line* 55. . . . You enquire abt the Women—Do you mean the Women or the Ladies for they you know in all Countries are a very distinct class of Animals—As to the Ladies—these are the same I presume in all rich Towns—they dress as well as they can, love to be flattered and play Cards. Here the German Ladies of *our* Rank are I believe much like our Women. In general I think their Manners less agreeable & somewhat more free. As to Accomplishments Living on the Continent most of them speak ffrench, & not a small Number Italian & English—In Music of course they excell—Novel reading is not less frequent than in England And the common class of Novels is about as good or bad as others. Till I became acquainted with the Mlle Servieres I had not met with one literary Lady, that is one who cod talk with taste or feeling on Books. Except indeed Mad: de la Roche—have I mentd her to you? I forget—She is spoken of in the Life of Wieland in an ill written article in one

of the late Mon[thly] Mags. She is a very worthy old Lady of 70—Has written two or three moderate sentimental Novels—Is very sentimental & good rather enthusiastick & a vast admirer of the English—I talk ffrench with her—She lives abo[t] 4 Miles from ffrankfurth And I now & then walk to chat with her. Tho' not of the first Order of Genius's herself She associates with the very first—Had once Wieland as her *Affiancé* And is on an intimate ffooting with Göthe & Herder At her house I have seen another of the German Literati ffrau V. Kalb—The fair friend of Schiller & John Paul Richter—She knows a little English And made Enquiries after the Author of a Book which interested her she said more than any one in the Eng: Language—Anne St. Ives[1]— There is generally more character in the lower than in the higher Classes where all are melted down by fashion into one indiscriminat[e] Uniformity—As to the morals of these persons. I thought I had spoken of them before—The police of this Town is by no means remarkably good, Yet Robberies are but seldom I have not seen three drunken Persons since I have been on the Continent And as to 'Bad-Women' I profess to have no extraordinary Means of judging—this only I know that they do not swarm about the Streets, as in the great Towns in England—And that public decency is not so much offended as with you—Apropos of Girls—The Baron was telling me yesterday that he met with Lord Camelford some Years since at Cruxhaven who applied to *him* to procure him Girls—The Baron is a tall Man with strong Lines & a dignified Countenance at least in my Eyes yet he has with humour related to me sev[l] Anecdotes not reflect[g] honour on his Physiognomy—He went when in England often to Lackingtons—Who seeing him very intelligent abo[t] old & foreign Books—offered him a place at the Shop—I told him s[d] the Baron that it was true I was then out of place but had never been exactly in *his* Line But that if I tho[t] of entering as Shop-man any where I wo[d] let him know'. An English Lord would perhaps have looked sour—. . .

Again on the Subj[t] of Morals—Germany is certainly not arrived at that pitch of depravity which prevails in England—I believe we have here much fewer acts of notorious & gross dishonesty—Bankruptcy is very rare comparitively—Swindling

[1] *Anna St. Ives* by Thomas Holcroft, 1792.

of all Sorts is by no means reduced to such an Art But amongst those called persons of honour & character there is a want of delicacy & liberality which I think is more striking than in England—The English Travellers of my Acquaintance give a bad character of their Merchants—There is a sort of sly tricking among them & in common Life Meannesses which in England wo^{d} be scouted—So that I am disposed to apply to the Germans what I have often observed of the Dissenters They wont do dishonest tricks but damned dirty ones—The Baron attributes the great Evils of England in respect to Police to its Liberty And much as he prefers England for himself he denies that its poor are in a better State than on the continent—I was, said he, twelve years the resident Minister in Coblentz we had no Hospitals or other Institut^{s} for the poor—And our poor rates for the whole Town (I sho^{d} suppose 12 or 15000 Inhab^{s}) is only 3 Guineas a Week. . . . the Post leaves ffrankfort only twice a Week Sundays & Wednesdays. . . .

No. 11

ffrankfurt sür Mein 7th April 1801/.

p. 2, *line* 25. . . . One of the first Disadvantages to which I am exposed, is comparative Poverty—The alarmingly diminishing Value of Money in Eng: particularly Horne Tooke's represent^{n} of it in Parliam^{t} has disturbed me not a little—The greater part of the Property I possess is in Money, And it is Money, not Land or Trade or Labour which sinks. . . .

1800–1803.
No. 26.

T. R. to H. C. R.

26th April, 1801.

p. 3, *line* 3. . . . As a circumstance however indicative of the state of the country; I cannot forbear mentioning that our last assises exhibited a striking proof of the distresses of the People. The Calander contained seventy prisoners which are nearly double the number, I ever before knew. The case was the same throughout the Kingdom. And when in connexion with this exhibition, is recollected the number of the more dangerous desperadoes which are taken off by a War—one can not but dread the consequences of peace. . . .

No. 12

11th May 1805 [*sic.* should be 1]./—

p. 1, *line* 23. . . . The Mask of Göthe (if the late one performed at Weimar) is probably an indifferent production but I give you notice to beware how you take his Name in vain. Göthe is the Idol of the German Literary public—The Critics of the New School assert that since the Existence of Letters, there have have been only four of those exalted Geniuss on whom Nature & Art seem to have showerd down all their Gifts to form that perfection of Intellect—A Poet—Virgil, Milton, Wieland, Klopstock, Ariosto, Ossian, Tasso &c &c are Singers of various & great excellence but the sacred poetic fire has been possessed in its perfection only by Homer, Cervantes, Shakespear & Göthe —Nay some of this new School have even asserted that the three great '*Tendencies*' of the late Century are, the french revolution, the Fichtean Philosophy and Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre —a Strange collection you will cry, for we know too much of the french revolution, & but very little of the fichtean philosophy—ffichte is the follower, Rival, & victorious Competitor of Kant—And William Meisters Apprenticeship is a Novel certainly of first rate excellence, which I now speculate introducing to the Knowledge of English Readers—It has afforded me more delight than any German Work It abounds with profound Criticisms on the Drama—It was reviewd bet 2 & 3 years since in the Mon: Rev: with great praise And recommend[d] by them for translation—they extracted an original & curious Critique on Hamlet Göthe is undisputedly the greatest living Genius in Germany—Wieland & Schiller & Herder bow with Submission to him—His Mother lives here I have been offered an Introduction to her—she is said not to be unworthy of her Son—A propos Göthes dramatick Chef dœuvre is Iphigenie in Tauris—the Mon: Rev: declare it to be superior to Euripides's piece. . . . My Acquaintances encrease every day And I have at leng[th] been introduced to some German *Geniuss*—You know what sort of an animal an english Genius is I take for granted Germany does not fall short in this, any more than in other Breeds Clement Brendamo [*sic*] a young Man of 21 the hope of the New School here, bears the Stamp of Genius in his whole

Air his Eye is irresistably piercing And an oppressive manly beauty heightened by a powerful musical Voice give him an audacious assurance in Society—On my first Introduction I met him with a 2d Rate Genius a Dr of Philosophy also just out of his Minorv. I know not how it was but I chanced to please the Geniuss by some bolt—So that the little Dr with great Naiveté hearing at last I was an Englishman—Exclaimed—My God I could not think you were an Englishm: 'And why not Sir'—Why you are much too sensible for an Englishman—'Nay now were I a ffrenchman, according to Yorick's Rule I shod make a bow—but as I am an Engn I look grave'—Why Sir I was in London three Months—I was in literary Society, frequented Sir Joseph Banks parties I met there very capital Chymists & Mathematicians but I must say I did not meet one *philosopher*, one cultivated Man—'What you mean by those terms I confess I do not clearly understand perhaps you mean *your* philosophy'—Sir said the first Genius you seem to talk of philosophies as if there were whole packets of them ticketed like goods at our fair of different prices There is but *one* philosophy Sir—'And *where* is that?' In your Head Sir if you know how to get at it, our Theory is not taught by Books it is generated within—'But at least you have Midwives to help at the Delivery'—Very true And that is all 'I suspect this is the Critical philosophy—Are you a Kantian or ffichtan?'—Why ffichte (who is much the greatest Man Sir) out-Kants' Kant—And we out ffichte ffichte—'Bravo thats more than out heroding herod'—We sparred for an hour—When the little Dr left me with the kind remark to his Brother Genius—'Well this Englishman is really a fine fellow *for* an englishman, but I fear we can do nothing for him'—Brendano however gave me 2 hours one Night he declaimd with an eloquence I never heard surpassed, on the new philosophy so that I enjoyed the Evens extremely—it is true I did not understand one Word of what he said But as Genius's are generally not very attentive to their hearers he did not find this out—By significant Nods which would serve either for 'I dont understand you', or 'very true'—I gained his regard so much that he invited me to accompany him on a short Journey to visit another of the German Geniuss he called in the Morning to fetch me when my ill stars

had led me by a perverse humour to procure in the mean while a tolerable Satire ag^{t} the School by Nicolai—he caught me in the very fact of laughing heartily—he declared he could *almost cry* —declaimed ag^{t} the idiot Author—desired me to be ready when he returned with the Carriage went home—railed ag^{t} me for an hour to his Sister, ordered horses in a Rage & posted without me—

In spight of the Nonsense Brendano talks, Nature has stamped on every feature of his face on every limb of his body—Extraordinary Powers, so that I have no doubt he will hereafter when the froth of youth is subsisted [subsided?], become a solid steady Ornament to his Country And as it is a fact that all the young Men of Talent do run after the new Philos^{y} I mean to attempt cracking the Nut—I have already given you a general Idea of it— . . .

p. 4, *line* 12. . . . I find I have an unans^{d} Question of my Sisters on the Cooking of Vegetables—I fear I can add little to what I have said before—Potatoes instead of being bro^{t} on the Table dry are boiled either with the Broth of Beef or for want of that with Butter And are made savoury with Salary—So that No melted butter is ever seen—It is the same with all Green Vegetables—Potatoes too are when boiled mashed And then boiled ag^{n} in Beef Broth till it comes to a certain Soup thickness—Horse reddish is boiled in a Saucepan And is excellent Sauce with hot boiled Beef—I have before described the Beet Root—fflour is baked in a Pan over the ffire till it becomes quite brown it is then mixed with Milk, Sugar, Spice &c till it has the Colour, almost the taste, And the Name of Chocolate Soup It is very delicious. . . . *a Boiled Pig* is hear [*sic*] a very favorite, nice, & well looking Dish—The Pig is boiled in Water with a 6th part of Vinegar, with salt Cloves &c to make it savoury when sufficiently tender, it is taken out & carved—The Liquor is then boiled longer till it has acquired a due jelly thickness when it is poured over the pig, it makes a fine Jelly And is of course always eaten cold—I need not add that Jelly may be infinitely varied—Nor that with a little Managem^{t} it may be made a genteel Ornament—It wo^{d} be worth while trying. . . . Apropos we have lately made sev^{l} unfortunate attempts at Apple pyes And tho' I think we have not failed in Butter we

have never succeed[d] in making the Crust short or flaky—What is the Cause of this? What proport[n] of Butter to fflour is used? And is there any thing else necessary? . . .

1800–1803. No. 28. *Anthony Robinson to H. C. R.*

London 8 June 1801

[P.S.] . . . No news here, very faint hopes of peace & lively fears of famine. . . .

No. 13

[Begun at] ffrankfurth. 15[th] June 1801

p. 1, *line* 27. . . . In my last letter I gave you some Acco[t] of a German genius Clement Brentano—A few days afterwards I became acquainted with a younger Brother of his—*Christian*: of whom I had heard noth[g] And as one Genius in a family is as much as can be reasonably expected I little expected to find a second: C: however with fewer pretensions & with less brilliancy will I have no doubt become a greater Man—He has devoted himself to Science Is far advanced into the higher branches of the Mathematicks And is an intellig[t] & judicious Admirer & Disciple of Kant His zeal for the new Critical Philosophy And my Desire to be informed about it—Brought us together—made us intimate—till at length he proposed my accompany[g] him to Grimma in Lower Saxony where he resides with a first rate Mathematician. he is himself an indefatigable student He scolds me for my hitherto desultory mode of life And advises me like him to *study* seriously & to some purpose. . . . So that I instantly agreed to walk with him to Grimma. . . . I have spent a Week in daily expectation of setting off, all was arranged for this Morning, but a Tailor has failed in bringing Clothes—I have availed myself of the delay to write—this Introduction. . . .

I ought to mention a short Excursion I made a few days since to Wetzlar This Town lies a days Journey from ffrankf: I went in a Carriage with M[rs] Cole [i. e. Kohl], & M[r] Mylius who had business there—This City which in England wo[d] pass only for

a dirty miserable old Town is famous in Germany as being the Seat of one of the two supreme Courts of Judicature in the Empire, this supports the Town as it compels the constant Residence of about One hundred Judges & Advocates who of course compose the Gentry of the place. . . . Mrs C. & I had nothg to do but to amuse ourselves And we accordingly walked towds a Scene to me very amusg—a lofty & regularly round Hill is capped by a vast Castle wch is surrounded by houses so compact that the whole has the appearance of one high building. fforests surround this singular spot, So that it awakens all our Romantic Ideas And The Recollectn of the ffeudal Manners The proud domineering spirit of Aristocracy, the Slavish subject State of the Commonalty And the roughness of a barbarous age are representd so strikingly that no one cod help feeling affected. . . . I could not enter the Castle Walls as the *Sovereign* resided in his Castle and all Visitors must announce themselves, a formality I was unwilling to submit to—As a proof that Luxury can reach even Wild Rocks and savage Eminences—I met with a fine Confectionary Shop and cheatg ever keeps pace with Luxury I was [1]m[ade to] pay 4/ a lb for Sugard Almonds—On my return I found however a proof that Simplicity was not quite lost in the Vicinity of *Braunfels*. . . . We[2] dined in a field behind a little Alehouse off a rich Omlet & drank Beer Brandy & Milk for 1/ And our Hostess a healthy good humoured elderly Dame assured us she had never been out of the *Prince's Dominions* And even had never seen Wetzlar tho' the greatest Town in the Neighbourd—from which Mrs C & I had then walked—We also met with other Peasants who pointed out the Spots of sev[l] Engagems which took place in the late War, but neither with the feeling nor the Interest you wod expect—It is certain that the German Peasantry tho' their Comforts do not seem to me to be less than those of the British have less public spirit, less of that habit wch teaches them 'their rights to scan—And learn to venerate themselves as Man'. The corvee and other vassalage Services wch the Prince can demand from his Peasants in most parts of Germany tend to degrade the Mind by making it constantly feel its dependence & subjection to the Will of another. . . .

[1] Paper torn.

[2] See Note 1, p. 70.

p. 2, *line* 23. . . . [Monday the 15th] We[1] spent the evening at Marbourg an University built on the Side of a most picturesque hill . . . tho' the City itself is poor & wretched. . . . It is one of the inferior Universities tho' it is not witht celebrated professors.—it has abot 300 Students Who alone give a sort of respectabily to the Town. . . . I soon found that a certain Professor had 9 or 10 English Youths with him And himself & Pupils were pointed out to me walking in the Streets. . . . Our 3d day . . . had its peculiar disgusts . . . it was dark before we reached a dirty Hessish village Jesburg . . . we were refused a bed at the Posthouse (In Germany the Post houses are established by Govt for relays of Horses they are generally but not always Inns but at all events have the liberty or rather the obligation of taking in travellers who ride post) we were told gruffly that the house was no Inn—that all trades must live And that *we* must go there. We accordingly housed at the least shabby, where I found a chamber luckily vacant which I rather seized than took. We cod have nothing but a supper of vile meat vilely cooked—And for sauce a somewhat lively dispute or rather quarrel betn me & my compann on the art of going into an Inn And demandg a bed—he in my Mind havg too much the Air of a travelling mechanick And I in his, giving myself undue Airs of importance . . . We likewise had another secret source of reciprocal ill will which a regard to my own dignity wod perhaps lead me to conceal if the fidelity of an historian did not govern me. Brentano is the Son of an Italian And has a very swarthy complexion, black Eyes, prominent cheek bones a long pointed Nose And a large Mouth. So that I was not much surprised that a Peasant shod ask us with great civility 'Pray Gentlemen are not you *Hebrews*—Now as the Hebrew Nation is here in no good repute And as Bs. Dress & Manners were not in my Mind hostile to the conjecture I on this accot presented occasionally my person foremost tho' none of the prettiest or genteelest. . . . And I cod not avoid sometimes lamentg my Compans unlucky Italian features—He retorted that I was a still greater Jew than himself affirmed my Eyes & Nose to be

[1] This paragraph describes the second day of H. C. R.'s tour with Brentano, and the 'we' refers to them, and has nothing to do with Mrs. Kohl, who was mentioned in the last extract as his companion on the expedition to Wetzlar.

israelites indeed—His brother Clement too who tho' a very handsome Man is if possible still more a Jew had the audacy to confirm this Judgemt.—for the Honour of the Crabbs & Robinsons You I hope will not acquiesce in this. . . .

p. 3, *line* 4. . . . At ½ past 6 We reached the place of our intended Abode When lo—we had no beds—our Host was indeed a civil Man, he did not seem to question our Rank & soothed our vanity while he showed us the necessity of proceeding to Cassell. . . . We enquired at every little hedge house where [we] were always offerd clean straw which we were not yet humble enough to accept— . . .

p. 3, *ten lines from end.* . . . Cassell is to be seen rapidly only—there is a mixture of meanness & poverty with taste & splendour which is to me at least disgusting even to painfulness. A Village for instance composed entirely of cottages which are built without order, is I think much better than a set of cottages all havg the same front & dimensions tho' that front & those dimensions are in themselves more convenient & handsome In Cassel for instance are whole streets uniformly built the rooms lofty the Windows large the door spacious the steps wide, in short all that we find in the modern houses of persons in a comfortable situation in life, but the walls are unwashed, the windows broken the steps unswept and the people who inhabit them little better than our poor—You must I think have felt the same in seeing the inferior streets of Bath—In all these Instances We witness an attempt to conceal poverty and the unharmonious union oppresses painfully or perhaps it rather conveys to us the Idea of a [*sic*] decling Riches. I know nothing more pleasing than going into a small country house in England the Owner of which having risen in life has gradually given his cottage, ornaments & conveniences wch seem disproportionate where we see for instance white dimity curtains under a thatched roof And mahogany furniture thro' the little square paned windows All this impresses us with the sense of *growing* richer. In the one the comfort is less than the parade; in the other, the show is less than the comfort—How far England in this respect is advanced & above Germany At least this part of it may be judged from this simple fact that in our whole walk from ffrankfurt to Gottingen 44 Stunde we saw only 4

genteel houses out of the Towns which wo[d] in England be called a Gentlemans *Seat* The others being not better than Boxes of the Middling Ranks in England—In the Number of these & in the Infinite gradations of gentility & comfort among them lie the great superiority of our nation—It is indeed to be dreaded from the aspect of things that this superiority is on the decline; but it can[t] for years sink to the low state in which this Country lies—I speak now of Hessia the wretchedness of whose governm[t] I infer from the badness of its inns, the want of good bread which elsewhere is not found, the frequent sight of women employed in day labour And the incivility of the inhabitants in general— It was therefore with pleasure that we enterd the delightfully romantick Town of Minden under the Governm[t] of our most gracious sovereign. . . .

No. 14

Grimma 6[th] July 1801./

p. 1, *line* 7. . . . Clements Brentano (the Genius) received me [at Göttingen] with great friendliness & introduced me to several of his College ffriends . . . from whom I gained . . . valuable Hints & Directions towards my studying the modern German Philos[y] . . . found all the Students I became acquainted with at Göttingen decided disciples of the New School zealous in its support & willing to encourage & incite a foreigner to study it. For the first time I had the Means of hearing from credible & competent testimony what the new School properly is. . . . One thing you will not be sorry to hear And that is that this New System which its foolish admirers boast of as a sort of *New Inspiration* is nothing less than a very old System One, the outlines of which we have already in our Language & with which you are already in part acquainted. . . . 'And pray said I to Winkleman a young Physician of rare acquis[ns] & talents, is this 'Wissenschaftlehre' 'Theory of knowl[e] by ffichte really a new Science as they pretend'—'In its form & in much of its detail it is original It is only a more perfect System of what in its essential points has been taught by the profoundest Philosophers' 'And what is it after all?'—'Noth[g] but *Idealismus*'—'What Berkley's System?' 'To be sure—Or if you will

Spinosa's or to go to the fountain it is Platonism. 'Is it possible?' It is a fact Plato is in my Judgem[t] the greatest Philosopher or rather the sublimest human intellect that ever existed His Works are yet scarcely understood—At least not by me but thro the veil of mysticism & amidst the Chasms in his Works we can trace more science than in the Works of all other Philosophers I have not said that even he invented the System; for I am at present imployed in a laborious study of the oldest greek poets, And I pledge myself in a few years to demonstrate that Idealismus, our new German Philosophy is to be found & clearly taught in the most antient greek poets existing. . . . Next to Berkeley Hume is the great favorite of W. (Kant also avows his admir[n] of Hume) He is no philosopher said W. but was near being the first. He missed the point and then went to the furthest distance from it And what do you think of Locke? He smiled 'The reproach of the English Nation. So long as he continues to be your Guide & Oracle, so long is your Nation hopeless as to Philosophy. . . . Of Hartley he was wholly ignorant. Association says he is a law of our Nature lying so on the surface that there can be no merit in working [it?] up into a Theory. A German Writer one Pistorius a poor Creature has translated him, but nobody reads or thinks about him—'And Priestley you have heard of him' Yes but we have no high opinion of him—he is probably an active busy man in his day who has made good chymical experiments written smart books ag[t] the Governm[t] and squabbled abo[t] the Trinity & the Atonem[t] A very clever man I dare say But we must not talk of him when we speak about Philosophers—This I resisted And our conversation turned tow[ds] the practical applic[n] of Science And the political connection of Literature with Governm[t]. Winkleman on this Subj[t] made a remark which is at least worth copying. Your Poets & Philosophers sayd he have always been *Englishmen* & either Patriots or Courtiers. they have had Views & Ends which gave a certain degree of importance to their Works and made them superior to the Writers of other Nations But it has made them incapable of attain[s] the highest degree of excellence A pure poet has no other End than to produce a Work of Art, a pure philosopher, no other End than to raise a System of abstract truth—In Germany our

Literati have been neglected & forgotten by Courts, they arose slowly & last among the Nations of Europe, but they are therefore greater than them all. Our Poets Our Philosophers are only Men not Germans. You in England have only one *Great Man* of whom you ought to be proud as we are of Göthe And that is Shakespear—(Apropos W did not mention Newton but . . . he is not thought much of here. A steady inflexible Mathematicⁿ & Calculator they say but no Philosopher.) . . . That you may keep pace with me I recommend you as far as you can to make yourself acquainted with the System of Spinosa—he is highly prized here. Coleridge I heard became a convert to him in Germany. . . . W. asserts him to have been the most *devout* of Philosophers. Apropos, I must not forget a curious trait of the new School. They are all Religionists that is a sort of poetico-metaphysical religionist—Clemᵗ Brent. defined Religion to be Philosophy taught thro' Mystery And Winkleman who delivers Lectures on Poetry has for the Title of one—The Virgin Mary as the *Ideal* of female beauty & excellence. But enough.—We staid at Gotingen two days & attended 2 public Lectures. One on Medicine And another on Mathematicks—I understood little of the former & nothᵍ of the latter. They were not numerously attendᵈ (not more than 40) G. has upwards of 700 Students. And is one of the most fashionable [Universities] in Germany. . . . The German Universˢ are not like the English, Seats of Discipline A sort of School for grown Gentlemen. They are mere places of Assembly where Professors are nominated to give Lectures on *all the Sciences & branches of Learning*. They have very few public buildings And often no point of corporate Union. They have no prayers, no Costume, no *obligation* to attend Lectures, no Tests, few Examinˢ and those only when Degrees are conferrd And they deserve the Name of Universities much better than the English Colleges as all the practical Sciences are introduced. There is of course an infinite Variety in the particular regulations & prices of Lectures. Some are public & gratis or at a very low price, Others are *privatissima* & at an exorbitant price Some professors have a Salary provided on some Old pious donation Some subsist on the subscripⁿ of the pupils. At Leipzick too (Excuse the want of Order) I attended an *Anthropological* Lecture from Professor Plattner,

a man famed for his Style & elocution—here for the first time I saw a large elegant Room and the Lecturer was in a sort of pulpit. . . . One remark is common to both Univers^{s} the Students were in gen^{l} shabby & seemingly of low rank. In Germ^{y} all go to a Univers^{y} who are designed for the three professions necessarily—they are cheap hence there are many very poor students. They are of course not attend^{d} so much thro' fashion as with us. A Circumst. which added to the fewer means of dissipation, render the German Univers^{s} less immoral than the English. I chiefly remarked the meanness of the Students in the Lecture Rooms. At Gottingen I saw many genteel & elegant Young Men, in the streets.

On Tuesday the 23rd we renewd our Journey. Meaning . . . to include in our Walk a part at least of the celebrated District of the Harz . . . the first day . . . we rambled very pleasantly . . . to a town of some Size on the Borders of the Harz. *Osterode* is principally disting^{d} for a large Store-house contain^{g} Corn & other provisions which the Miners can always buy at a given price, when the Market is too high: Such Institutions are commendable as prudential but he must be a dupe indeed who praises them as benevol^{t} & humane—I am convinced on the contrary that they are pernicious by covering the essential vice of Society, the degree of oppression which in all countries the poor suffer. En passant however—I sho^{d} observe that the Hanoverian Governm^{t} has not a bad character among the Inhabit^{s} And that the people think themselves happy They are not Hessians My tests of judging are decidedly in its favour. In Hanover the Roads are good And there are Mile posts—The villages have generally a good House or two And the Natives are distinguished by their Civility. It was our good fortune to arrive at Osterode on an annual festival 'The laudable Society of Shooters' shot for Prizes—on a neat green where a great number of handsome booths And the Beau Monde as well as the Rusticks were assembled.—Three Targets were erected and the incessant firing did not disturb the Lower Gentry from dancing Country Dances with decency if not with grace. These Village Sports are delightful for those who share in them, but ennuyant after an hour or two—We preferred in the Even^{g} read^{g} a Poem by Göthe. . . . And in the Morn^{g} Brentano and

I ascendd the Harz Mountains alone & gave ourselves up to the Enjoym^{t} of Scenes as delightful & romantic as any I had ever seen. . . . In this recluse Valley we met with a neat Inn and a civil hostess made us a Pan-cake And Milk Soup, Our constant diet in these regions—In the Even^{g} another & less agreeable scene presented itself on the bare top of a hill stands the Town of *St. Andrewsberg* composed entirely of new Houses all in themselves far better than ordinary Cottages, all in fact comfortable Residences but unpleas^{t} to the Eye from the uniform red of the roofs & White of the walls. On enter^{g} it we found here too a sort of festival. At every 10th House was a Garland erected & we were at first amused & afterwards plagued by the impositions levied on us by the Children who ran in pairs and formed a sort of turnpike gate with Ribbon. We gave away our small Coin which they took without thankfulness And when we had no more to give, they grew saucy. The Town hall was our Inn And we passed but a dull Even^{g}. . . . Early the next Morning full of Expectation we descended a Silver & lead mine & after descend^{g} abo^{t} 600 ffeet ascended, tired & disappointed. Of *Sights* as they are called, I value none which do not either give me new Ideas or new ffeelings, which do not add to the stock of my Knowledge Or enlarge the Compass of my Imagin^{n}. This Descent did neither. The ffissure in the Earth was made diagonally & not more than 4 or 5 ffeet wide And the Passages & Caverns in which the people were at Work were not large. Had I heard an explosion I might have been interested, but the seeing here & there a Man with a Mallet & Hammer knocking Lumps of Stone from the wall and observ^{g} the regular Chain of Pumps above each other to draw away the Water—and a large Bucket now & then transporting the Ore upward, hardly rewarded the trouble of descending.—Every 30 or 40 feet there is a sort of Landing-place which renders the accident of a fall less fatal—You know already in what way Ore is mixed with Earth from the common Chimney ornaments. . . . We then proceed^{d} ascend^{g} the Mountains, when, wearied by hav^{g} mistaken our path & lost ourselves for an hour in a bog we lay down to sleep I was soon awakened by a Noise & perceiv^{g} 2 young Men in green with firelocks I instantly asked if they were bound for the Brocken—they ans^{d} yes I awakened my

ffriend B. And we joined the 2 *fforresters* Green is still their Livery as formerly—As I hope you know from the renowned Hist of Robin Hood—The Cultiv^{n} of forests, so very import^{t} to Germany, where Stone-Cole is so scarce, is now taught in some of the Universities—And we found that our 2 new Compan^{s} had studied at Jena they of course were excellent Compan^{s} as hav^{g} precisely the sort of knowl—botanical & rural which we wanted.—As we baited at an Inn 2 Stunde from the Summit of the Brocken we were overtaken by a 3^{d} fforrester a young genteel Dane of course our party was gay & frolicksome. Strengthened by Brandy & Milk we proceed^{d} boldly tho' we had the misfortune to tug up a long Mountain against a strong Wind and a drenching Shower. . . . On the Summit one Baron Stollberg has erected a large Inn adapted to the Situation With a Tower 40 ffeet high so that the Sight of the Sun rising & sett^{g} so often celebrated may be seen with convenience. . . . Other Company were in the House wch. can lodge 30. . . . In the Even^{g} . . . I was amused by read^{g} the Brocken Stamm Buch or Album. It is the custom & a pleas^{g} one for individuals in Germany as well as the proprietors & Shewers of Curiosities to keep a Book in which their ffriends inscribe a Memorial They that can draw, leave a picture, Ladies, inclose a piece of fine Work, Poets put in Verses And they who can do nothing better insert their address with a dull commonplace of eternal friendship &c. . . .

p. 4, *line* 21. . . . The rest of our Walk was but dull—Saxony . . . is a flat Country rich to the agricultural, poor to the picturesque Eye.

We slept the first night at *Ballenstein* [i.e. Ballenstedt] The residence of one of the German Princelings. But we saw so many comfortable houses & so much neatness round the Palace that we rather envied than pitied the subj^{ts} of a small sovereign. The next day we passed thro sev^{l} villages & peeped into sev^{l} country churches where I was struck with find^{g} one or too old Ladies clothed in the fashion of a Century ago—that is in the Cut of the Gowns. . . . At Hettstadt we visited a Steam Engine built & conducted by an Englishman named Richard a Man seemingly of no Education And a self taught mechanical Genius He said he formerly worked for Watt (the famous inventor of

the St Eng) And I suspect he stole the discovery & fled with it into Germany. . . . in another day reached . . . *Grimma* a small & poor but pleasantly situated Town. Here Brendano resides Here too I had an Acquaintance who has a capital Library I have taken Lodgings for a Month for which I pay something less than a Guinea tho' I have two comfortable rooms. . . .

I have given a rapid sketch of my ffortnight's journey. . . . The Tour seems to be insignificant on the Map but with all our Deviations was not less than 60 German Miles at least 330 English Miles Our Expences together 9 Guas—deducting therefore what I sho[d] have paid at ffrankfurth My Journey has cost me only 2½ Guas And when you consider that we included in our tour one of the most fashionable & famous Resident Towns & one of the celebrated Districts of Germany you will allow that Travelling is for me a Cheap pleasure. Thanks to my good health & sound limbs I hope to see a great part of Germany & ffrance at a trifling expence—Aye & Italy & Switzerland too. . . .

No. 15

Grimma 25[th] Aug[t] 1801./.

p. 1, *line* 38. . . . In a former Letter you intimated that you thought about leaving England—In this you speak only of disposing of your own Situation. As far as is in my Power I would dissuade you from both. . . . You have no Right to suppose that the Trade is otherwise than at its Ebb. And surely that is of all times the worst to dispose [of] it in. Besides if you dispose of your present Business at the inevitable Loss of a Capital proportional to the Interest you are losing, what do you mean to do? Are not the Times unfavorable to all Undertakings? And still more so to a life of inactivity? The National Debt which presses so heavily on the country has given Existence to a vast Mass of Nominal Riches—Which daily diminishes the Value of Money—It is this which makes me apprehensive of the ffuture because I see clearly that the moderate competency—the bare sufficiency I at present possess, will thro' the inevitable effect of Taxation lose incalculably in its Value—I believe I do not exagerate in saying—One half in 20 or perhaps 15 Years—But real property And Industry will ever preserve their Level. . . .

p. 3, *line* 28. . . . You do yourself injustice when you say you 'have a few strings abo[t] your heart capable of receiv[g] a vibration of sympathy' You have more than a few . . . I confess I should think you had none if You co[d] doubt whether you relished 'The Sufferings of Werter' It is an exquisite Portrait piece (I have just finished it in the Original) tho' very exceptionable in more than one point. . . .

p. 3, *line* 35. . . . Do not take as hard Cash all the Reports I make of German Literature from Conversations; Much of the Information of my last Letter but one,[1] was I believe incorrect . . .

No. 16

Grimma 21[st] Sept[r] 1801./—

p. 1, *line* 19. . . . In order to your giving a sort of vague 'local habitation & a Name' to my Walk I can only in general Advise you to take your Map & draw a straight Line from Leipzick to that part of Bohemia which lies nearest to ffrankfort—Then draw a 2[nd] Line from the aforesd Corner of Bohemia half way towards Dresden and then form an acute Triangle by joining the Aforesd 2 Lines. Within this Angle my Walk was bounded. Of course I visited no great Towns, My Journey however was made interesting by the Country itself which is wild & romantick A Series of vast fforests, bare heaths & Towns lying on cold Mountains and populated by an interest[g] Race of people; Miners. One would not a priori expect in a Region literally of *Iron* where in many parts the niggard Earth proudly refuses to bear any thing but precious Metals and wild shrubs, to find a numerous population—And yet I never saw a Country so rich in Inhabit[s] in spight of the sterility of the Soil—Industry can people deserts—The Mines are so fertile a Source of Riches to the State, and the Women and Children are so industrious in Lace-Making—Which is here the universal Occupation (and my Sister knows what degree of excellence the Dresden Lace possesses) That popul[n] the necessary Consequence of Ease has arisen to an astonishing heigth In the long Valleys between the Mounta[s] I frequently passed thro' Villages 2 & 3 Miles long—The Houses indeed not joined in a Street, but with great Picturesque Effect thickly scattered in the valley & vast

[1] Last letter, actually; cf. pp. 72–4.

quantities of Women & Children sitting in every part assiduously before their Cushion—The Mine Towns too tho' cold and unpleas^{t} from their Situ^{n} are well peopled & industrious, And exhibit the Rise of Manufactories & Arts which in Time must be the Destruct^{n} of *our* Country but of this more hereafter.—With respect to the Society of this District, the Cultivation & Manners of the higher Classes, I have every reason to speak advantageously—As far as myself is concerned I never before experienced from Strangers so much Civility—And my external Appearance was certainly not inviting for I went as usual in black—My Coat which I brought with me out of England had lost necessarily much of its 'original brightness', And it was rather eclipsed than set off by velvet Pantaloons & Gaters which I wore out of Convenience tho' they attracted now and then a smile from the honest Villagers—I met uniformly with civil treatment in the public houses, where I was always in high Spirits And by my Gaiety generally gained the good Will of my Host & his other Guests. I found indeed throughout and particularly in the trading Town a strong dislike to the English Governm^{t} with a decided, rather insinuated than avowed, attachment to the ffrench This arises from the imagined despotism as it is called, of the English in commercial affairs And our Monopoly of Trade As I however generally yielded these points to my Adversaries I had little difficulty in others, in bringing them to agree with me in the superiority of the English to the french Character—Which for the last six Months has been my favorite Topick. On Religion and other Subj^{s} of Opinion I found throughout at least as much Liberality & good Sense as we generally find at home—So much as to the general Character of the Country & people. . . .

p. 2, *line* 9. . . . on Sunday Morning early I reached *Ebersdorf* a village where the Herrnhuters have an Establishmt—I shall be able to save myself a deal of unnecessary Recital by telling you that these are no other than the Gospel Brotherhood—Unitasffratrum or Moravians—I spent the whole day there, went to Chapel 3 Times visited the Presidentess of the Sister House And came away with high Esteem for the Society—as a political & moral Institution—As a religious Sect having peculiar Tenets it wod be loss of Time to say anything abt them—They may

have follies and absurdities but where the Groundwork is Orthodoxy—the peculiarities, at least to us, are indifferent—These people are pious in the extreme & the sermons I heard were quite in the old Style there are however some Traits in their Cant-Language which pleased me much—ffor instance they talk a great deal about the 'Love of the Lord', and the 'ffaith of the heart' as the great one thing needful in opposition to that of the head—This is an highly philosophical Distinction & curiously enough chimes in very well with the new Critical Philosy—But to speak of the Moravian Institutns, they are a Sort of Protestant Convents With these two striking points of difference from the Catholic Monasteries—That *here* is no Compulsion And every one can leave the Society when he pleases. And 2ndly That it is a Convent of Workers & no Idlers—The public buildings also are destined only for the Unmarried, and the chief Object in forming them seems to have been the preservation of that precious Virtue Chastity. . . .

All the Brothers & Sisters sleep in one vast Apartment—And this is unquestionably a wiser Regulation than the solitary Cells of the Catholic Monasteries—At first, one is struck with the Idea that so vast a Number (I believe more than 100) sleeping in one room tho' each in a bed by himself, must be unhealthy, but on observn & examination I am convinced this is a prejudice—3 Openings in the Cieling which are not shut even at night, And all the Windows open by day preserve the Air so well that I cod not smell any thing even in the Middle of the Room. What of course must lessen the otherwise bad effect of such a Custom is a cleanliness beyond example not only in the Chapel, praying Chambers & private Apartmts of the public buildings, but also in the dwelling houses, and public house of the place, this added to a certain methodistical Air in all the Countenances And a strong resemblance which I found between my Hostess and our dear Mother threw me into such a sentimental mood that the wide chasm of my Life from my school-boy's days seemed to be closed. Any old better feelings were renewed And I talked with my Host in a Style that wod have been thought to be hypocrisy by my present acquaintances—It was only inconsistency and the natural effect of surrounding Objects—I must say however that these

Moravians (they are called here Herrenhuters from a place in Lausitz where they had their first establishmt & which is still the Seat of their prāses or Archbishop) that their enthusiasm is of a much livelier and more chearful kind than that of our Methodists—It is one of their leading topicks that Death is not to be feared, And I myself witnessed the Effect—My Compann during the day was a very good but rather weak Man—He had lost his Wife but a Week before; And talked feelingly of her to a ffriend who met us—When we went into the Burial Ground which is here (as in all other Moravian Cemetaries) laid out with fflowers & fruit Trees as a promenade—he shewed me with a Sort of triumph the Spot where his *chere Maman* lay, & jumped on the Grave with a simplicity & sort of Humour that was affecting as I had before observed, that he was by no means insensible—It is by no means true as commonly thought that these Members of the Society have no property It may often happen that Individuals may give up, even in their Life Time, the Managemt of their property to the Society, but it is not necessarily so—There is an inequality of living even in the House, and the Non-resident Herrnhuters who are family Men are under no Restrictions in their family Economy. The Head of the Sister-house is an old Lady of 70 strikingly resembling Mrs Kitchener. She had been twice in England, and lived many Years in America. She had very polished Manners, was even merry with me, & shewed that worldly Talents were by no means incompatible with Sanctity The Enemies of the Moravians accuse them of Selfishness, of Eagerness to entice the Rich into their body, and of acts of Wanton Despotism over their Members. These charges may be well founded & they are from the nature of their Institutn probable—I must yet declare that I have never seen a private body of people—A distinct Society in Society—which seems to approach so near to my *Ideal* of Christianity as the Moravians. . . . Like the Quakers the Moravians are Enemies to War & obtain privileges exempting them from Military Duties previously to their making any Settlements. Qy Are they exempt from the Militia Laws in England? . . .

p. 3, *line* 16. . . . On Monday the 14th I came to Chemnitz a Town which is enriched by cotton Manufactories. Here I met with

a Countryman, a Young Man out of Wales apparently of low birth, but of mechanical Genius The Circumstances he related to me of his own Situation appear to me symptomatic & in no slight degree of the decline of old England—He was married he sayd and had 3 Children, but found it was impossible to live in England from the Hardness of the Times—He came to Germany knowing that Mechanical Works were here far behind those in England. And his End was answered completely—He superintends the Manufacty of a large House here for which he receives House Rent, ffiring & £200 ℔ Annum—The Elector too as an Encouragemt gives him an Anny of £100 so long as he remains in Saxony—There is also an english Cotton Manufacturer in this Town who met in England with an Agent of the Electors who gave him £200 to pay his travelling Expences into Saxony. The Elector witht any other Condition than that of living in Saxony has presented this person with an handsome House & an Annuity of £100—This policy the ultimate Effects of which it requires no second sight to see is also pursued by the King of Prussia. The Welshman told me of a poor Currier who was encouraged at London to settle in Prussia, where he was furnished with Money—And who in 5 Years has acquired a handsome ffortune. He also said that the Elector of Saxony had given annuities to two Tanners, but he could not tell the particulars. Were your situation in Life not eligible as it is, And had you not made your Business, your scientific Study (I know not whether you have done this or not) I am sure you might gain a fortune here—Little, Or rather Nothing, as I knew of the Business, I can yet with every body who wears Shoes, judge of the Difference of English & German Leather. A pair of shoes here does not last for so long as in England—And I bought on my Journey a pair of the better sort And indeed superior to most I have had, And I yesterday found out by accident that between the Sole and the fine thin Leather wch touches the foot, the whole was neatly inlaid with Slips of Wood. . . . The next day I halted at *Waldheim* And visited [the] House of Correction Where I saw a horrid Mixture of Diseased, poor, criminal, & Insane—Both a Lazar House And a Bridewell united—I saw scenes of Misery which I had never been able to fancy—The Sight of Lunaticks was to me a Novelty

—a horrid one,—mixed with that of poverty and punishmt it becomes intolerable—

Another day would have brought me home, but I was detained on the Road by a worthy parish priest who insisted on my accompanying him home. I found him a very enlightened Man. Of Course I made many Enquiries respectg the State of the Clergy & their Opins—In short, sayd he 'all our great Men are Socinians or *Naturalists* (the phrase here for Deists). . . . Tho my worthy Host himself avowed a Belief in the Miracles, he yet shewed no bitter hatred against the Unbelievers—And avowed that he was far from believing what strictly speaking he ought—But sayd I—have you no Tests—O Yes sayd he we declare we believe the symbolical Books, but we have a very convenient Clause—So far as they are not contradictory to the Word of God—The fact is sayd he that in general we pay very little Attention to the peculiar Doctrines—We dare not preach against them And so we say nothing about them—And my Observation as far as it goes confirms this Statement—I was lately accidentally in company with 8 Parsons at the house of the Superintendent (a Sort of little Bishop) here—In referring to something I had said of a Sermon he had made, he turned to his Bretheren And sayd—Here's this Englishman here has a strange Notion of us German Priests he supposes we must always preach a parcel of Stuff about the Trinity—on which they all laughed, and I coldly replied—It gave me pleasure to find that in a company of clergymen, the Trinity was a Subject of Laughter—And no reply was made—

You have very seldom written on politicks, and I am satisfied with your silence on so disgusting a subject. But I shod like to know what *the party* think and say on the late Affairs in ffrance. —How do they relish the new ecclesiastical Establishment? Or does the protracted War prevent their thinking about any thing but the probability of peace—I should like to know a little of what is going forward in the Literary World. Are any new Geniuss started up? Or any new Religions? or any new Revolutions or Insurrections? Here in Saxony I am more ignorant than ever. . . .

No. 17

20th Octr. 1801—

Dear Thomas,

If the Association of your Ideas has accidentally a Resemblance with mine you will feel somewhat of Surprise, and of Expectation too when I tell you that I sit down to begin this Letter in the Capital of Bohemia, PRAGUE . . . I am now in Bohemia a foreign Country of which I dare say you have no clear Ideas, but a confused Notion that it is uncultivated intellectually at least & where something new in Manners & Opinions may be seen—Your Notions are not false. Bohemia may be considered as a sort of Back Settlement to Germany—The Natives . . . speak a Jargon of Wendish or Sklavonian Origin and do not even understand German—The Land is thoroughly catholic And consistently with the present Maxims of imperial policy there reigns here a very egyptian Darkness—To one of the Effects of this vile system you owe these Lines I arrived here this Afternoon and having raised my Tent, went abroad for provisions. I meant to stay a Week here, of course Books are a sine qua non And Lo all Circulating Libraries & Reading Rooms are utterly prohibited—In this State of Starvation what can I do? I must eke out my scanty materials—Write a copious Journal, and fill a folio for you. . . .

No. 18

Teplitz 28th Oct.

p. 1, *line* 15. . . . Order is a good thing but following one's caprice is far more pleasant With your permission I will relate my Bohemian adventures before those encountered in Saxony[1] . . . I entered the Bohemian Kingdom on the Noon of Sunday 11th Oct. . . . After ferrying over to the right side [of the Elbe] I went to the Custom House And in compliance with the strict rules of Austrian Police, exhibited my Pass, had my Entrance into the Kingdom enrolled and went forward with renewed eagerness. . . . I looked with impatience for some Mark of Tyranny & Popery—The latter soon appeared. Large Statues & Crosses serve to denote the change of religion and the saluta-

[1] See p. 93, note 1.

tion of the peasants, more formal piety. Instead of the friendly greeting of Good day ffarewell, I commend myself to you—the fformularies to which I was accustomed—I now heard nothing but—Praised be Jesus Christ! To which I answered as previously instructed—'ffor ever and ever' In the Evening I reached Tetzen a small Town delightfully situated on the Elbe which also displayed the Banner of Catholicism—Like all the Bohemian Towns without Exception which I have seen it is distingued by a large neat marketplace. In the centre a Reservoir surrounded by Statues of the *Patrons of the Country* as they are called. Most of the Houses too are distingue[d] by a sign taken from the Scriptures or popish Legends. These innocent peculiarities were all the positive marks of religion which I observed.—In other respects I saw noth[g] to justify the unfounded pretence which the protestants make of superior morality. . . . It is enough to say that I found as much Civility here in all (except the very lowest who are churlish in the extreme) as in Saxony And every thing much cheaper My Host tho a plain Man was inquisitive & even liberal on religious matters he expressed an opinion which seems to be now generally taught by the Priesthood—that every one ought to remain in the religion of his ffathers—Agreeably to this Maxim the Hussites are tolerated in Bohemia & their Ministers are pensioned by the Governm[t] as well as the Catholic Priests but conversions are prohibited—A System favourable to quiet at least. . . . I reached *Aussig* the next day also a Town adorned with the same attributes of catholic devotion And in the Evening reached the fashionable Bathing place from which I write at present knowing that this was the resort of Princes & Lords. I thought it would like our English watering places be likewise expensive & luxurious, but the Season was over And I found in the Town a plainness of Manners that was interest[g] And cheapness which was very timely as it balanced my somewhat expensive residence in Dresden—here I took Lodgings for a week by an honest Shoemakers And spent my time very pleasantly rambling over the very many delightful scenes in the Neighbourhood And reading Romances—For this being a bathing place forms an exception to what I wrote from Prague I was not totally without Society. A lively young Silesian

Nobleman was my companion in my romantic walks—He had not *Mind* in the exclusive signification of the New School in England. But then the New German School refuses Mind in like Manner to the whole Body of Empiricists i.e. all the Lockists Hartleyists Priestleyists etc. This therefore proves nothing. Herr von Schall if he had not Mind has a certain something for which I envy him as the following Trait illustrates. A few weeks before my arrival in Teplitz he went thither in his Way he was forced to sleep in an Inn And in a public Room he had the Ill luck to be robbed at night of his watch & money—he had luckily paid his Bill the Evenᵍ before and had not far to go Accordingly he took his Portmanteau on his Shoulder, sold a pair of stockings to buy himself a dinner And so reached Teplitz—He could not expect a remittance before a considerable lapse of Time—what could he do? He had studied Painting as a Dilletant—And he instantly announced him in the Public Papers as an Artist he waited on Earl Bruhl—a Saxon Nobleman of rank presented his Testimonials & Specimens of his Skill And asked for a Job—The Earl gave him a Miniature to copy which he finished in a day & a half received three Ducats for it went home dressed himself And in the Evening met his Patron & Employer in the Ball room—He spent 2 Ducats that evening worked 2 days longer & earned 4 Ducats more—He then received Cash from home—shut up Shop—told his story to every body And figured away as one of the first Beaus of the place—What would I not give for such a Levity as this—Teplitz belongs to a Bohemian Prince, who is a sort of ffeudal-Proprietor—without being the sovereign like the little Princes of the Empire As he derives great profit from the Bathing Guests he is interested in making the Town attractive—In his Palace is a small but very handsome Theatre, his Gardens are open to the public and himself and family distinguish themselves by their Courtesy and Affability—I enjoyed a very pleasing Effect of this *The Court* performed several ffrench plays And the Doors were open to the public The Parterre indeed was destined to the Noblesse among whom Tickets were distributed —The *others* were at Liberty to go into the Gallery. I sent my complimᵗˢ to the Chamberlain as an English Traveller and received a Ticket with a polite Answer—The performance seemed

to me excellent I saw the *Guardian*[1] a piece which is also in English where the Ward is in love with her Guardian And a translation of Addison's Drummer Here you see a part of Shakespear's Wish was fulfilled—'Princes to act' But the Muse was not of ffire And I do not know that we had a Monarch in Company.

On Monday the 19th I left this pleasing little Town . . . [and] reached Budin, a wretched Town where I was forced to take up my abode tho' it was but 4 o'clock unless I chose to house in a Bohemian Hut with the beasts of the ffield—My Wardrobe being in my pocket I had not a single book by it And dreaded a Night of Ennui—I was silly enough to ask a girl in the Street if there was a Circulatg Library in the Town—the poor Girl had never heard of such a person—The Question was very silly, but our ffollies says Rochefoucault often serve to make up for what we suffer through our Wisdom'—a Jew heard my Question And instantly offered his Services—I have, sayd he, but a small Library but it is at your command. . . .

p. 4, *line* 1. . . . Two days brot me back to this very agreeable little place. . . . I here renewed my walks round the Neighbourhood with my young Silesian Acquaintance—We undertook two Pilgrimages to the rich Monasteries of Marienschein & Osseck where I again saw Catholicism in dwindled Splendour I find that the religious Reforms undertaken by the Emperor Joseph have not been totally counteracted by his Successors And my Observations here justify my asserting that even in Bohemia Superstition is rapidly on the decline. The Priests are no longer the Subjt of popular Veneration . . . The Peasantry are still in a State of wretched Subjection to the Lords under whom they immediately stand—The Mode in which the Armies are furnished is itself decisive—The Nobleman is bound to furnish a certain No of men according to the Extent of his Dominions And his Officers have an absolutely arbitrary power of taking such of the Peasants as they think proper They can take even the only child from his Mother And not even the Excuse cited in the Gospel is valid—I have taken a Wife & I can't come These same Village Tyrants, the Officers of the Sub-Sovereign (Excuse the Solecism) have the Scourge at

[1] A comedy by David Garrick, first acted in 1759.

command And resistance is punished as Mutiny—Dreadful!—But still is it much otherwise as to our Sailors—Injustice cries aloud from every quarter of the globe And if our Country has less than others We ought [i.e. owe it] I fear principally to our—geographical posture. [*sic*] . . .

7th Novr Grimma.

. . . I remain here the Winter And am removed from my Lodgings to a Genteel House where an Acquaint. I made in ffrankfurth who has a capital Library, resides here I reside en famille Before as you know I was but a Lodger & ate in public Houses—In Summer one can live anyhow. In Winter we grow nice & delicate & want the conveniences of Life. . . .

1800–1803.
No. 34.

T. R. to H. C. R.

Oct. 20th 1801

p. 3, *line* 28. . . . But all discussion upon this subject [his possible emigration] . . . is suspended by [torn by seal] val of PEACE an event which has excited a tumult of joy which I never before saw equalled. The effect was the stronger as the event was totally unexpected—Indeed for two or three days preceeding it was quite dispaired of—The funds were falling and the Expectation of an Invasion was very general. All Parties are therefore willing to give the ministry great credit for the secresy with which they conducted the negociation. The demonstrations of Joy have risen almost to madness. Illuminations have been general through the Kingdom and in London and some other places have been repeated several times. Last Friday we illuminated at Bury—The papers will inform you of the reception which was given by the populace to the French General who brought over the ratification of the Preliminaries. It is said that 'Long live Buonaparte' was repeatedly cryed in the Streets and among the transparencies exhibited in London his portrait was shown with this inscription 'The Saviour of the World'. Indeed it is curious to observe the change of style in the government News Papers. . . . The *corsican adventurer—the Atheistical Usurper* is now become *the August Hero,* the Restorer of Public Order &c &c—in fact ever[y] thing that is

great and good. It reminds one of the transformations in a Pantomime where a Devil is suddenly converted into an Angel. The blessings of Peace begin already to be felt—An abundant harvest promised a considerable reduction in the prices of provisions but the fall in Corn has been rapid beyond example—In the course of about 8 or 10 weeks W[h]eat has fallen in our Market from 92/ to 30/ the Coom and is expected to sink lower. You know I have often said that in the event of a Peace I should like to take a trip to Paris. You have likewise said the same thing turn it over in your mind whether we can not meet there. . . .

1800–1803. No. 35.

H. C. R. to Anthony Robinson

Grimma November 30th 1801/—

p. 3, *line* 15. . . . You will naturally expect somethg abot German Philosy. . . . I observe that our English School of Locke is here in the lowest estimation imagina All our great Writers are known here scarcely one is spoken of with respect besides Hume of whom Kant says he was the nearest discovg the Truth but missing it ran very wide. . . .

p. 3, *line* 21. . . . I believe in my former Letter I spoke generally abot the German (that is Latin & Greek) Versificn: wch is so exquisite that I fear I shall be unable again to relish Rhyme—Have you seen Tailors review of Klopstock in the Month: Mag: a year since—ffrom the harsh & unreadable English hexameters You can have no conception of the Charm of an hexameter from Göthes Pen . . . Schiller . . . a profound Metaphysician of the new School And in his Elabornl of philosol Stuff in a poetical way surpasses all Poets I am acqud with—His smaller Poems are admired for this Beauty by thousands who are quite unable to resolve the Riddle. S. is properly the Poet of Thought his Sentimg are big he wants classical simplicy & Taste[:] all his dramatical pieces have great faults (Except perhaps his recent Maid of Orleans in which he has given a *lyrical & high devotional* Tone to her Charr that is quite beyond any dramatical Charr I know—She speaks or declaims often in 8 lines Stanzas sometimes in elegiac Rhymes—Oh that I could only translate—But Göthe is the Idol of the German Literature And I have ranked myself among his Adorers The learned say he is a perfect Greek

in his Taste I know only that his pieces breathe a sort of etherial softness & repose Have y^o^ seen the better works of Raphael or the Landscapes of Claude Lorraine they & Gothes Ballads, Elegies, Herman & Dorothea, Torquato Tasso & Iphigenia seem to me to be only different expressions or energies of the same Soul.

Of German Literature in other Branches I can only say that there is no Want of Authors in every Departm^t^ who are said to be excell^t^ In History Schiller is the only one who is eloquent & popular Among the Divines as biblical Interpr^s^ they are sd to be far beyond the Engl^h^ As to faith—I find here in Saxony that the preachers do not even believe in the Miracles I speak from personal Knowledge—More than one has declared perfect Deism & yet jus[ti]fied his maintain^g^ his post It is here a favou[ri]te & convenient Maxime that the Moral Doctrines of Chr^y^ alone are essential, the Miracles are but accidents So say the Critical Philosophers to a Man—could I but swallow this I wo^d^ mount the Pulpit tomorrow—It is the great advantage of travelling & of learning a foreign Language that with new Words one also gets new Ideas the uniformity of thinking into which all Sects & in some Measure whole Nations fall into is thereby avoided It is an excellent School of Liberality & Toleration. . . .

p. 4, *line* 1. . . . I have had the good ffortune to see the 4 great Literary Wonders of Weimar.[1] Göthe is the most oppressively handsome Man I ever saw—He is Minister as well as Poet And the dignity & majesty of his figure are painful: instead of attempting to describe the indescribable I will repeat what I heard Herder say He was criticizing a recent portrait of him And after finding some fault with it as a Portrait added—But at any Rate the Painter has only to change the drapery & clap a few flashes of Lightening into his Hand & transform him into a Jupiter at once—Under himself who is the Arch-bishop of the place, that is, the President of the Consistory has somewhat of the formality of the Priest but more of a Catholic than protest^t^ he has in his voice & manners as well as in his Style much warmth & unction—Wieland is the exact Counterpart

[1] Cf. the account given to Thomas Robinson of the same experience, pp. 95–102.

of his books—mild unassuming courteous & cheerful he is one of the most pleasingly venerable old Men I ever saw Schiller alone of the Poets has something of the awkwardness of a Man of Letters His ffeatures are almost a charicature [*sic*] wild & disorderly—He has lived they say an irregular life He studies & composes at Midnight And one can foresee he will never become like Wieland a Nestor of Literature—To descend—I paid my Complim^{s} also to Kotzebue And he too answers the description of his Works his figure & features are little & insignificant good domestick Traits blended with a little of the Coxcomb—K. is considered here by the *few* as the reproach of German literature.

I did not see Mellish but I find he will not continue his Transl^{n} of Aristippus—You have damped my desire to proceed. And at any rate I sho^{d} not chuse to part with the Manuscript rather for a Song than be myself interested in it—But I doubt whether I am adequate to the trans^{n} of an Author who like Addison has more Taste than Genius, whose great political merit is that he has been the maker of the german Language—Who chats with exquisite grace & who is a wondrous Talent in spinning out his thoughts without wearying the reader A ffriend of his said to me And it included a Criticism on his Works—Wieland never made an epigram. . . .

1801–1803.
No. 38.

T. R. to H. C. R.

Dec. 21st 1801

p. 3, *line* 15. . . . I have lately been favoured with the perusal of some very beautiful verses by *Nathaniel* Blomfield a brother of the former.[1] It is entitled Honnington Green, the place where he & his brother lived when children. You may easily conceive how the alteration of the scene of his boyish days, in connection with the degradation of the poor man the consequence of farming monopoly—should excite sentiments of indignation and kindle a flame in a poet's mind. The perusal of this poem & annecdotes [*sic*] that I have heard of the Blomfields convince me that their's is a family of extraordinary genius. . . .

[1] The poet, Robert Bloomfield, author of *The Farmer's Boy*, mentioned in the preceding sentence.

No. 19

[Grimma Dec. 25th 1801—
Jan. 10th 1802].

p. 1, *line* 17. . . . it would be an eternal reproach to me if I were unable to fill even a ffolio with the relation of a fortnight[1] spent in one of the most beautiful Countries & elegant Towns in Europe—Even Smelfungus[2] would not dare to display his ill humour at Dresden unless indeed at the stiffness of the Saxon Court And the puerile Veneration by the people of Men of rank—but that is by the bye—On the 23d of Septr I set out accompand by a young Saxon of noble family & I spent 2 days with his Relations By which I saw somethg of the Manners of the Saxon Noblesse—The family had a little more stiffness than was agreeable but were in other respects amiable & worthy—At the House of my Compans Mother were other Visitors all of whom when Supper was over kissed her Ladyships Hand—I omitted this mark of Homage because I did not know that it was the settled Complimt paid to a Gnädige ffrau by which I unluckily gave offence—It was my first offence of the kind & was a Sin of Ignorance In the same House Grace was spoken in Verse which being the first I had heard (even in Prose) in Germany wod have disordered my Muscles had I not been awed by great ffolks—In three Days I reached Dresden the Seat of so much Taste & so many Works of Art And the Centre of a number of beauties of Nature which are certainly no where else to be found in the Neighbourhood of so handsome a Town. . . . Dresden is not lively nor are the Houses very splendid. One sees more of elegance & of the amusing formaly of innocent Aristocracy than of the luxury of upstart wealth—Hence one is neither oppressed by greatness nor confounded by Bustle. . . . One of our Rank who has not quite subdued the natural Envy of superiority even in Things comparatively insignificant is often painfully affected by the uniform Magnificence & profusion seen

[1] pp. 93–5 relate to part of the summer tour of 1801, which, though not described until January 1802, really preceded the visit to Bohemia described in No. 17, pp. 85–9.

[2] Sterne's nickname for Smollett. See *A Sentimental Journey*. 'The lamented Smelfungus travelled from Boulogne to Paris, from Paris to Rome, and so on. . . . He wrote an account of them, but 'twas nothing but the account of his own miserable feelings.'

for Instance in the 'West End of the Town'—but tho' at Dresden the Artist & the Dilletanti the Man of cultivated ffeelings will be more gratified by Objects of Beauty than can be met with in London—the Man of inferior Rank is not forcably remind^{d} of his inferiority—There is so little pomp of equipage that many an 'Excellancy' rides in a Carriage which one wo^{d} notice as a shabby hackney coach. And the distinc^{n} of rank is often announced in Dress only by the Court insignia Sword & Chapeau bas. . . .

p. 2, *line* 5. . . . These childish noth^{gs} [in the *Cabinet of Art*] are preserved in a long cold gallery—It was cold and I begged the Ladies permission to put on my Hat—The other Chapeaux put on their Chapeaus too—but on the Appear of the Exhibitor —he informed us with mixed politeness & ceremony that the Gallery belonged to his highness the Elector And it was not consist^{t} with the reverence—&c &c Indeed the stupid Reverence in which the Memory of the late extravag^{t} & worthless K. of Poland is still spoken of here is, as well as the *sort* of respect in which all public author^{s} are here held[,] a perpetual obj^{t} of ridicule—Augustus the *strong* (an Epithet aris^{g} from his rivall^{g} Hercules in his 13th Labour) involved the Country in vast debts squand^{d} immense Sums in all Sorts of festivals—rivalled even the imp^{l} Co^{t} in splendour And for this his Name is honoured And his reign spoken of as the golden Age of Dresden—of the Castle & Courtier it certainly was. . . .

p. 3, *last line*. . . . The National [Saxon] Religion is Lutheran And the form more resembling Presbyterianism than Episcopacy —Bishops exist in Name at least, in few protestant Countries The supreme Ecclesiastical power is The Consistory The various parish Priests stand under Superintendents—There are no very rich livings, nor such inequal^{y} among the clergy as with you— The Letter of the Law is intolerant; but practical toleration or if you will indifference is more striking here than in England— In Saxony each priest subscribes to the symbolical Books with a saving Clause 'as far as they do not contradict the Word of God' And in Prussia the Clergy merely promise to preach the doctrines & morals of the new Testam^{t} And here no Priest thinks himself bound positively to adopt the formal Creed; only not to oppose it I was in Company a few Evenings since

with one of the Masters of the Princes School here (wch correspond with those at Eaton Westminstr &c) I spoke of the freedom of our Socinians—he answered—It is a proof how much further we are advanced than you—that we have no *Name* for our Socinians & Deists because we know that all our Men of Learn^{g} & Talent are so—And this came from a Man of distinguished Learning And a public teacher—*Garve* the translator of Paley's Morals observes that England is the only country in which Men of Talents are frequently found to support the national established Religion—In Germany at least the Question as to Christian^{y} seems to sleep—All the Philosophers & a large proportion of the divines reject it in toto i e the Miracles But with almost equal unanim^{y} agree to maintain the shadow & name. . . . The Elector is a Catholic & with laudably scrupulous attention to the Constitution refrains from all interference whatever in Church Matters And he does not dare himself to put a Bell into his own most elegant Chapel. . . .

No. 20

13th January 1802.

p. 1, *line* 3. . . . my Journey to Weimar the Athens of Germany was too important to be mixed with any other Narrative[1] And . . . with the Zeal of a partizan I would not degrade the importance of such a History by confound^{g} it with any meaner topick. . . . You only know coldly that the Men I then visited, are held to be the first Poets of their Nation—You do not, you can not feel their worth—You have not for the last twelvemonth scarcely past a day without hearing some of their Works —You have not in their Books experienced quite new Sensations of delight, been led to form quite new Conceptions of the nature of Poetry & of the human Mind—Still less have you been lately in the Habit of considering one of this noble Groupe as one of those great & superior Beings which appear only after the lapse of Centuries And of which the Records of History do not present the names of 10 to us— . . . On the 17th of November I left Grimma accompanied by one of the most interest^{g} Men I ever knew—One of those original strong Characters who can rise

[1] Cf. the account given to Anthony Robinson of the same journey, *ante*, pp. 91–2.

above fortune by dint of great qualities—Säume (pronounce Sime) is the son of a poor woman who keeps an Alehouse near Leipzick— . . . In Säumes Conversⁿ I had a Compensation for bad weather & dull uninterestᵍ Country—Friday the 20ᵗʰ was one of the most interestg of my Life—As soon as we had breakfasted we waited on the old & venerable *Wieland*—The course of my late reading had not lead me to form terrifying Ideas of his mental greatness, tho' as Literator he is unquestionably one of the first Authors of the Century—He is not less universally read & admired in Germany than Voltaire was in ffrance His Works make at least 50 Volumes and all his Books are written for the many—He resembles the ffrench Wit in the lightness of his philosophy in the wantonness of his Muse, in the exquisite felicity of his style And surpasses him infinitely in Learnᵍ if not in philosophy—for Wieland like Voltaire is no school philosopher—He is of the old sect of Locke, His Opinˢ are always the plausible common sense doctrines of the sceptical school And he is a sworn foe to the Kantianers & metaphysicians in general In his Writings, as in his person, he is a perfect Gentleman—he received us with all the courteous dignity of a sage who accepted withᵗ insolence the Homage of his admirers —I was lucky on entering in payᵍ him a happily turned complimᵗ & began instantly a sort of dispute with him—I reproached him for the mournful conclusion of his *Agathon* & for his opposⁿ to the flatterᵍ belief in the perfectibʸ of Man—he denied that he was a decidᵈ foe to that belief but confessed that his expectˢ were only faint & moderate The best if not the only advantage wch in his Judgᵗ will probably be derived from the french Revolution—will be the encouragemᵗ of the fine Arts & the Sciences for he holds the french Nation to be absolutely incapable of forming a republic He vindicated the Administⁿ of Buonoparte And did not even censure the restoration of the Catholic Church—What he sᵈ on this point is worth Notice—'We Protestants allow ourselves' he said 'a great deal of injustice & habitual falsehood agᵗ the Catholics We forget that Catholicism is real Christianʸ—And in my Judgemᵗ preferable to the motley things produced by the so called Reformation'— . . . We spoke of the Reformation—Which Wieland asserted to have been an Evil & not a Good & maintᵈ that it retarded the

progress of philosophy for Centuries—Had Luther (contª he) not come forward with his furious knock me down Attacks on the romish Church And excited a series of horrid Wars thro' all Europe—The Cause of humanity & liberty & science woª have slowly & silently made its way—Erasmus & Melanchthon & a few others were on the right Road but the violence of the Times carried many of them away—It is hardly necessᵛ to add that W. vindicates national religion—He at last spoke of his Wife who died a few weeks before our Journey—He spoke of her with a manly feeling which interestª me—I help myself by Illusion sayd he—The person I have once tenderly loved can not possibly dye, I only lose him from my outward Senses And that is to be sure painful—My Wife was my good Angel for five & thirty years I am now no longer young so that the Recollecⁿ of her will never be weakned. . . . His discourse was free & unembarrassed Not withᵗ a sense of his own worth & importance [paper torn] or disdain—We passed by Wielands House in the Neighbourhood of Weimar the Evenᵍ before—he lives in [paper torn]irons family he has gained a handsome fortune by his Books—

[paper torn] contrary emotions that I went in the Afternoon & visited Göthe—I have more than once had [paper torn]eat, this incomparable Poet, both as the Object of the Idoltry of a large proportion of the German Literati [paper torn] I fear I shall be guilty of tautology in speakᵍ of his Works And yet I canᵗ be silent concer[paper torn] Man It is probable you are acquainted with only one of his Works Yet that one is surely enough to raise its Author to the first Class of eloquent passionate Writers. What work besides The New Eloisa can for a Moment be compared with Werter? And if we compare the effect produced by both in Relation to the Quantᵛ of the Material—the German will obtain the Prize for in Werter all is Passion, there are no languid passages the stream of sentimᵗ flows wildly & boisterously till it rushes in the Vortex of destruction—it is a perfect work of art & is a sort of philosophical System displayed in one all comprehensive Image—Werter is personified Sensibility—This was a juvenile Work as well as Gotz v. Berlichingen an origˡ Shakesperean Drama displayᵍ German Manners durᵍ the tumultuous period when the little

Princes co^{d} make War on each other. Göthe had early fame & was early happy in gaining a Patron he became when young the friend & is now the first Minister of the Duke of Weimar. Above the Necessities of Authorship his subseq^{t} Works have been either the Sports of a playful ffancy or regular works of Art—His Iphigenia in Tauris is perhaps the most perfect Drama ever composed I have read it 3 times within a Month & believe it has not a faulty Line—W. Tailor has translated it—Do lay out half a Crown on my Judgem^{t} & buy it—fancy M^{rs} Siddons to be Iphigenia And you will feel that she is the most perfect Ideal of the female character ever conceived—rivalling in that point of view even Milton's Eve—You will admire the solemn repose the celestial tranquil^{y} of her character as well as of the Events themselves And this is in my Mind the characteristick of Göthe—His better & more perfect Works are with^{t} disorder & tumult they resemble Claude Lorraine's Landscapes & Raphaels Historical pieces—Göthes Songs & Ballads & Elegies all have the same Char^{r} his Ballads in particular have a wildness of fancy wch is fascinat^{g} but with^{t} turbulence—No Hurry Skurry as in Burgers Leonora A propos I believe you will find in Lewis's Monk a transl^{n} of a Ballad called the *Earl King* hunt for it & read it—Göthe knows his own Worth—In the whole compass of his Works I believe not a single preface or an article in wch he speaks of himself is to be found—It is enough that his Works are there. The only thing that lessens my reverence for him is the Want of *moral* delicacy—Men like Wieland Voltaire Prior &c may indulge in wanton effusions—they make no pretensions to the contrary but the Author of Werter & Iphigenia & Torquato Tasso sho^{d} be chastity itself—The same Want of purity is shewn by him in practice. His Mistress is a low vulgar Woman—Göthe is moreover a merciless satirist & having rank in civil Life feels himself above all attack this of course has added to his natural pride—I said to Säume that I wished to speak with Wieland & look at Göthe And I literally & exactly had my desire. I sat a quarter of an hour with him & did not open my Lips I was so awed & oppressed by the 'manly grace' of his figure wch accord^{g} to Milton's testimony is so superior to female beauty, that I believe I sho^{d} have forgotten my German had I attempted to speak. G. is

abo^{t} 50 & he begins to be corpulent His features are regularly handsome majestic & command^{g} After a courteous bow to each of us he sat—wo^{d} you believe it?—precisely in the posture in which Kemble seats himself in Measure for Measure when he judges the Judge—i e with his bent fist on his Knees & with his burning Eyes fixed on the person he was speaking to—I can^{t} more strongly express my feelings than by saying that I felt in beholding G. during a most insignific^{t} convers^{n} precisely what I have felt in seeg M^{rs} Siddons with all the pomp & corroborative aid of Scenery & decorations—And not contemplat^{g} him as we do the Actor at a distance, as an object we pay for seeing being in his presence & subject to be observed by him, I was painfully oppressed by my admiration of him And was really glad when I was away. G.['s] deportm^{t} to strangers has often been the subj^{t} of comment & satire. He has of course many Enemies as well as Admirers. He has been known to refuse the Visits of Men of Rank—He did not honour me with more than the necessary glance at Introduc^{n} while each of the others did as complaisance required parparly to a foreigner, addressed their Convers^{n} to me—In the Even^{g} I had a 3^{d} Gratific^{n} in see^{g} Herder & again found the Person in strict harmony with the Author—Herder is the little Pope of Weimar i e the President of the Consistory He is one of the first of the polite Scholars in Germany, a disting^{d} poet, but they say a most despicable Philosopher. We went in a large party And I had scarcely an opportun^{ty} of speak^{g}—at go^{g} away I deliv^{d} a letter of Introduc^{n} I had rec^{d} from Mad: de la Roche on wch Acco^{t} he had the politeness to send me a Note the next Morning invit^{g} me to repeat my Visit I sat an hour with him And had the satisfac^{n} of exchang^{g} gen^{l} Remarks on our Poets—You will find in an old Mon Rev: his Opin^{n} of Gray Collins &c I plead^{d} for a better Judgem^{t} but he allowed their Odes no Merit He assert^{d} one Ode of Klopstocks to be of more Value than all the Odes in the Eng Language—But he joined in my Eulogy of Milton He praised Hartley And gave me a sort of grateful shake of the Hand for prais^{g} him too. . . . He . . . has written against Kant but accord^{g} to general Report has damned himself in the Attempt. . . . Böttiger the Scholar & Antiq^{y} treated me with great kindness & almost ffriendship He is not one of the great Men but one of the

learned in this little repository of scholars & geniuss—On the Satʸ Afternoon I paid my Respects to the remainᵍ Poet And in the order of my Admirⁿ the second Man in Weimar—Schiller —And he too correspondᵈ with my previous Idea of him. His features are large & irregular And he has a mixture of the wildness of Genius & of the awkwardness of a student—In his recepⁿ of us he did not imitate his ffriend Göthe but was prevenant & polite I of course contrived to complimᵗ him on his Works And spoke of their effect in England he had understood he sᵈ that his Translator of Wallenstein was a Man of Talents but added that he had made ridiculous blunders from his ignorance of the Language—I fear I have told you before that S. is eminent as a philosopher & metaphysician—his Poems are highly metaphysical & contain some of the profoundest Ideas I ever met with—He has written long didactic Odes or lyrical didactic poems in wch we know not what most to admire the splendour of the poetry or the depth of the Reasoning but he has not Gothes ease & grace & fascinatᵍ developemᵗ of Character withᵗ effort—He loves tumult & agitation & succeeds in displayᵍ gigantic characters—His recent Tragedy of Joan of Arc is one of the boldest effusions of Genius I ever read He has ventured to make his heroine declaim in alternate rhymes And even in regular Stanzas And always with effect—Joan is really inspired throughout And the Reader is carried away too—This is a much better piece than Wallenstein wch I can suppose woᵈ be not much relished in England—tho' the Camp or 1ˢᵗ part has true sterling poetry—I had the good fortune to see the 3ᵈ part or Wallensteins Death played at Weimar And enjoyed new Sensatˢ in this little charmᵍ Theatre—The Weimar company is considᵈ (strange as it may seem) as one of the first in Germany And the House filled me with a delight quite new—In genˡ Theatres whatever their Size & Beauty may be represent places only where people instead of sitting to enjoy themselves at their Ease are crowded togʳ to see somethᵍ at a distance And it is considᵈ as a sort of infringemᵗ on the Rights of others to take elbow or knee room—Here on the contr [paper torn] elegant apartmᵗ so highly classically adorned & so free & easy in its aspect that I almost forgot where [paper torn] are all numbered & each person has his own And each Seat has Arms—

The Single Row of Boxes [paper torn] under wch the Pit Loungers stroll at pleasure—The Boxes have no Division except in front—[paper torn] Pillars—And are open below, instead of the Boards commonly pressd in front are elegant iron Pallis [paper torn] Chairs—all of wch in front are occupied by Ladies The Gentlemen go into the Pit when [paper torn] Cavaliers wait behind the Chair of their fair ffriends—The Box in front is occupied by the Duke Duchess And the ducal Suite—Of course with^{t} the dull formality attendg a royal presence at Drury Lane —I beheld Schiller a great part of the Even^{g} lean^{g} over the ducal Box & chatt^{g} with the family—The Decorations are highly classical And above the Boxes is a small & scarcely perceivable Gallery—The Scenes & performance were all excellent—We have been as democrats in the habit of imagin^{g} that the competition of private interest is always to be preferred to the undertak^{s} & institut^{s} of courts—And in gen^{l} I believe the Rule is good The Theatres in Germany And if I mistake not, throughout the Continent in general afford an Except^{n}— They are, as formerly with us, Court property, not sources of revenue but Articles of Expence and but imperfectly supplied by the Receipts—Where the Governm^{t} is more enlightened & refined than the people the effect is of course favorable. The Managers of the Weimar Theatre are Schiller & Göthe—With^{t} any View to profit, their Arrangem^{s} are the result of a pure genuine love of *the Art*—What is the Effect? This little Theatre insignific^{t} in size, is better supplied with actors than any in the Empire (Berlin excepted) And on its Boards have appeared those Masterpieces of Genius wch will perhaps form the principal glory of the pres^{t} Age in the eyes of a distant posterity—In matters of Taste & pleasure it wo^{d} be perhaps advantageous if more power & influence were given to governors as they have in such matters no other than the common interest. I have often had occasion to remark the beneficial effect of the little Courts in Germany (tho' in other respects so fatal to the interests of the Country) that the little Sovereigns make it their Pride to employ their little fortune in works of public utility—for instance in public walks Libraries Schools &c which are generally better managed by the hand of power than under the public eye—The fact seems to shew in Germany that a nominally

absolute power is not dangerous when limited by the Want of extension of territory & great revenue—There are few of the smaller Princes of Germany who are much exclaimed ag. as practical tyrants & oppressors of their Country Such as the Landgrave of Hesse Cassell and the Duke of Wirtemburg—Of all the German Sovereigns the branches of the Saxon family have the highest character parlarly the Dukes of Weimar & Gotha— . . . Tho' not among the great Men of Germany I must not omit as among the public characters of the place Kotzebue. I drank Tea with him & found him a lively little man somewhat a coxcomb. He is a married man with a large family & seems not to be without the domestick feelings which he so successfully excites in his Works. We were usherd thro' a suite of Rooms by a Man Servant & found M^r^ Presid^t^ in state. Nor is it unworthy of remark that his House has 37 Windows in front Indeed the comfortable Style in which all the Poets I have mentioned live, wo^d^ lead me to imagine their fate must be singularly good in Germany, if I did not recollect that the Poets I saw are the prime & elect of the German Genius the favorites & Idols of their Nations—Wieland & Göthe have both gained a fortune by their Writings. Schiller supports himself entirely by his Pen And Kotzebue has had the luck to secure to himself Pensions from 2 Emperors—his late Book cont^s^ his Hist^y^ in Russia will of course be read with avidity as a piece of anecdotic history—but it is in reality wretched Stuff—

Weimar is a small insignificant Town—Neither so large nor by far so handsome as Bury but it has an extensive Park And the Plants are elegant and agreeable The Country round the town miserably bare & uninterestg On Sunday the 22^d^ We left the Seat of the Muses for the Schools of the Philosophers—Jena lies but a morning Walk's distance from Weimar but is in Situ^n^ far superior. It lies in the Centre of a number of hills & with^t^ being a handsome Town has in it an Air of modest neatness wch united with other Circumst^s^ made me look at it with Complacence as the possible place of my residence for a year or two—When at Göttingen I took a strange sort of Recommendatory Letter it consist^d^ of my Name And some Verses out of Göthe I had worn the Paper almost to pieces & sho^d^ have scrupled deliver^g^ it to any one but a student but

it was received with Cordialy And my travellg Compans being engaged I had a lively & interesting Acquaintce for the day— My Cicerone took me to the Concert where I was struck by the respectable appearce of the Students I never before saw such an assembly of promising youths—some of the most genteel & well looking were Russians Jena is the most fashionable Seat of the New Philosophy And I found the sevl Studs whom I became acquainted with, enthusiastick for the new *Idealistical* System—Perhaps I have made the Remark before that as Voltaire asserted Religion to be an affair of Geography So Philosophy in Germany is an affair of Topography—The Critical School is indeed spread every where but it is infinitely divided into sects whose points of difference wod not be intelligible to those who are ignorant of the common character of the whole —I have already told you that the German Universs are only places of Union for young Men who study what they like without restriction—Each Man who thinks himself qualified to teach, teaches. In German Univs they have a 4th faculty not existg in ours, that of Philosophy—And there are 27 Philosophical Lecturers in Jena—If my intendd Journey with Brentano into France shod not take place & I shod be disposed to stay a Winter or two longer in Germany I will certainly go to some one of these Seats of Learng And in all probability I shod fix on Jena In that Case I shod try to make up for my miserably neglected Education—You have no concepn to what Mortifics my ignorance daily subjects me to And how lowly I am forced to think of myself in every point of view from the Comparisons I make—I do not hesitate to give the german young Men a decided preference over our young men of the same Rank & years—Education is, it is true, cheaper than in England And more an object of attention by Parents of small fortune but they say that within a few years And in propon as the commerce of the Empire rises, the Universs have declined very much. . . . What I have said on Jena University is true of all the protest. Universs—They are only places of Assembly . . . nothing is taught otherwise than by Lectures—This ffreedom [paper torn]t the Students enjoy is another proof that restraint serves but to excite to disorder for the moral charr of the [paper torn] is certy better than that of Cambridge or Oxford And the young

Men appear to me to make greater progress in [paper torn] the german Seminaries have a decided preference they fulfill their character better than by us—[paper torn] All Langs & all Sciences are taught—The Litery Characters of Germany are almost all Universy Men [paper torn] istory & gave Lectures at Jena—Another feature in wch the German Universs surpass ours is this [paper torn] t Influence—This is an advantage in part arisg from the German Constitn The Philosophers here [paper torn] they prosecuted in one City they flee into another ffor the irreligious, Prussia is the common place of refuge. The political heretics are better protected in Saxony But throughout all protest[ant] Germy a very great Liberaly prevails—The young Men all embrace free notions—There is one point on wch you have probably heard much to the disadvantage of the Universities here—Duelling is very frequent—A Student from Halle spent a week here lately—he had left the School only a Year & an half—And he had already fought 3 Duels, been 14 Times a second And had witnessed more than 40 Engagems—In other Respects a worthy fellow But on enquiry I found these Combats not so dangerous or importt as they at first seem—The only mode of fightg is with back Swords—thrustg is not allowed And the Seconds lie under the Combatants & parry a blow aimed at the Belly where it wod be mortal—hence not a single mortal Wound has been given since the establisht of these Regulations Private Societies are freqt in the Universs but I believe they are not importt The Halle Students separated into districts & wear a Uniform They are distingd throughout Germy for ffoppism but in other points are well esteemed—What serves indeed to keep the Studs here in more Order than in England is that they are seldom trusted with a large Purse—£50 a year is I understd the common Sum—How they manage with such a Sum I can not conceive—But the being able to make a small Sum go a great Way has always been among my inconceivables. . . . I am sadly apprehensive that I am very tautological It is I hope pardonable The Circle of my Ideas is narrow enough. And I write so often & such long Letters—And yet Letters from such a distance ought to be value for they cost a deal (I pay here 3 times as much as at ffrankfurt). . . .

No. 21

Grimma 3rd March 1802.

p. 3, *line* 41. . . . K[ant]. & his disciples *spare* the religion of the Land & have therefore taken possession of all the public posts in the literary world—It is now the reigning system, split indeed into factions, but united in the leadg Maxims of the great founder It has had a vast effect in freeg the Mind from all the shackles of prejudice—Revelation, forms of Governmt, all, are *criticised* You may judge how they stand the test. ffichte in his much admired 'Critique of all Revelatn' in his a priori Criteria of the truth of Revelⁿ does not hesitate to maintain that 'the Revelation wch holds forth pains & rewards & not the sanctity of God as the motive to Obedience cannot be divine' And the Book was so popular as to raise its Author, then an obscure man to the highest celebrity & placed him at the head of the University of Jena. He has since become the Rival of his Master He as well as Kant have both avowed Republicanism, not indeed in Paine's Language but with all the formalities of scientific demonstration—But this liberality is confined only to the Literati I have never asserted that in general the people here are more enlightened than in England what I admire in the Character of the German is the solidity of his acquisitions—The German Scholar writes to Scholars & does not seek for disciples from behind the Counter. . . .

p. 4, *line* 5. . . . recollect how generous I have been of late 3 Lr̄es to one And so long Tho' you write on the same Paper you do not write more than 2 thirds in quantity And short Letters are too dear I pay 1/6 for every Lr̄e here. . . .

p. 4, *line* 11. . . . Do not be alarmed by the imagined Expc̄e of these Walks[1] I have not spent so much as at ffrankfurt my Walks included I give for my board here instead of a Guinea a week as before; only 3 Guineas a Month. And my late walks have cost me not much more than a guinea a Week perhaps in all 5 Guineas.[2] So that y° will give me Credit for Economy. . . . I find I can live here cheaper than in England. . . .

[1] He refers to a contemplated walking tour with Brentano in the following summer.

[2] See Appendix III, p. 178.

p. 4, *last lines.* . . . .Bloomfield['s] fame is already here And the ffarmers boy is reprinted in Leipzick An honour seldom occurring to new english Books. . . .

1801–1803.
No. 44.

T. R. to H. C. R.

March 23ᵈ 1802.

p. 2, *line* 1. . . . I feel somewhat gratified by what you say respecting German society, and I now look forward to the time of your return with great pleasure. . . . I am flattered by perceiving some *prejudices* in favour of the place of your nativity. . . .

No. 22

Grimma
Endorsed no date recᵈ 4ᵗʰ
May 1802

p. 3, *last* 6 *lines.* . . .Your naive Remark that you had a Sort of obscure ffeeling as if the Trees looked otherwise abroad than at home pleased me—for it was precisely my own And it is proven the general Sentimᵗ—stronger in England because it is an Island but existing every where—I often hear as I walk in the Streets the Children say to one another with wondrous Importance—That 's the Englishman! And they sometimes cry after me 'Holla Engländer' And on my looking back, run away with that mixed Joy & Terror which is so interestᵍ a trait in the Character of Childhood—Nay I have reason to think that I substitute here the important personage of the 'black man' And that the Childⁿ are stilled by being told they shall be carried to the Engländer. . . .

p. 5, *line* 13. . . . You ask concernᵍ the Consistory—generally speakᵍ the Sovereign nominates all the Members but as the Prince here is a Catholic & the national Religion is Lutheran, he is excluded from all interference whatever in Church Matters—The Members of the Consistory are chosen by the Privy Council, withᵗ the Princes Interference And on his assuming the Governmᵗ he *swears* to abstane from Interference And he fulfills his Oath scrupulously All the state (but not Court) Officers are also Protestants—. . .

No. 23

ffrankfurt a M. June 6th 1802.

p. 1, *line* 39. . . . As to the Journey into ffrance—I have a Confession to make which I perhaps ought to be ashamed of—I am insensibly become a very John Bull or rather Jack Tar in my ffeelings respecting the ffrench [1]—It is not because I am much of an Anglican in my Habits of Sentiment that I am become so entirely an Anti-gallican but the fact is that I have at present a violent Galliphobia upon me—I visited two days ago my worthy friend Mad de la Roche there were present a M. L'Abbé a M. Le Conte & a M Le Chevalier—their persons, their opinions, their language all were so directly odious that I had hardly good breeding before them And then the necessity of speaking ffrench! The most circumscribed unphilosophical unpoetical Language in Europe fit only for dancing masters & Milliners!!! It was a torment—I have indeed forgotten almost all the little french I knew even Rousseau has lost his attractions—And as to the Scoundrel School of—Nay I won't abuse my old Acquaintances The less as you seem to put in a good Word for them But prithee do not quote Rochefoucauld in the future—You cite indeed an honest Maxim wch ought not to be found in such rascally company—ffor if it is allowable to personify Thoughts, Surely those of Rouchefoucauld must be considered as a Band of Botany bay ffelons Robespierre's cutthroats & Mr Reeve's Spies & Informers. . . . I have lost all desire whatever to go into ffrance—Still I mean as a matter of duty once in my life to go there but am in no hurry—Besides *this* is not the Time—Paris owing to the Conflux of foreigners is enormously dear And the rich english Lords are fleeced unmercifully. . . . If I shod go it wod be a high pleasure to meet you there And I hope you wod contrive to meet me . . . at any rate learn french —Much as I despise the Language in its relations to philosophy & poetry I am forced to acknowledge its Utility It is alass almost as necessary as being able to shave onesself

[1] '. . . The publick events of the last two years have dashed all our romantic hopes of the immediate reformation of Society —We see in the Country which we had in fancy laid out as the seat of this new Utopia all the old follies & vices systematically set up again. . . .' *H. C. R. to Mary Hays*, 25 *June* 1802.

or carve a joint of meat.—It is in Society as necessary as a new Coat And I equally hate putting on a new coat & talking ffrench. . . .

p. 4, *line* 13. . . . I had a few days since the pleasure of conversing with ff. Schlegel one of the first living Poets & a great Aesthetiker he is the Bro^{r} of the translator of Shakespear—he seemed much pleased with one or two pieces by Wordsworth—We talked of our english poets—He holds Spencer to be the greatest in respect to the melody of Verse—When I read him, says he, I can hardly think it is a northern Language much less english—He holds his pastorals to be his best Work— . . .

p. 4, *line* 36. . . . As to politicks the less you say the better—I nauseate the subject Nous autres may indeed wish to have a transparent heart but we must cover our heads—but I sho^{d} like to hear in gen^{l} what the *Set* in the Library say. I suppose that not even *one* sticks any longer by the french governm^{t} tho so many of them clung fast to each successful scoundrel from Robespierre to Buonaparte— . . .

No. 24

Endorsed by T. R. No date 29th July 1802 rec^{d} it—

p. 1, *line* 17. . . . it was our Intention to proceed to Carlsbad, a famous Bath in Bohemia but the Austrian Minister refused to give me a pass, as I had none from England, without my procuring a testimonial from the English Minister—I accordingly waited on M^{r} Elliott & He illustrated Chesterfield's remark that some Men can refuse a favor as if they obliged, while other[s] affront even in granting—He treated me with great politeness but scrupled to give me a Certificate that I was an Englishman as I had no voucher by me, I had very imprudently in order to disburthen my pocket book put all my Letters into my Box & had nothing but my Pass from Grimma M^{r} E said he had no doubt of my being what I said I was, he wished me to bring any paper whatever, in which I was mentioned And he sho^{d} then have an Apology for doing what wo^{d} otherwise be against the Rule, And as it was he offered to speak with the Minister's Secretary; & He had no doubt he co^{d} procure me a pass—but this wo^{d} have delayed me a day longer at least in

Dresden And I therefore did not return to him. . . . At Hoff a respectable Town in Prussian Anspach we met with a Number of Officers who with great politeness recommend[d] us to make a deviation of a few Miles to see several celebrated points within the district of the ffichtelgebirge . . . The whole country is bleak & romantick. . . .

p. 2, *line* 1. . . . We were now in the Dominions of the Margrave of Anspach, the Husband of our Lady Craven, of whose Charackter you are well informed—We had an opportunity of talking with several of the lower class & found a general Aversion to the Prussian Governm[t] The oppression aris[s] from the Military Constitution of Prussia, accord[s] to wch every born Peasant as well as the lower Classes in the Towns are on their birth register'd as future Defenders of their Country—If they are so lucky as to be crooked or short, they are in no danger of being called into service—and generally speaking one Son is left at home with the ffamily but the rest are forced to learn the Exercises & be trained to Arms; this produces an intolerable Oppression and the Exemption from *this* Burthen is the great felicity of our Country And also the princip[l] advantage wch the Subjects of the smaller German Princes enjoy—Hessia is the only inferior power, wch has Prussian discipline & principles in the formation of its Military Establishment—It is for this reason that the lower Classes have reason to dread the future Secularisations; the Peasants of the ecclesiastical Princes being unquestionable [*sic*] in general in a far better Situation than those of the secular protestant Powers [1]—It is true that the poor Devils are miserably stupid & superstitious (by which I do not mean to insinuate that the others are directly the contrary) but they eat & drink better than the Subjects of the enlightened Calvinists & Lutherans—And I hope you are not so desperate a protestant as to contend it is better to eat black bread & pass by a Cross or a Statue without doffing the Hat—than to eat a piece of roast meat & repeat the pater noster & ave maria

[1] '. . . I find that humanity is not to that degree oppressed even by popery & despotism, as we fancy—And the natural advantages which this Country in many points possess[es] over England compensate for the evils of its more absurd & unjust political & moral Institution[s]. Catholicism is more an object of ridicule than horror in its present fallen impotent state. . . .' *H. C. R. to Mary Hays*, 26 *Jan.* 1802.

three times a day—It is in Anticipation of my future Walk but I must declare that the Catholic peasants in the Bishopricks of Bamberg & Würzburg appeared to me to be in a state of more affluence & ease than any I have seen in Germ^{y} except perhaps the Saxon peasants in the Mine Mountains. . . .

p. 2, *line* 31. . . . The next Capital town we saw was Bamberg . . . The Students here as well as at Würzburg have a very unpleasant appearc$\overline{e}$ they are all dressed in a very clumsy style, tho' it was Summer, They had long frocks, large boots, immense cocked Hats & coloured neck handkerchief a sort of blackguard Bucks—It is quite otherwise at Erlangen, next to Jena the most pleasing of the German Universities The Young Men have in general a very genteel appearc$\overline{e}$ but without the dashing Impudence of the Cantabs or Oxonians We supped at the head Inn where were nearly 50 Young Men, each drank his bottle of Wine and our Supper was elegant Our very polite Host placed me by the Side of Professor Abicht with whom like Jenny & the Captain we talked on 'Milton & Shakespear' & I was again struck with the Identity of Opinion among the German Philos^{ers} as to the transcendent genius of Shakespear Göthe & Dante 'the Triple Glory of Modern Poetry' & with the Diversity of Opinion as to the great Principles of Metaphysicks —Abicht is the first man whom I have heard avow the belief in Priestleyan Necessity and who declares his persuasion that Kant is fundamentally in Error— . . . We next proceeded to Nuremberg a Town remarkable for its Mechanical Productions —And for its proverbially bad constitution—My Nephew Tho^{s} Robinson if you ask his Judgm^{t} concerning its produce will not be slow or faint in its Eulogy: It is the great Toy Shop of almost all Europe And almost exclusively by the Manufactury of Nick-Nacks arose some Centuries since to the rank of one of the first Cities in Europe. It is now a striking picture of fallen & falling Greatness—It is possible that the Event of a few Weeks may annihilate its political Existence and lay the ffoundation of its future civil greatness. In what respects ingenuity & fineness of Work, the Nurenbergers are still the most dextrous & expert in Europe: their productions in Brass, their children's toys &c are still unrivalled but a variety of Causes has led to a rapid decline Their Constitution is aristo-

cratical & vested entirely in a few patrician ffamilies—Except whom, no Citizen can have any Share in the Administrⁿ. They possess too the singular privilege of being free from the Jurisdictⁿ of the imperial Courts and as to the Administration of the Revenue are accountable to none but the Emperor in person —Its Laws are all framed accordᵍ to a wretched Corporation Spirit and accordᵍ to the most narrow minded & ridiculous maxims of puritanical Morality for instance, if any Journeyman gets a Girl with a child: he is never permitted to set up in the Town as Master—And the Taxation is almost arbitrary The Patricˢ are all called Your Lordship & exhibit a pride that is the heighth of absurdity & ridicule—It almost prohibits by its ridiculous sumptuary Laws the introduction of new ffamilies, interferes in the most private domestick concerns And displays in the most striking colours the folly of *Hyparchy* (too much Governmᵗ) ffor Instance—One Innkeeper has the Monopoly of furnishing Wedding Dinners, And every person who marries, is accordᵍ to his Circumˢ compelled to spend a certain Sum of Money—On the other hand the Value of the presents given by the Guests to the young couple is fixed by Law—need I quote another Example. How such a System of Governmᵗ must lead to Emigration is obvious And yet the same Rule is followed with a pertinacity & stupid neglect of self interest almost without example The population of the Town was formerly upwards of 100,000; it is now below 30,000—About two miles off is a Village lying in the Margravedom of Anspach, the Journeyman driven away for the aforesᵈ horrid vice of fornication, as well as a Number of great Capitalists, have peopled this little Town wch contains at the lowest estimⁿ 25,000, some assert it is more populous than the Mother City—But as the Nurenbergers are true Goshamites or as the classical phrase here is Abderites— & the great rule of their Conduct is to stand still while the Rest of the World is in progress, their Manufactures remain as they were, still of great excellence, but from the change of taste of less demand—The Birmingham Wares are peculiarly injurious to them—The Town is in its exterior very unpleasant Vast houses without beauty & almost all painted on the outside— Its Theatre wretchedly supplied with actors And its women notoriously & universally ugly—I hope you will not impute to

personal resentment, my unfriendly description, When I state as one of the memorable Anecdotes of my Journey that I was here arrested on Suspicion of being either a Highwayman or a fforger I can't tell which—I walked early in the morn^{g} out of the Gates on return^{g} was questioned as to my Name &c tho' I shewed my pass & declared I had walked out of the Town before I was taken before the Governor of the fortress—I produced my Passport & gave myself Airs And being at the first Inn in the City & hav^{g} dined the day before with Earls and Barons I was dismissed And a Message of Apology was sent to me at the Inn saying that a person had been notified to the Police dressed precisely as I was, in Pantaloons & Gaiters but that they were satisfied I was an 'honourable Gentleman'. This was not the only time in wch we were forced to shew our Passport & we were even stopped in the road by a sort of Land Scourers; this precaution was indeed not unnecessary on account of the many Robbers now about this part of Germany & in ffrance (you have perhaps heard in England of Scheuderhaus the Turpin of the Day) Our ffriends tried to dissuade us from the walk but we were not to be intimated—Brentano however carried a Sabre. . . . We went from hence to Bischopsheim where Brentano was at School—The Delight shown by several old Women in seeing 'little Christian' interested me much And it was the first opportunity I had of witnessing Catholic piety in amiable Simplicity—One Old Dame for instance co^{d} not make a single expression of her Surprise without the prelude of 'O thou holy Mother of God thou holy Antonius of Padua' which she repeated at least six Times; another, really a good creature told him that she loved him so much that she had not forgotten to pray for him but that now he had paid her a Visit she wo^{d} do it ten times oftener—But I must once for all observe that Catholic piety is general[ly] [1] more lively as well as more poetical than calvinistick piety—I met in a poor Cottage here an edifying Book that really delighted me by the simple beauty of its style it was a book called 'Images of Grace' And was a Collection of tales of Miracles wrought by Images—The facts were stated very briefly & with^{t} asseveration of their Truth. There was no dogma, no imprecation, & each Tale had its

[1] Paper torn.

prayer; The prayers were all addressed to the Mother of God in a stile of naive & simple affection that quite touched me—for instance 'oh thou chaste dove who feddest with holy crumbs the heavenly babe'—'Oh thou pure Swan who sailest on the Lake of Divine Grace'—But I met with one too curious to be omitted 'Oh thou Arch of Triumph through which alone the Lord of Glory was permitted to pass'—A curious 'Wicket Gate' this. . . .

No. 25

[Nothing relevant to the purpose of this volume.]

No. 26

Marbourg 15th Septr 1802/.

p. 4, *line* 26. . . . It is indeed possible—And I confess your remark struck me forcibly—that I may be at a loss for Society even in London As far as my new Philosophy is concealed—but there is still a small No. of Kantianers And being small, we shall find one another out—The declension of the ffrench Philosy which you mention is however favorable to the introduction of the German School They are antipodes—Yet Godwin is an excellent bridge between the two System[s] He has after all as much of Kant as of Mirabeau. . . .

No. 27

Jena 17th Octr 1802./.

p. 1, *line* 20. . . . it is true: I am but a pioneer—I have a strong assurance of the future preponderance of this philosy And I have repeatedly imagined to myself in what way I may probably enough be mentioned by a future historian of Philosy in England —'One of those who made the first public attempts to attract the notice of the literati of this period, to philosophy which had already risen to great splendour in Germany was Robinson a man who seems to have had little more than a presentimt of the supreme worth of science, & a conviction of the absolute nothingness of the now forgotten works of Locke &c but who

wanted clearness of Understand^{g} & sharpness of penetration to comprehend the whole field before him—The little pieces he wrote appear now to be highly insignificant but still it is impossible to say that they did not in some slight degree contribute to further the study of science here. . . .' I am persuaded the above is the utmost that ever will or can be said of me—And perhaps it is enough— . . . *Understand*^{g} is consid^{d} by the New School as a very subordinate faculty. . . . Poetry & Mysticism these are the Idols worship^{d} here—Beauty & Truth are asserted to be one—Poetry is maint^{d} to be nothing but esoterick philosophy And Philosophy esoteric poetry!!! . . .

p. 4, *lower half, line* 9. . . . In the conversat^{ns} wch I had today with some medical men I find that animal magnetism[1] so far from being consid^{d} as a mere quackery here, is become among the first nat[ural] philosophers an admitted fact and an important chapter in the natural history of Man Thus on all points natural philosophy, religion, metaphysicks there seems to be an uniform op[p]osition between German & English opinions. . . .

No. 28

Jena. Nov. 14th [1802]

p. 1, *line* 3. . . . I owe you an account of my Situation here And in relating it, I shall offer you some Relief from the monotonous Strain of my recent Letters, in which I fear I have wearied you by riding perpetually my two Hobby Horses Kantian Philosophy And German Verse—Your Curiosity, which has long since been exhausted, will revive again, to hear something of a German University. You will be curious to know *what* & *how* I study; And as usual when you do know it, you will find that it falls far short of your Expectations. To begin with what perhaps ought to be said at the End: I find that the advantages of a University Educat^{n} are infinitely less than is generally imagined And that the mode of instruction is inadequate to the purpose, and essentially absurd. You must dismiss however all Ideas of Monastick Restraint, of discipline, of secret correspondence between the learned establishments & the civil government, & of a number of other practical absurdities which

[1] i.e. mesmerism.

reign in our Academies. The protestant German Universities in general are nothing but places of Union for Men of Letters & Students, with more or less advantages of public Libraries, Cabinets of natural history, And Professors in all the various Sciences & Arts: The Governments do not in general expend much Money in Salaries to the Professors who are chiefly supported by the *Honoraria* of the Students.

And the only duty they perform is that of reading Lectures. The Students are admitted in general without any inquiry into their qualifications or Religion: a good Coat on his back (and that is by no means a Sine quâ non) a few Dollars in his pocket And a common Pass Are his claims to Admission. The Professors in the different ffaculties; Theological, Medical, Juridical & Philosophical, form a sort of Tribunal & confer Degrees &c which are given without Ceremony on paying the fees. An equal freedom is shewn towards Teachers, any one for instance who thinks he co^{d} gain hearers obtains a licence to teach, which is seldom refused, as the proof of ability required, is a mere form. The Student hears what & whom he will; & so long as he pays his debts, & gets into no scrapes, is quite free & independent—Examinations (except on taking degrees & *that* is a mere form) going to prayers &c are all unknown here. Perfect freedom is the practical principle of German Universities, tho in Theory & accord^{g} to obsolete Laws they more closely resemble the English Institutions—But I recollect you will be more interested by what concerns myself—

As I said before, it requires only a few dollars to be inscribed among the 'learned Citizens' of a German University Here the ffees cost a little more than ½ a Guinea, but for the honour of old England I let it cost me, by giving more than usual to the under officers, almost a Guinea: For this I receive a great piece of printed Paper with a hugh [*sic*] Seal,[1] announcing that on due examination I have been found worthy to study all the Arts & Sciences here I have acquired a Charackter; & have a variety of legal privileges—which are of no Use And a variety of political Duties which are of no importance—I have solemnly promised to knock no body on the head; which I sho^{d} hardly have done without: To enter into no clubs & societies which are yet almost

[1] This is extant among H. C. R.'s papers.

[*sic*] patronised by the Heads of the Univ^{y} And to employ all the Wisdom I shall get here, to the Advantage of Religion & civil society: A promise as insignificant as the rest, as I shall scarcely get any wisdom at all: And yet I take pains enough to get it for I go to school four times a day, And hear Lectures on Experimental Physics on Aesthetick on Speculative Philosophy And on medicinal Anthropology. Of each of which I must een give you an Account. Perhaps it will be the shortest way to send you a diary. Five days of the week are spent so uniformly That I can venture to anticipate my Occupation tomorrow. I will do it.

About six o'clock the Man who blacks my boots & brushes my coat will open my bedroom—or rather bed closet & light my Candel And I shall instantly jump out of my wretched Straw Hammock & go into my Chamber where our pretty Chambermaid in less than half an hour will bring my Coffee, as it is called, or rather my dried Carrots which I shall drink because I am thirsty but not without longing after tea & toast. Having dispatched this first business I shall take up Schellings Journal of speculative Physick And, comparing the Paragrap[h]s which are here printed, with the Notes I took last Friday at the Lecture, try to squeese out a little sense or meaning: I can^{t} prophecy what the effect will be tomorrow, I know only what it has hitherto been. Precisely at 10 I shall seize my Spencer & run to the *Auditorium* i.e. Lecture-room of 'His Magnificence' M^{r} Pro-Rector & Professor *Voigt*[1] I shall here here [*sic*] a Lecture on natural or experimental *Philosophy* as you are pleased absurdly to call it. I shall be pleased with his excellent Instruments, (optical mechanical &c) And regret that the professor sho^{d} be so egregious a dunce as to be unable to explain without a mixture of his own nonsense the commonest Law of Nature, And who with utter want of taste & propriety will incessantly digress from his object and convert his physical Lectures to moral & edifying Sermons: he will in all probability repeat his original Hypothesis of the 2 sorts of ffire Male & ffemale (a Conceit perhaps superior to John's immaterial fire): Or allude to his favorite illustration of the Trinity as shewn on the creative (paternal) preserving (filial) and combining

[1] Friedrich Voigt, who became H. C. R.'s lifelong friend and correspondent.

(spiritual) principles of Nature. Or explain The Laws of attract[n] & repulsion in the physical world as resembling the Debit & Credit of a Merchants Cash Book (Nota Bene—ffacta)

Precisely as the Clock strikes 11 I shall seize my Hat & without waiting for the close of M[r] Professors Sentence hurry away from his stupidity & Emptiness. I shall perhaps not know what to do with myself till 12 when I shall reluctantly come home to eat a dinner as wretched as possible—for Jena is celebrated for its *bad* eating & drinking. After dinner I shall sit an hour looking over my Manual Books of the physical & anthropological Lectures And at 2 go to M[r] Secret-court-counsellor and Professor *Loder* & hear his physiological or anthropological Lecture: unquestionably the best delivered & most useful of all I hear—I shall probably be rather disgusted than pleased by his anatomical Preparation & shall be forced to conquer some repugnance, in order to handle his rotten bones, stuffed Guts And preserved ffoetus's but I shall be gratified by his simple & luminous statem[t] of the general Laws & Structure of the Human fframe; not very minutely as in his anatomical Lectures for professional Men but with that accuracy & propriety wch is requisite to instruct the curious tho' general Enquirer.

I shall at the close of this lecture instantly proceed to *Schelling* And purify my fancy polluted by the inspection of rotten carcasses & smoked Skeletons, by hearing the modern Plato read for a whole hour his new metaphysi[c]al Theory of Aesthetick Or the Philosophy of the Arts: I shall in spight of the obscurity of a philosophy compounded of the most profound abstraction, & enthusiastick mysticism; be interested by par[ticu]lar ingenious remarks & amused by extravagant Novelties. The repeated Assertion of *Polytheism* will indeed no longer surprise me; nor the developm[t] of the platonic Theory of Ideas And the absolute *Reality* of the Grecian Mythol[y] of Jupiter Minerva & Apollo &c I shall be a little touched perhaps by the contemptuous treatm[t] of our english Critics And hear someth[g] like his abuse of Darwin[1] last Wednesday Whose *Conceit* concern[g] the influence

[1] Erasmus Darwin (1731–1802), author of *The Botanic Garden* and grandfather of Charles Darwin. He was a well-known physician, with a large practice at Lichfield, before he published the poem, an exposition of the Linnean system, by which he is now chiefly remembered.

of the breast in forming our Sensations of beauty; he quoted ' only to shew to what *bestialities* (the very words) the empirical philosophy of Locke leads And how the Mind of Man is *brutalised* unenlightened by Science'. ffor that there is no science in empir[ic]ism is a point settled even to *my* Satisfaction I shall hear again Burke and Horne & the 'thick-skinned' Johnson & the 'shallow' Priestley briefly dispatched And hear it intimated that it is absurd to expect the *science* of beauty in a country that values the Mathematics only as it helps to make Spinning Jennies & Stocking-weav^{s} machines And beauty only as it recommends their Manufactories abroad. I shall sigh & say too true! And seeking one or two very interesting Young Men I shall immediately after the Lecture lounge in Paradice by the Rivers side or in the Philosophers Walk above the Town, for an hour. At 4 [? 5] I shall again return to *Schelling* And hear his grand Lecture on Speculative Philosophy I shall be animated if I happen to be in an enthusiastick frame, at the Sight of more than 130 enquiring Young Men listening with attentive ears to the Exposition of a Phil^{y}, in its *pretensions* more glorious than any publicly maint^{d} since the days of Plato & his Commentators: a Philosophy equally inimical to Lockes Empiri[ci]sm, Hume's Scepticism & Kant's Criticism, which has been but the ladder of the new & rising Sect. But if I happen to be more prosaically tuned, I shall smile at the good nature of so great an assembly; who because it is the fashion listen so patiently to a detail which not one in 20 comprehends And which fills their heads only with dry formularies and mystical rhapsodical phraseology. At P[M.] 6 I shall come home And exhausted with my fourfold dose of the day, try to gain some nourishment from my apple pye which I with some difficulty have taught the Maid to make—I shall eat it with appetite tho' it resembles M^{rs} Barton's Crusts; for it is after all, apple pye. I shall then either try to make a few Iambics in my translation of Torquato Tasso or take up a book of nat^{l} or spec[u]l[ative] philos^{y} till 10 when, for my room will be then grown cold, I shall lye myself down in bed And read a ffairy Tale or a poem, or some other light work till 11 unless I sho^{d} before that Time find myself sleepy— . . .

December 3d

p. 3, *line* 15. . . . [he had been invited to sup with Schelling and had done so the evening before] How I became intitled to this high honour (for the Compy consisted either of Professors, personal friends, or Students distinguished by their Talents & Devotion to the new Doctrine) must be explained. When I paid Schelling the formal Visit which all Students make the Professors & at the same time, his Honorarium; I gave him an account of Taylors Translations of Plato, a circumstance highly interestg to him; as *Schellings Philosophy is a revival of Platonism* And I related to him many anecdotes of *Ben Strutt*[1] between whom & the new German Philosy I have found the most striking Harmony. The Relation of these facts pleased him, And I believe he mistook the fluency of narrative for readiness of wit And therefore considd me as a disciple *which I am not*: Hence I was invited—And now that I have seen the great Man face to face; what have I to say? That he is not a great Man over the bottle! And what is no wonder has not much colloquial Talent—So little, that unawed by the real admiration I feel for him, I yet ventured to sparr with him & made burlesque applicats of his Philosy which he took in good part & answerd by abusing us wretched Empiricks And our vile verse makers miscalled Poets in England. In the Aesthetick he had (as intimated before) abused many of our writings particularly Darwin, whose Botanl Garden is the favorite Theme of Ridicule Milton was lately regularly reviewed by him, and he gives him a decided preference to Klopstock, for which I thankd him as in duty bound; but the Raptures with which he speaks of Shakespear are boundless—tho' he praises so mystically & so metaphysically that you wod not be able to comprehend one Word of his Eulogy And he does not scruple to say that not one of the Editors of Shakespear has the least presentimt or suspicion of his real Worth: Shakespear is a sealed book to the whole english Nation. We were merry & loud, last night, drank

[1] Benj. Strutt, afterwards Lord Belper, 'a self-educated man, but having been clerk to a provincial barrister, the Recorder of the town, where he had a great deal of leisure, he had . . . acquired a great deal of knowledge. He was a man of literature & art . . . a sort of agent to country gentlemen, particularly in elections. . . . I owe a great deal to Strutt, for he set me thinking.' H. C. R made his acquaintance in 1794 when an articled clerk at Colchester.

somewhat freely & did not quit the Table or rather the Room till near one The Chat was half convivial, half philosophical; but it was rather the conviviality of Philosophers than the Philos^{y} of Bons Vivans. The more learned disputed abo^{t} the reality of Paradise of Homer, Orpheus &c. On which occasion Schelling asserted that the *Serpent* was a much higher personage than *Jesus* A Gentleman present had a ring from England in the form of a Serpent 'What' s^{d} S. to me is the Serpent the Emblem of english Philosophy? O No I ans^{d}; but in England they use it as the Symbol of German Philos^{y} which changes its coat every year—'A proof' he replied 'that Englishmen do not look deeper than the coat': The Company consist^{d} of 14 chiefly of choice Spirits And for the first time I ate something good in Jena: In short yesterday was the most memorable day since my arrival here. . . .

p. 4, *line* 25. . . . I will fill the sheet by a further account of my domestick Situation here. If I were *nice* on points of cleanliness & eat^{e} & drinking I sho^{d} be wretched here—I live in dirty lodgings And the eating & drinking are vile. The Town is ugly & without good houses. There are no public buildings what^{r}. The Students are in general very poor and seldom genteelly, often very shabbily dressed. I am one of the rich & my acquaintances are among the very best of the students, in point of talents as well as fortune: Tomorrow I shall leave off dining at home, which I have hitherto done with about 4 others, and go to the head public house where the best table in Jena is to be met with—even this is not dear, we pay weekly for dinner, (without Liquor) a french Dollar—i.e. 5S. Other things are cheap in proportion my Lodgings cost yearly 40 Thlr somewhat less than 7£ So that I am in no danger of living above my income here—The Lectures which I hear, with the Books necessary cost me about 5 Gu[ine]as. The Town furnishes few means of extravagance. We have no other accustomary pleasures than that of walking Saturdays & Sundays to the Villages in the neighbourhood & drinking Coffee—The Students give Coffee to each other occasionally in their rooms ffeasts & Entertainments take place but seldom. The only source of expence to the bloods is a weekly ride to Weimar on Saturday. Weimar lies bet[ween] 10 & 12 english Miles from Jena And on Saturday an

attracting play is generally performed I have been twice there, And seen 'The Brothers' a roman comedy played with masques in Imitation of the ancients And Nathan the Wise by Lessing, translated by William Taylor, a piece that is far less dull in the performance than I expected. I believe I have spoken of Weimar Theatre before—It is the most beautiful for its size that I ever saw; Economy only, prevents my going every week. There is likewise a Concert. And a Club held every Sunday Evening where the Professors And the most dashing of the Students attend; but I am not become a Member of it. Among my Acquaintances there are only 3 (Brentano excepted) with whom I am intimate of whom I shall find it worth while to speak in a subsequent Letter. . . .

No. 29

[Nothing relevant to the purpose of this Volume.]

No. 30

[this, the second part, from Berlin April 13. 1803.]

p. 2, *line* 42. . . . I reached *Potsdam* early enough on Sunday morning to see the church Parade. As a stranger I was allowed to go within the walks appropriated to the officers & stood near enough to the King to hear him speak & observe the formalities of Salutation & Introduction &c. I was less offended by the stiffness of military Etiquette & more pleased by the exactness & neatness of the Prussian exercise than I expected—I had the pleasure of seeing unquestionably the first Soldiers in Europe in parade ffor whatever Buonaparte's troops may be in the ffield, it is well known that the French have never laid so much stress on the formalities of exercise as the Germans and Prussian tactics are the objects of general applause. I need make no description of Potsdam. It is a military town containing only Soldiers & lower Tradesmen—It is regularly built and houses very mean within have a splendid appearance on the outside. . . . I met with two Göttingen Students And accompanied them to the 2 Castles of *Sans Souci*. . . . Sans Souci is famous as the favourite residence of ffrederick the Second. All the Apartments are now precisely as he left them, And every thing is preserved

that can serve to give us a lively conception of his domestick life. I saw but one thing that is characteristick; before his Study Window his favorite dogs are buried. . . . His library contains nothing but french books all handsomely bound—And the long Gallery in which he walked & studied is full of vile daubings—Voltaires chamber is characteristick of the Man who dwellt in it, An ugly yellow paper with highly colourd painted flowers on it. In the whole building there is only one chamber that is elegant & tasteful & that is new. I am convinced ffrederick was without true taste. . . .

Berlin 15th April

p. 3, *line* 1. . . . I arrived here on Mondy before dinner after a walk less dull than those of the precedg days, I met many worthy citizens in their *waggons* of pleasure & a considerable number of bucks who were enjoyg the Easter holydays, but the villages round Berlin do not announce a great & wealthy metropolis, nor is it to be expected as this city has been literally *forced* into its present, vast size by the enterprizing ffrederick the 2d. The modern part of the city is very regularly built and the streets are extremely long, but the very best contain nothg which in elegance can vie with London or even Bath—I expected indeed that in that sort of splendour which an absolute prince can produce as commanding the labour of so vast a number of men, & not being restrained by the opposition of private interests, Berlin wod be conspicuous. And I was not altogether disappointed. Every thing is in a great Style, but where wealth on the part of the citizens is wantg all projects of the Sovereign are in vain The old Town has some respectable streets & there are several very noble structures which you will thank me for not noticing. . . . That I might lose no time I waited on the afternoon on the famous *ffrederick Nicolai* with a Letter from Professor Loder. Nicolai is a remarkable man, one of the first booksellers in Germany, the undertaker & proprietor of the most exclusive & bulky Review 'The General German Library' the friend of Lessing & Mendelssohn; And the decided enemy of *all* the modern Philosophers. . . . It has been his ill lot to have made foes of all the first rate Literati, having written Satires against Kant, ffichte, Schiller, Göthe, Schlegel,

Hence he is the constant butt of *their* Satire in return, He is the hero of the German Dunciads the Xenien . . . my Opinion of him is raised by the personal acquaintance. . . .

p. 3, *line* 64. . . . A more pleasing spectacle was afforded by the Institution for the Education of deaf & dumb children— We found in the preceptor Mr Erschke, apparently a very amiable man And the pupils displayed such acquisitions, as if we had had other reasons to doubt, would have made us suspect they were not really *deaf*—for *dumb* they are not. The mode of instruction is very simple And the communication with attention not difficult The pupil imitates the motion of the mouth & thus without hearing a single sound himself produces sounds so that he can actually converse in the light—In the dark the pupils are not quite without means of communicn They write with their fingers on each others backs & understand each other by *feeling*. This was done in our presence I had a long Conversation with an interesting young man of 19—Tho' he understood me less than my companion—I asked him how old he judged me to be; he answered 28—My Companion? he said—23—he was in fact 22. I afterwards met him in the Street alone we walked together And he gave me directions as to the streets I must pass through—I have seldom seen anything of the kind that has afforded me so much pleasure—The actual acquirements of the young men were astonishing. One of them underwent a sort of chatechism [*sic*] in logic, By which it was evident he had correct moral & abstract Ideas. . . .

p. 4, *line* 13. . . . Of the Theatre here I cannot say much because I could say little interests. The pieces performed & the taste of the public have a tolerably close resemblance with what we meet with in London. Besides the Tempest I have seen 3 other plays. A comic Vaudeville satirising the politicians of the ale house, but in which the Satire on higher powers is carried further than would be expected in an absolute monarchy —A dispute arising about Geography an old Map is brought, when it is observed that Germany & Poland are terribly torn— And the Hit was strongly applauded—I saw too a Comedy The Chess Machine said to be from the English. . . .

p. 4, *line* 22. . . . This Evening (the 17th) I have seen with great delight a wretched piece by Kotzebue—The Hussites before

Naumbourg . . . The play is without all Merit unless the coarse & unartistical stage effect produced by pathetic situations be allowed such. . . . I heard many a sob around me And I too in spight of all my reasonings now that I am out of the house was myself caught. . . .

No. 31

Jena 1st & 2d June 1803.

p. 2, *line* 23. . . . I am now enter'd on my second half years residence in Jena, and under Auspices quite different from those of the last Semestre I am now & have been for the last Month singularly healthy and happy And anticipate a most contented and agreeable residence here. My situation is completely changed And in every respect for the better, at least as far as my present comfort is concerned. The enjoymt of the last 6 Months was interrupted by a series of disagreeable altercations with Brentano with whom I stayed so long at Grimma—He has most splendd Abilities with which he fascinated me, but which he Employed ungratefully against me It almost came to a duel between us, but he at the same time treated with like rudeness one or two of our common acquaint. & was desertd by them at the same time that I forbad him publicly my Rooms & He underwent a public mortification—So that Jena became too hot for him And he is away. . . . And besides I then *plagued* myself literally with the new Philosophy of Schelling, wch I could not then understand—Now I make Phily only a secondary pursuit And find already that I succeed better with it than before. The Latin Language is my principal Occupation—I hear Lectures on Juridical Medicine And on Zoology. And I imploy an hour or two every day in translation or in Compositions for the Register.[1] Besides what is no trifle I have changed my Lodgings. And have at present one of the best in the town My sitting room has 4 sash windows opening into a beautiful walk of Lime Trees & affording a fine hilly prospect—Now too that Spring is come, I find Jena one of the most beautiful Spots I ever dwelt in . . . I have likewise remarked in myself two very happy changes. . . . I can amuse myself without sufferg ennuie in mixed Society and . . . I have lost that eagerness of thirst

[1] See Appendix II, p. 177.

after new books which is rather a disease than a passion—I can now take a walk with[t] a book in my pocket & am at ease if I do not find on my desk a new unread publication. It is true my Göthe is never far off And I prize him more than all poets antient or modern—As to Society I am very agreeably situated. I visit several of the most respectable professors—And have a very general acquaintance with the young Men—I have maintained a degree of independence So that I have not been seduced to enter into any of the clubs and can keep myself to myself when I will—When I want to go out into Society I am at no loss for Companions—I have introduced among the Students parties at leap frog & jumping over ditches and I attribute much of my well being now to these bodily exercises—In short I am without care & very lively and withall by no means idle I write or study attentively 8 hours every day besides light reading which with walking & visiting are my daily pleasures—As to my Style of living you know that already—You know that properly speaking we have no families here whom I can talk of—I sho[d] further say I have obtained a card from one of the professors which enables [me] every day from one to two to amuse myself in the public library which has 50 or 60 thousand Volumes, chiefly old & in latin But these begin now to have charms for me—Here therefore I spend a pleasant hour just after dinner—My other occupat[s] which bind me as to time are in the Zoology from 11 to 12 And Medicina forensis from 5 to 6. . . .

p. 3, *line* 2. . . . On the day before I left the metropolis of Prussia I went to a public assembly invited by Nicolai, it was the anniversary of a Club & was splendidly attended, the Rooms of which there were four all large, sparkled with Stars of various dimensions And there were three Ambassadors—We danced a couple of hours, heard an oration & some fine pieces of musick And after a capital cold collation, heard a number of excellent convivial Songs—We parted & late And I went by invitation to Nicolai again—he gave me a couple of Magazines in which was an Article abo[t] England & desired me to write to him—This piece was execrable And I accordingly for once gave myself the trouble to compose an Answer to it in German which I sent to him & hope soon to have the pleasure of seeing myself in

German Print—My Compos^{n} is I think better than what I have generally written in English. . . .

p. 3, *line* 17. . . . I again set off for Weimar where I had the double pleasure of seeing Schiller's Maid of Orleans (Tell me whether anything is at present known of this piece in England And do not forget it As I am abo^{t} making an Article on Schiller for the Register & shall wait for your Answer) And of meeting meeting M^{r} and M^{rs} Alderbert who were the day before arrived. I of course was interested in seeing friends with whom I before could hold no conversation in German—It was my pride now to shew them how I co^{d} rattle away in their language—But Alderbert had the same pride And it was therefore a sort of game at Cross purposes between us I staid with them in Weimar 5 days And it was not till Monday the 16th of May that Term began since when I have been employed as related above.—Alderbert . . . is one of the most excellent Men I ever knew. . . . His greatest fault is an extravagant and irrational predilection for England in all points He has been naturalised, And seems to have no taste for any thing that is not 'british Sirs from top to toe' This would [hav]e [1] been a grievous offence formerly but we are all become (at least in comparison with our attachm^{t} to france) *Patriots*—And I daresay the Democrats even if they disapprove of the war will still wish our country success. . . .

p. 3, *line* 34. . . . I have lately seen some Reviews & Magazines And it was with real indignation that I read the Monthly Review of Holcroft's translation of Herman & Dorothea by Göthe—I felt a sort of shame for Reviewer, for Holcroft & myself—For myself because I confess that whoever reads that Article & knows nothing besides of Göthe, is justified in despising Göthe. . . . I thought to myself—What must my Brother think of me, if the poet I idolise co^{d} be capable of writing *such* a work? That Holcroft who has shewn himself to possess so much original Talent, sho^{d} be capable of making such verses And giving us instead of the *living Grace* of the original, a *putrid carcase* is quite a riddle to me. . . . I have been malicious enough to cause this Review to be translated into German, And the fragments of the transl^{n} are also retranslated with a dextrous imitation of the vileness of the english verses—This will appear in the

[1] Paper torn.

Berlin-Monthly Magazine—I mean to make it the subj[t] of a letter to the Mon: Reg: in which I will translate the Review of Herman & Dorothea by A. W. Schlegel written to shew that that poem is a *genuine epic poem in the full spirit & genius of Homer*. . . .

No. 32

Jena 26[th] July 1803.

p. 3, *line* 38. . . . Your political Information, tho' political, was not uninteresting: In this war I confess I am ministerially inclined And feel an anxiety & apprehension much greater than I felt during the last War of so much more momentous concern. I fear chiefly that our ci-devant Allies will leave us in the lurch: it is still probable that Buonaparte will be satisfied with effecting one great end, the separation of England & Hanover Which in truth can only so far be considerd injurious to England, as it is advantageous to ffrance. Nor can we hope by losing the Electorate that we shall be therefore set free from continental connections This, the favorite idea of Horne Tooke & other old Whigs is no longer tenable, In the state of European politics England must take a leading interest in all great political events. England must watch over ffrance and seek to preserve if not a balance in the strict sense of the Term at least that opposition of interests & that watchful jealousy of an ambitious foe, on the part of the northern powers (for ffrance is already Mistress of the whole South of Europe) wch can alone save England from being swallowed up by a power naturally so superior to it, & so decidedly & unchangeably hostile to it—But whither am I running: You will hardly, in spight of the hand, believe that it is *I* who write; that I should now be repeating the commonplaces of the tories—but so it is, in the revolution of events, opinions cannot but accompany them; besides I believe that on this point we have all of us alike deviated from our former maxims. . . .

p. 4, *line* 34. . . . Do not however be alarmed as to the possib[y] of my fighting here—If it takes place (which is not likely) there is little danger. I will when I have a vacant corner give an account of the mode of duelling here; it is but a silly boy's play, a few weeks since one was killed at Halle, and 2 here had thrusts thro' the Lungs but these are rare accidents On the

general question I confess I assent to a declaration of Schellings from the Rostrum 'He that dares not boldly on occasion set his life at stake And play with it as with a toy, is unquestionably one who is by nature unable to enjoy it or even possess it in its highest vigour' A hint wch it is true was not wanting here, As in the course of the last 6 Months near 100 Duels were fought— . . .

No. 33

v. Jena. No date.

Endorsed by Th. R. rec^{d} about 20th Sept. 1803.

p. 3, *line* 28. . . . I hope you are satisfied with my intention of stopping here the Winter And of visiting you in the Spring— It is true the present very alarming war makes the time of my return uncertain, As it is needless to say so long it lasts all thoughts of return must be laid aside Independently of the round about course I must take in order to come home, And the consequent hasard of a voyage—Who would enter without occasion a besieged town who does not feel himself called on personally to mount the ramparts? The rising of the nation in a mass is a measure which We have pursued in imitation of the French I fear without considering enough the difference of national character—But the necessity of the proceedure cannot be doubted—Still I do not believe the French will attempt a landing—As an englishman; *now* a loyal antigallican english man, I heartily wish they may attempt a landing, as I am persuaded, that we *must* be ruined in the end by the mere *threat*; while I firmly believe we should be victorious in case the *attempt* were made—I should not be alarmed if 50, or even 100, thousand ffrench men were in England tho' My confidence is not unlimited—If we can but preserve our ffleet & prevent reinforcem^{ts} the 1st or even 2^{d} landing could not possibly be numerous enough to endanger our country—And in our state it is necessary that we sho^{d} see & feel our danger, in order to our securing ourselves against it But why do I write politicks? . . .

p. 3, *line* 44. . . . Jena is every day growing more & more interesting to me And . . . my acquaintance is increased to a very great degree in a way flattering to my vanity Tho' I still attribute the largest share of attention I experience to the accidental cir-

cumstance of being an englishman—I have been with very little previous acquaintance, invited to several Grandorums lately And only that the mistress or young lady of the House might be able the next day to say that the englishman was there too And that *he was very polite* a character which out of whim I have lately given myself some little trouble to acquire—The most distinguished of my new acquaintances And the only one perhaps of which I shall have authority to be proud hereafter is that of *Voss* It is in writing this name, a matter of regret to me, that all the accumulated Sensations of Love & esteem with which the whole german literary public are accustomed to hear this name pronounced; have no place in your bosom. Voss is hardly known in England—How shall I characterise him? Shall I call him the German Pope? He & his friends would take it ill of me, if I degraded him so low, And yet this will seem to you no slight honour. He has this in common with Pope, he is the Translator of Homer, but such a translator as Pope could not be, nor the english language admit of. Voss is *the great* nay the *only* Versifier in greek metres which the german language possesses— . . . His original poems are by no means equal to his translations—He ranks in my estimation not higher than Goldsmith as an Idyllist—And I have not yet learned to relish his or Klopstock's Odes. *I cannot read them metrically* A few evenings since I frankly confessed this to him When he promised to read some of them loud to me And I am this Even^g^ invited by him to supper—I have sent him Collins And mean to *dare* him to a translation of The ode to Evening—He has translated L'Allegro & Il penseroso—excellently where he has confined himself to translation. . . .

p. 4, *line* 3 . . . where Milton in those admirable lines Towerd Cities please us then—And the busy hum of Men—shows that in this sphere of human life joy is at home—Voss exclaims—'Oh I hate the tumult of a town life And the hum & noise of Crowds' And thus proceeds to declaim like an ascetic against the pomps & vanities of a sinful world—This same narrowness of feeling has prevent^d^ Voss from attain^g^ the applause of the critics to that degree in which he is popular—His Louisa is the rival of Herman & Dorothea—& has perhaps more admirers—He is delicate in his descriptions & paints &

describes nothing but the simple, the noble, the modest & the good—But this turn of Mind which prevents his being a great poet—Makes him one of the best Men imaginable. He is an elderly man. In his person tall & thin with a sharp nose. And a sort of lanky figure A compound of subtlety & naiveté—He lives retired, & quite domesticated, he does not mingle in the literary squabbles of the day, but in his seclusion & in his own family speaks freely and openly—He gives no entertainments & receives no formal visits like the Professors He seldom goes out of the House And receives *Calling in* after Supper—a royston custom this, And not the only thing which in Voss's House reminds me of Royston—for Voss himself often brings my Uncle Crabb to my recollection— . . .

p. 4, *line* 29. . . . Jena now seems to be on the brink of Ruin—Nearly all the celebrated Men who have raised Jena to so great an eminence have suddenly received Invitations which they will possibly accept—The Dukes of Saxony to whom the University belongs are poor & cannot bid against the King of Prussia or the Elector of Bavaria. . . . One fact you will hear with interest as a significant Sign of the Time. The House of Bavaria has for a long period been most bigottedly catholic Hence the severe Saying of a french Travelle[r]—'La Baviere un Paradis habité par des Bêtes' The present Elector (whose Ministry are cidevant Illuminati) is most zealously doing in his Land what has been so long done in Protestant Germany—He has among the late Spoils of the Church taken possession of Würzburg the seat of a catholic bishoprick And University—He has established a *faculty for the protestants* And invited *Paulus* to take the lead of the protestant interest—Paulus as you know is the more than Priestley of Germany The most celebrated of the enlightened or rational Clergy in Germany—Three other Professors from Jena are also invited And one of them is the Manager of the celebrated Jena Review—a work which has the same Authority in Germany—Which 20 Years since the monthly review had in England—And the necessity of a previous *License* of printed Works, is taken away in Bavaria: The only state in Germany in which this takes place—And the Printers & Publishers, are declared in all cases irresponsable on delivering up the Author—It is reported that *Fichte* removed from Jena

some 6 years since on acco[t] of a charge of Atheism is appointed professor at Halle whither *Loder* my first patron among the professors here, goes this winter. . . .

No. 34

Jena 9[th] October 1803.

p. 4, *line* 22. . . . P[aulus] as you already know, maintains that Christianity is a mere moral system & denies all Prophecy & all Miracle whatever—The majority of Students here are his followers. And this *very liberal* System is about to be spread in the hitherto most bigotted lands of Catholic Germany. Paulus to my personal regret, leaves Jena this Winter—He is invited by the Elector of Bavaria (a Catholic prince & prince of a country hitherto infamous for its intolerant bigotry) to take the lead & organise the protestant churches in Bavaria & the Palatinate—He goes as a sort of bishop or apostle—And Würzburg till lately a catholic bishoprick is the seat of this new church.—The Elector has at the same time set the Example of abolishing the office of Licenser of the Press—As another sign of the times I sho[d] inform you that the Elector of Baden has declared the University of Heidelberg common to the three religions—the first instance in Germany—Paulus was invited thither also. These facts will interest your party—They will show you how much more *liberal* the Germans are in matters of religion than the English—indeed reading the reviews lately —I could not but be astonished at the narrowness & littleness apparent wherever religion is spoken of—but I have had occasion to say this before. . . .

No. 35

27[th] Nov[r] 1803./.

p. 2, *line* 48. . . . why did I come to Germany? Did I anticipate the German Philosophy? Could I foresee in what connections I should fall? Had I any preacquaintance with the easy free active animated life of a german University? Had I any knowledge of the excellencies of the German Characters of the congenial habits & manners of its people? Nothing of the sort I came to Germany because I did not know what to do with myself in England—. . .

p. 3, *line* 32. . . . the main point is that I could not possibly carry on my study [of Greek] in England—At Bury I should be equally without books & means of instruction: And tho' I co^{d} at London have the inconvenient & limited use of the public libraries, I sho^{d} be unable to support the expence of a London life; . . . you know how narrow my income is. I can never live at London till I have discovered the means of encreasing my Income—Here I can with œconomy live on my income; in England it would be difficult every where; in London absolutely impossible. Here I have the Use of public & *learned* libraries free of all expence And the *extra* Expences of public lectures & private instruction which do not amount here to £20 ℔ Ann would be a heavy article in London. . . . It is my purpose to remove . . . to Halle for the sake of the great Philologist Wolf who is Professor there & who is the first Greek Scholar in Germany. . . .

No. 36

20th Jan^{y} 1804/.

. . . . . .

30th January

p. 2, *line* 32. . . . Tho' you are not *learned* in french literature I am sure you cannot be unacquainted with the Name of *Mad: de Stahl* the daughter of the Minister *Neckar* & one of the most respectable of the french Literati If Mad de Stahl have not the profound learning of M^{rs} Macaulay—If she be without the elegant socratic genius of M^{rs} Barbauld the truely poetic fancy of M^{rs} Radcliffe or the original & great Mind of M^{rs} Woolstonecraft; She is as a person more remarkable than any one of these —Being immensely rich & connected with public characters, she has spent all her life in the great World—and is equally at home at the levee of princes & in her study—The brilliancy of her Talents in Society, and her Charms, tho' not her Beauty, added to the natural advantages of her Sex, have enabled [her] to figure away all her life in the great circles And her very acute Understand^{g} which by the bye is *all* she has has given her rank too in the literary world—She wrote many years since a book on Rousseau wch is said to be insignificant And a book on the passions wch is highly praised—I have just read her

Book '*De la literature consideree dans ses rapports avec les institutions sociales*' it evinces an extent of reading And a justness of observation that are rare—And her *Delphine* a modern Novel which has been prohibited in france & Saxony is in the Judgem^{t} of Göthe one of the first Works of modern french Literature.

Mad de Stahl keep^{s} a great house in Paris wch was the Resort of the Anti-ministerialists—Buonaparte *officially commanded her to receive no more company*—He said she might stay in Paris but she sho^{d} not receive company in the Style common to persons of her rank & fortune—NB You may make this public, she told it me herself To be free from the Ennuie wch a secluded life must cause her, Mad de S undertook a literary journey into Germany with the purpose of learning the language & studying the new german Philos^{y} She has spent some weeks at Weimar & has gained the hearts of all, from the Duke down to the lowest of the literati with whom she associates. As she fell in with my acquaintances & I have here the most unmerited reputation of being a philosopher of the new school I was commanded to wait on her ladyship, W^{ch} I was not anxious to do, till a written invitation left me no excuse—And I have had the honour of dining with her twice And am engaged for the follow^{g} week Some acco^{t} of these visits will amuse you & You know My Character well enough to be persuaded that there is no company I am so unfit for as that of *Ladies of rank*—My want of address politeness figure &c make me feel somewhat like 'poor little Tabby'[1] in the bathing room—but Mad: de S. if she excited these fears had the art at once to make me dismiss them—And tho' she unites all that alarms a Man—A most commanding eloquence, brilliant wit a piercing observation & the most accurate knowledge of the little laws of the drawing & dining room—She is yet mistress of the art of putting every one at his ease & I co^{d} not but admire the address with which she conversed with persons of the most

[1] See Christopher Anstey's *New Bath Guide* (1776). Letter VII. *M^{r}. S. B-n-r-d gives a Description of the Bathing.*

'So Tabby, you see, had the Honour of Washing
With Folk of Distinction and very high Fashion;
But in spite of good Company, poor little Soul,
She shook both her Ears like a Mouse in a Bowl.'

different rank in life—treating every one as if he were precisely the one she most esteemed & regarded Rousseau somewhere describes this peculiar talent of French women Wch I never before saw in such perfection

I was invited to her in order to be interrogated on the new Phily And saw clearly enough *that I was used*

I did not suffer myself to be deceived by her compliments or disconcerted by her ralleries, but had the pure pleasure of seeing thro' & understandg the comedy she was playing—It is true I cod not resist her blandishmgs & have committed myself so far as to draw up in english (which she speaks exceedingly well) some accot of the new philosophy wch she will employ unquestionably agt this same Phily in a work she is now writing—Mad de Stahl is one of those persons who with a most acute understandg & elegant wit—has nothing else *She has not the least sense for poetry & is absolutely incapable of thinking a philosophical thought*—her Phily is only a map of observations connected together by a loose logic and Poetry is for her (as it is for so many I know whose Names I shall not mention now) only rhetorick in verse She cannot perceive any thing in poetry more than *fine passages*!!! And what is an eternal bar to all advances she does not suspect that there is anything above her reach—Of course she can not understd properly speaking, a syllable of the new Phily And it was often my sole effort to evade not to answer her questions—My Visits to her have been interesting by the superior persons I have met by her Viz Johannes v. Muller the German Tacitus And as the Germans affirm the greater than Gibbon & Hume—the historian of Switzerland but of whom I will say nothing as I recollect you do not probably know even his Name—I have had a very interesting conversation with Wieland And the day before yesterday I had the honour to meet Son Altesse the reigning Duke—you will give me credit for declaring that his great Star did not affect me so much as Mad de Stahl's white Arm—he has to do him justice the art of puttg every one at his ease—in wch ducal duty he is aided by a most unducal & insignificant countenance—I had no direct conversation with him but he did me the honour to exclaim *fort bien dit* at a complimentary repartee with which (as in duty bound) I paid Mad de S. for

her Claret and Champagne—'Mais Monsr R. dites moi' said she what does Schelling mean when he says that *Architecture is frozen Musick*—And then not waitg for an answer but declaimg on the frivolity or false wit of the parallel she at last appealed to me if she was not right Sans doute Madame sayd I. Vous nous avez demonstre que—*votre Esprit n'est pas gelee* (That your Wit is not frozen) fort bien dit said Mons. le Duc—And he also laughed heartily at a conceit of mine wch I wont repeat as it was not worth being laughed at by any other than a duke—But one of my great pleasures was in the company of Benjamin Constant whom you perhaps know as one of the most eloquent and respectable of the *Tribunes* He had the courage to write against Buonaparte's being made Consul for life—I rejoice that he is a Genevoise by birth as I am now not compelled to love & respect a frenchman—he is a man of most interesting manners, without the frivolous politeness which is so sickening in parisian society his judgms always solid, his taste correct And he was attentive to others without appearing to expect that others should be attentive to him in return. He is the Bon Ami or House-friend (as the phrase is here) of Mad: de Stahl And the Way he conversed with her added to my respect for both—He never submitted to her on any one point And contra[di]cted her without Ceremony on all topicks I had seen in a Newspaper a long time since that he had translated Godwin's political Justice And made enquiries of him concerning it—He said he had translated it but that he held it his duty to repress the publication of it at a time when the current was so strongly running against liberal Sentiments—The Notions of Godwin sayd he, would be but a handle to libel liberty & free opinions but I will publish it soon or later as I think it one of the Masterpieces of our Age—(This gratified me as in spight of my change of opinions I still am attached to Godwin indeed as I have intimated before it is very easy to connect him with or rather to draw him over to the German school—but this is a digression) This trait of moderation & good Sense will gratify you—Both he & Mad de Stahl are inveterate foes of Buonaparte —they said but little of the War in general but Mad de S. is a zealous lover of the english Nation & will establish herself in London as soon as peace is made—for me this is a most

interesting piece of news as should I in the future gain admittance to her House wch, wherever it be, must be the Resort of the literati—I shall be at once introduced into the circles I so desire to belong to And into wch I can at all events enter without even being a Member of them—Müller who as a great historian & whose judgem^{t} on matters of politics is of authority is of opinion that the War will be renewed on the Continent, unless peace be quickly established between England & France —Russia he says is already discontented with ffrance, Austria is vigorous in preparations for war—And the two emperors are in a very friendly relation together at present—It is thought that Prussia in the event of a war will join itself with ffrance— And in that case the empire can not remain neutral—the Issue will in that case be probably enough the dissolution of the German Empire which has already endured such violent shocks—

To return ag^{n} to France Mad de S. & B. Constant agree in giving the same account—The pretensions of liberty are become a farce too egregious to be any longer a subject of Merriment— —'It is' said B. Constant 'founded in the character of the french—if they cannot be of one party they will be of the other —they are too vain to be neutral'—they [the?] remark appears to me very excellent—During Roberspierre's [*sic*] time the great mass of the Nation secretly detested the measures pursued but did not venture to oppose them—And it is now the fashion to admire & praise Buonaparte, And every young Man does it who is desirous of gaining notice—but in reality Buonaparte is not beloved—

It pleased me much to find that Constant is a Brissotine And in the Enquiries I made concern^{s} the public characters, his answers corresponded with my expectations. . . .

1804.
No. 11.

T. R. to H. C. R.

Bury St Edmunds 28 Feb^{y} 1804

p. 2, *line* 8. . . . I was very much entertained by your account of Mad^{me} De Stahl. Hers is one of the few names of celebrated foreigners, which I have just heard of—And what you will think very extraordinary I have read in english the celebrated novel Delphine & which I did with more interest than pleasure . . .

Considering what a small portion of Taste, I have for work of this kind, I am not a little gratified to hear it is so highly celebrated.... Indeed it is a novel which has been a good deal talked of in our house—I should not have looked into it but from the account given by Mary—I apprehend that by the *bon ami* I am to understand that Mad^me^ De S— acts conformably to the moral notions displayed in her novel. Do you know the grounds on which it was prohibited in France? I can scarcely suppose that its morality could give offence to the immaculate Bonaparte....

No. 37

March 29. 1804

p. 1, *line* 28.... As I have been very industrious the whole Winter I have had little time for general acquaintances, but my more mixed society consisted chiefly of the Courländer or Curonians—About 20 Students who come from a russian province bordering on Livonia—the uniform character of these Students is generosity, courage, frankness—Tho' I could not find one very superior understanding among them I found the Mass so amiable that I allied myself to them—And became the familiar acquaintance (or thou-friend) of the whole body—This was in part occasioned by an Incident I will relate (—And at the same time I shall give you an Idea of a Students life here—to which And to the history of late occurrences I will devote this letter)—About 9 Months ago a Curonian nobleman came here & brought with him *an english lady*, Who accompanied him as his friend & to avoid scandal bore his name—He is lieutenant colonal in the English Service speaks our language excellently & has the anglomania in a high degree—His countrymen of course told him of me He paid me a visit And begged me to accompany him to supper at the Inn with some half dozen friends—He staid there two days And I galanted his Lady to a ball into the country &c And devoted 2 whole days to them She is a pretty woman young & literally as wild as a colt. As she spoke neither french nor german I was forced to be her constant interpreter—And as their whole conversation was a succession of jesting repartee & saucy impertinence on both sides, which I as the middle man aggravated or palliated at discretion, I had a hard but not unamusing employment. In

honour of their Countryman the Curonians gave what is here called from the Latin a *Commerce*—that is a sort of solemn festival distinguished by singing the academical songs, by frequent repletions of the punch bowl And by Vows of eternal brotherhood & friendship sworn over the bottle—I became this Evening the friend of the whole body—This is called here a *Schmollis* drinking And consists in drinking, after knocking the glasses together, kissing each other three times with the following Words 'My Name is R. I am an Englishman remain my ffriend' The most important & indeed the only effect of this ceremony is that from this moment these friends address each other in the second personal singular instead of the third person plural—You know already that the Germans in common life vary—How do *they* do this Morning—Instead of *you* But all who have drunk Schmollis together use constantly *thou* & *thee* & are as stiff in the practice as any quaker—Nay when they fight a duel, the phraseology is not changed—(Indeed duelling is so common & so indifferent a thing, that it can be hardly said to interrupt the sort of friendship that exists between the most students)—Now that I am on the subject. I will een add that this was the 2^{d} & last time of my being at a solemn *Commerce*—I was once before invited by the *Saxons & Rheinländer* i.e. those who come from the borders of the Rhine one of the most numerous of the national clubs here, called *Landsmannsschaften* (that is translated Countrymanships)—And drank Schmollis with upwards of 60 in one Evening And as this was a *beer* Commerce I was nearly intoxicated by the profusions of bumpers & kisses. This Evening was very solemn; Musick accompanied our Songs And an unexampled honour was done me 'Long live the english Nation' was drunk in honour of me, *by sound of trumpet.* And NB. there were at least a dozen individuals from the left side of the Rhine—But it is worth remark that among all the *new* french here, there is not a single one who takes the least interest in politicks, or has the slightest zeal or attachm^{t} to the french cause. This *single* Evening made me acquainted with all the bloods of the Univ^{y}, with all of whom I have been on friendly but not on intimate terms—I have been present at many a duel without having been either party or second—tho' I avoided the former not without address—As I said before,

the Curonians were during the last year my companions in my leisure hours—A weekly visit to the exemplary Voss—occasional invitations to 2 or three of the remaining professors And now and then a journey on Saturday to Weimar to see a play—these were the few interruptions of a most uniform life spent in reading & reading & reading—I have already told you of my acquaintance with Mad de Stahl; it did not end with the first visits—she was pleased to compliment me by declaring that I was the only person who had been able to give her any clear notion of the german philosophy—She forced me (you know how easy it is for such a Woman as M. de S. to *command* & that persons like me are too willing to be compelled & commanded) to draw up for her 4 Dissertations on the new Philosophy & paid me for the trouble in loud praise, & promises or threatens me (which you will) with incorporat^{s} them in her great Work on the German Nation & Literature which she is now writing She engaged me to visit her every Week And I accordingly paid her 6 Visits successively till her departure for Berlin By means of her I am become known among the great Men of Weimar And she has caused a change of my plans (of which I will say nothing now as I am not fond of anticipat^{s}) I have visited Schiller & met with a very friendly reception from him —Lately as I was at the Theatre & Benj: Constant said to Göthe in a half Whisper 'that is M^{r} R of whom M^{rs} S. was speak^{s}' I was really oppressed by Göthe's turning round & saying with a courtesy really wonderful in so proud a Man 'M^{r} R you have been as I hear a long time in our Neighbourh^{d} & have never once paid me a visit'. On my making the only possible Answer—He gave me the accustomd Reply. Why sho^{d} I try to conceal that this insignificant compliment, forgotten as soon as made, gave me a more lively pleasure than almost any incident that has occurred to me since a year? . . .

. . . It is a sort of custom here to celebrate the arrival of the new year with Squibs & Crackers And the Students are not unused to avail themselves of this opportunity to break the Windows of such persons as happen to be out of favour—A Year ago, at least, 30 houses were attacked in this way without resistance And there was reason to suppose this years Anniversary would not pass over without excesses but in fact there was

on the part of the Students little disposition to tumult—I supped with the Courländer at the Commerce-house And before 12 not expecting anything would be done, I came to bed—The Rheinländer had given a Commerce & as the clock struck 12 went upon the Market place to give the old year a *pereat* & the new year a *vivat* in other words like ungrateful sycophants to abuse the innocent year that was just expired by sending it to Hell—And to compliment the new comer by a 'Long live the new year'. Had they ended here, the 2 personified beings would have neither resented nor rewarded their treatment—but the students unluckily went further & broke a few panes of glass in the house of a merchant who had offended a student of Consequence by sending his Girl to bridewell—In an instant appeard a regiment of Hussars—And the Students (tho' few were there) being intoxicated, had the folly to make a sort of resistance.

A Skirmish ensued—A Swiss Student was very dangerously wounded—And also two hussars—The Students were driven away, but came a second time. The Pro-rector (who is here what the Vicechancellor is at Cambridge) was called up & required to order the delivery up of the wounded student who had been carried into the watch house—A blow with a cutlass was it is said aimed at him—And the Soldiers made their appearance a second time—

The Affair was already serious enough, the Students made it more so, by the immediately drawing up an unwarranted Writing, improperly called a petition, in which they required for their implicated bretheren exemption from punishment for *their* excesses—a Satisfaction for the injury & insult done them by the unusual appearance of the military *with drawn Bayonet*—And a written promise that no foreign soldiers (not composing the Garrison commonly here) should in the future be sent from Weimar to Jena—If these Requisitions were not complied with they gave each other their *Word of honour* to leave the University at Easter—& this was subscribed by 204. That is, by all the Courländer Livonians, Rheinländer &c in short by the most respectable in the whole University—I who am a sort of privileged person here refused to subscribe it, tho' the Courländers kindly left a blank for me—Unluckily on the Side of the

academical Senate the business was put into the hands of a *dull Kantian philosopher*; a Man without all address, knowledge of the World, & Sçavoir faire—In every conference, new insults took place And tho' the Professors depend on the Students, & the Majority of the Students heartily repent[d] of their rash step, (for they all felt that Jena is the only Univers[y] in Germany in which it is possible to unite such a free & unrestrained style of living with so many literary advantages & at so little expence) —Tho' both parties therefore secretly desired a reconciliation, there seemed no means of introduc[g] it—A few Weeks ago I was first impressed with the necessity of something being done And I undertook to be the mediator or agent of the Students I accordingly without being required by any one Went round to all the Professors I knew (7) And stated propositions which were debated in the Senate And wo[d] earlier perhaps have been acceeded to—but the affair had been already opened to the Duke—His pride was touched by the insult done to his Soldiers —And the Senate was unable to depart from the Instructions it had received which were severe—I was acquainted with the real difficulty—And know[g] that noth[g] was to be done here, I opened the Matter to Göthe & returned to Jena with the plan of procuring a petition to be addressed to the Duke in a different Stile from the former, Which I resolved to deliver myself & by means of Gothe, to procure permission to advocate the cause of my bretheren but the next Morn[g] a Writing appeard from the Senate which put an End to all hopes of reconciliation All the Courländer to a Man & the great Majority of the Subscribers therefore will leave the Univers[y] this Vacation And many are allready away—This blow added to the great Loss of professors a year ago of which I wrote formerly, renders Jena's ruin inevitable—And hav[g] so warm an attachment to the place, viewing it as I do with cosmopolitical eyes & consider[g] it as a leading instrument & organ in the great system of intellectual culture in Germany—I have been sensibly afflicted by beholding its fall. . . .

p. 3, *line* 39. . . . (For I appear to be of the new School only in my letters to you—Here I am gradually settling into a system, not far removed in Substance from Kantianism, but directly opposed to Schelling)— . . .

1804.
No. 26.

T. R. to H. C. R.

Bury St Edmunds. May 7th 1804

p. 2, *line* 36. . . . I have before mentioned to you how much the *aspect* of society is altered, by the great number of persons who have become volunteers and have accordingly assumed the garb of the Army. Bury is appointed a brigade station—where a number of corps are brought together for the purpose of practising together the manoeuvres of regiments—Last Week we had about 700 brot from different parts of the country—Hab: Crabb is now with us—he acts in the capacity of a seargeant in a corps raised at Stowmarket. It is a curious circumstance that the proceedings of these forces—are not at present provided for by Law—A Bill has been in Parliament some time for the purpose of legalising the whole—but owing to the strong opposition which has lately [been?] made to the *ministry* they have not yet been able to carry it through the houses—And now that the latter (the ministry) is overthrown it is thought that the Plan will undergo a complete revolution. I have not till lately been much interested in the politics of the country—But the phenomenon of an opposition which like the cloud mentioned by Isaiah appeared no 'bigger than a man's hand' but which at last so rapidly grew as to becloud the whole horizon—naturally attracted some attention—and the probability that Fox was likely to come into power—made us indulge a hope that his pacific disposition would soon have shewn itself and that he would have put the World to Peace. Unfortunately nothing has been done but the distruction of the old ministry—and substituting a worse for within a few days we have learnt that Pitt is come in with his own party *exclusively* although it is said (with what good [?] he could do it I do not know) he strongly recommended Mr Fox [to the?] King to form a part of the ministry. Many call out perfidy [and] say that P has played the same trick he did in 1784 when he came in upon the back of the coalition. Excuse my having said so much upon this subject, it is something rather extraordinary and perhaps may be new to you. . . .

No. 38

Jena 3d June 1804

p. 1, *line* 39. . . . the most interesting person in Gotha indeed one of the most interestg in all Germany And with whom I at length had a confidential Intercourse is the famous or as the Abbe Barruel would say the infamous *founder of the Society of the Illuminati—Weishaupt.* I know not whether you have ever read Barruels Memoires de Jacobinisme or Robisons 'Proofs of a Conspiracy' &c If not I shall have written the following narrative in vain As it has an interest only in relation to these Works And the important Topick they treat of. . . . Previously to the year 1786 the Society of the *Illuminati* was established by Weishaupt unquestionably, as he confesses, to produce a change in the public Mind on matters of Religion & politicks: Bavaria being the most unenlightened part of Germany (A french traveller calls it *Un paradis habité par des Bêtes*) And its' governmt being the most bigotted of all (for the court party consisted of Ex-Jesuits) Weishaupt conceived the plan of effecting a Revolution in the public Mind, by means of a *secret Society* of which he was the Sole Head & prime director I have no doubt of the original purity of his intention, And at the same time have as little doubt that this purity of intention was soon unconsciously mixed with the Workings of all those passions which vigorous minds most strongly feel—W's plan was conceived with great Ability—And in a short time comprehended a vast quantity of talent & no inconsiderable portion of Wealth & worldly rank—But it fell as all such Institutions sooner or later must fall by the Vices of it's Members—It was crushed by an explosion in the Year 1786—It's leadg Members were banished A large quantity arbitrarily imprisoned & ill treated—And Weishaupt with difficulty saved his life by flying to Saxony where he was patronised by the reigng Duke & Duchess of Gotha. Here he has lived ever since being truly what Wilkes with inflated vanity said of himself—'*An extinguished Volcano*' —Here I & my ffriend visited him And had the good fortune to be admitted—I introd myself by saying I was an Englishman who had learned to esteem him tho' he knew of him only thro' the representation of his Enemies. He received my Compliment

not with affect[d] indifference And entered gradually into a conversation on his own affairs—He invited me a 2[d] & 3[d] time to him And at last said 'I am really obliged to my Maid for being stupid—You were admitted merely by a blunder for I have long refused to see strangers particularly englishmen—I have seen so much of the worst Side of Men that I do not wish to become acquainted with any more—I confess my Misfortunes have made me a Misanthrope.... his exterior is neither courtier like nor preposs[ess]ing; his features are coarse, & rough, his voice unharmonious & abrupt And his manners somewhat awkward—But he raises confidence in his honesty. Without Scruple he manifested in private Conversation those opinions which are unquestionably even with the purest motives most dangerous He even went so far as to exclaim—*There are occasions, when it is foolish to be just....* Even in this immoral assertion he was I am persuad'd moral—And there is one point of View in which it is true—Like all unsuccessful projectors he is become *a despairer*: And considers the human race to be unimproveable—'There is but one Schoolmaster who always teaches—Necessity'—'The Evil rises till it destroys itself—It was so with popery, will be so with monarchy—And to all Eternity there will be this succession of progressive evil & partial Reform'... I gave him an account of Godwins System And stated the Argum[t] ag[t] perfectibility from the principle of Population. He denied the Valid[y] of the Reasoning. 'I could name to you several Villages in the neighbourhood (said he) in which not a single peasant has more than two Children, few have more than one. (I ought to observe that this fact had been before stated to me by my friend the D[r] Whose Washerwoman had told him with great Naivété that her Husband had not slept with her since she had her little girl, *They were too poor to maintain more than one child*— ...) Weishaupt as a practical Man has vast Abilities for active life: but he is a bad Theorist. His *Pythagoras* in which, as he observed, is contained the whole Statistics of secret Societies is a Work that in a future Age I have no doubt will be highly honourd, Perhaps the Germ of future great Undertakings—His Works against Kant are already forgotten. He is an enemy to all abstract reasoning And maintains that all things must be judged of principally according

to their *individual & concrete* Character—In this he harmonises exactly with Burke. . . . But he is a Man of mere understandg And seems to be entirely without all genuine Sense for poetry & the fine arts—Enough of him. I have to speak of a greater than he.

Just as I took my Walk to Gotha I received a Letter from Mad de Stahl from Berlin, informing me of her intention to return to Weimar in the Summer, And requiring from me . . . to take up my residence at Weimar so long [as] she remained there—I had previously resolved to do this, tho' I had not yet given her my promise to do it—This was the intimated change of plan of which I spake & which you seem to have consid^{d} nothing less than a revolution—(Mad de S. may have formerly turned the brains of half a score of striplings, but besides that I am not much disposed to be an inamorato, she is now somewhat too advanced in life to excite strong passion)—My Acquaintance with her had been a pleas^{g} adventure, & will never be more—I readily thought it my duty for once to see a little of good life in Germany I should have studied my Greek at Weimar instead of remain^{g} here—I should have had a constant cover at M de S's Table as Ami de la Maison And sho^{d} thus have been introduced to the first literary circles.—In the first assembly of literary genius's extant—And Lady *Geckhausen,* Maid of Honour to the Duchess Dowager promised to be my Chaperon at Court—I should therefore have bought myself a Chapeau bas And played for a few months a Character that you would little have dreamt of my performing—But you have already learned from the Newspapers that these gay visions have been annihilated by the destroyer of so many vanities. As I had promised myself no little amusem^{t} from the mascarade domino I meant to wear it was with no little regret that I heard of M de S's sudden Return to Weimar on her Way to Geneva—Her ffather, the Minister *Neckar* being dead—As in duty bound I immediately went to Weimar, I found Mad de S. in a state of the deepest affliction And I co^{d} not with^{t} difficulty gain admission—There is something respectable or at least pardonable in the violence of such a suffering but it is still somewhat unnatural to witness paroxysms of affliction from a mother who has lost a ffather—It is true M de S. in her books &

constantly in her convers[n] has represent[d] her father as a perfect model of a minister & a man but this co[d] as well be vanity as love—but on this occasion her passion was unaffected—One Circumstance gave me hopes that she would still recover—In the Essays I drew up for her, I made a characteristick of the Schlegels And this account of them interested her so much that she sought A.W. the translator of Shakespear in Berlin She made his acquaintance And wrote to me 'J'ai formé sa connoissançe et je suis charmé de son Esprit' To my Astonishm[t] I found him in her Train—She made him Offers so liberal, that he consented to accompany her in the character of Tutor to her Son, tho' he ranks with the first Literati of Germany. She introduced me to him in a way that forced him to be very civil to me. And I found him a most excellent companion. I waited on Göthe the same day And left my Card—The next Morning to my great delight I found a Card from Göthe inviting me to dinner. I should be ashamed to confess what a childish pleasure so trifling a circumstance caused—And yet on reflection I know not whether it be trifling—How often do we say to ourselves—Oh that I had known Shakespear! We think what a singular delight the Associates of a Plato a Raphael or a Sophocles must have had—And Göthe is one of those illustrious few, whose Names alone serve to characterise & illustrate an age—I can therefore without shame confess that it is with triumph & pride I make known to you I have dined with Göthe. I have seen him in his familiar moments, as stript of disguise as he can be, And quite himself—And what was in this Wonder? methinks I hear you exclaim—Repeat his Bons Mots! Cite his Apophthegms! paint his looks! describe his attitudes! I have nothing of this to do, dear Tho[s], And I am happy that I have nothing of the sort to relate. Göthe said nothing which *un de nous autres* could not have said too And yet every thing was of infinite importance, *for Göthe said it*—This may seem at first a childish prejudice And you may say does an insignificant thing become important because it falls from the Tongue of a great Man? I answer, in a truly great Man every thing is important. But Mind me, I distinguish very pointedly a great Man from a Man of great Talents—Schlegel who was at Table too, shewed himself to be the latter; he related witty Anecdotes recited

Epigrams & *shone*—He spake like Dr Johnson in order to shine And he succeeda But this class of Men whose Talents are something *they possess* (a property, a thing foreign from & attached to themselves,) is very different from that of those, of whom it should not be said that they *have genius* but that they *are genius's*—G. did not say a single good thing but all his Sentiments were the inartificial expressions of a powerfully energetic & an elaborately cultivated Mind—Without strivg at singularv or originalv—Every thing he said had the Stamp not of his Talents but of his Sentiments, his permanent habitual feelings, & habits of thinking: And it is knowledge of these wch can be acquired alone by personal acquaintance, that is of such vast importance. Göthe is a great Man not merely because he has produced masterpieces of poetry rivelling [*sic*] the best works of antiquity; but that he is distinguished by an habitual manliness, consistency, vigour, truth, & health of Opinion & sentiment. He is a Man of practical wisdom And tho' a poet only as Artist, a critic in the plastic arts And a profound Judge in matters of philosophy—One of his characteristick qualities—perhaps the most peculiar of all—is the Universalv of his Taste—he respects all things, And despises nothing but frivolity—In one of his Distiches he says—'Do but go forward with Love & Earnestness be it what it will—for this adorns so beautifully the German, who is deformed by so much' I was therefore flattered enough by his saying to me—I see you must have laid great stress on learning our language The Conversation was chiefly as is usual—Literary Gossip—sometimes Literary Scandal. Schlegels Brother means to translate Sacontala[1] out of the original—'That's Capital' said Göthe. I shall rejoice to read it free from the changes which the *moral* englishman has made in it' I take for granted therefore Sir W. Jones has corrected certain pruriencies of oriental fiction—And this would be not allowed in a german translator. (I believe I have already told you that to express what we shod call puritanism in language And excess of delicacy in matters of physical love—the Word *Englanderei* has been invented i e an englishism.

The Conversation turned on Eastern Literature And it was interesting to me to perceive that G. had a great Aversion to

[1] *Sakuntala*, an Indian drama by Kâlidâsa, translated by Sir W. Jones.

the Easterns. 'I do hate the Egyptians And all that are connected with them' And he then added—And I am glad that I have something to hate—That is absolutely necessary, otherwise one is in danger of falling into the dull liberal habit of finding all things tolerable & good in their place—And that is the Ruin of all good Sentiments' This Antipathy to the Orientals was an interest[g] trait for me As it confirmed what I fancied I had abstracted out of G's Works, that he is as a mere matter of taste averse to christian views & feelings Tho he has written very bitter (& indeed decisive) Satires ag[t] *you* Socinians—he is no friend to Christ[y] consid[rd] as a positive Institution supplant[g] the splend[d] heroic poetic religion of the Antients. The negative Virtues chiefly inculcated by the Jewish Reformer ill suit a powerful Mind more directed to the Study of the Nature of Things And to the poetic display of human nature; than to the culture of moral qualities—In this habit of feeling & thinking He treads in the steps of the great Masters of Art, whom he has as an Artist equalled— . . . Altho' I am not furnish'd with a single respectable Anecdote, by this Visit to Göthe, I still rank it as one of the most interesting moments of my life—It is so gratifying to see as it were, an abstract of all intellectual powers, combined—And then employed in the common concerns of life. And the Sight of G. is enough to correct the childish misconceptions we form of a *Poet* & a *Genius* As if they were Wonders & Shows objects rather to be stared at & admired; than soberly esteemed. In Gothes person we see an elderly Man of uncommon dignity, His penetrating, & *insupportable* Eye, his somewhat aquiline Nose And most expressive lips which seem when still to be anxiously striving after motion, As if they co[d] scarcely retain the treasures of language within; His firm step, which ennobles his otherwise too corpulent body And a certain external ease and freedom in his gestures, which evince as much the gentleman as his whole figure, the great Man—these qual[s] overpowered me some years ago when I visited him, an intrusive guest; Now that I sat at his Table And heard his sonorous & courtly voice addressed to me; And saw his most courteous Smiles directed towards me I now felt myself as it were raised & supported by those qualities which otherwise depressed me—I cannot avoid mentioning a single feeling excited in me.

When I saw Gothe smiling (in full) I thoᵗ the expression of his Countenance singularly amiable—But when I saw a profile smile; I had an obscure Sentiment as if there was a something in it that ought not to be—Göthe lives in Style—Tho' his house woᵈ not be distinguished even in Bury—Yet there is by means of a few great pieces of Sculpture & an air of magnificence in the house which like every thing connected with Göthe is *imposing* On the Threshold immediately before the Antichambre is inlaid in large Letters SALVE. . . .

I had not heard of the excellent Dʳ Priestley's death. . . . Priestley was a great Thinker Had he possessed a poetic imaginⁿ he might have been a real & positive, & not merely a negative Reformer of his Age. . . .

P.S. Buonapartes' Elevation to the Imperial dignity And this proper End of the republican farce has amused me exceedingly. It is the best terminⁿ of a dull joke.

No. 39

Jena July 31ˢᵗ 1804

p. 2, *line* 23. . . . I will further confess that I fear I have put the period of my stay here too near. Since I have found my progress in Latin and Greek by no means equal to my Expectations—*A propos* Tho' I have told you so many anecdotes I have not given you the history of this half year, as such—this Subjᵗ connects itself with what I may have further to say on the subject of my Residence in Germany. You know already that our University is in a very sinking state, & that I have lost almost without exception, all my Companions: . . . I hear this half-year but two Lectures. The one on *Botany* which is nothing but a most ingenious & elegant application of the modern metaphysical philosophy to Vegetation—and which I study more for the sake of the philosophy itself than of the flowers: and alternate Lectures on *Livy* the Roman Historian & on *Theokritus* the greek Idyllist—I continue my private greek lessons And have lately begun *Sophokles*. Now I have found to my great pain that my progress is very slow, especially because of my Memory which is exceedingly bad (at least my *verbal* Memory)....

p. 3, *line* 5. . . . Besides there is another contingency on which

this return depends & of which something should be said I always put in a saving clause—*If peace is made* for I confess I sho[d] not like to be thrust into regimentals immediately on my Arrival, this would be worse than a Lawyer's Gown—And in that case I sho[d] be forced to make a comparatively long Sea Voyage & besides, travel again through the most unpleasant part of Germany: And if on the contrary I wait till a peace (& methinks both governments must begin to feel the ridiculousness of such an inactive war, which resembles what we offen [*sic*] see in the School where one boy is afraid And the other durst not—so that I sho[d] hope the War will not last long) —I say that if I stay till peace be made I shall then be able to *walk thro' Holland* from which I promise myself no slight pleasure— . . .

p. 3, *line* 19. . . . Some Weeks since as I sat at my Desk I was astonishd by the abrupt entrance of *Count Zenobio*, of whom I wrote you an account formerly which you have probably forgot but which y[o] will find by turning to my ffrankfurt Letters—(Apropos it would much mortify my vanity if on my Return I sho[d] find that my Letters had been cut by little Tom into Paper Kites, or applied to making Cartridges for your new military occupations Nor will you consider this Remark as an effusion of *mere vanity* Hav[e] written you so regular a history not merely of my personal adventures but even of my Studies, acquaintances &c These Letters will be useful to me in the future in no slight degree—I have preserved *y[r]* Letters in exact order, with a regular Indorsem[t] of the Contents—It is true these habits of Accuracy can[t] be demand[d] from every one And I suspect you have never preserved any Correspondence *Your Love Letters excepted* But these I doubt not are well pack[t] up in rose colourd Ribbons & are possibly lain in perfumed Casquets— My Letters are not desirous of *such* an honour—But it wo[d] flatter me to find them *apart* in Chronolog[l] Order—Besides it wo[d] be a praise Worthy Specimen of my Industry—Begging pardon for this Digression I proceed) Count Zenobio had heard of me at Weimar and took a Ride to see me, he was very friendly & attentive, took my address And said he sho[d] possibly write to me in Winter. He is gone to Petersborough in company with an Italian who is his Compan[n]. The Count is a striking instance

of a Man to whom Travell^{g} is become necessary as a resource from Ennuie—He has great Riches without Spirit to enjoy them in the accustomed Ways—He has great activity of Mind without the Talent of employ^{g} it to some great purpose He has good principles & is benevolent but for want of Wisdom he lives I fear without doing any good whatever. I suspect there is much resemblance between the Count And one I often think about—Except that the one is immensely rich, & the other *only* not poor. . . .

p. 3, *last line*. . . . I have . . . entered into a sort of Correspondence with Sir Brook Boothby And he has written me two well written Sensible Letters on Philos^{y} & Poetry—On which Sir B. thinks as 999 out of a thousand do in England—He is decidedly against Kant with^{t} knowing any thing about him And is too inveterately fixed to his *Locke & Hartley* (Who are his Idols)—to be able to accede the least to Kant—Nor could I make him spell y^{e} ab—ab of the German Philos^{y} He lent me *Reids Common Sense* And *Stewarts Elements of the human Mind*. . . .

1804.
No. 51.

T. R. to H. R.

Aug. 27th 1804

p. 1, *line* 9. . . . Nor do I perceive a very strong objection to your returning in the circumstances of the country being at war. The idea of invasion has lost much of its terrors in the minds of most, and I can assure you that you may now reside here without being under the necessity of strutting in regimentals. *I* have avoided it hitherto and experience no inconvenience from it. . . .

p. 4, *line* 3. . . . At Harwich we hired a boat and the weather being fine we went out to sea, and got on board a frigate which lies as a guard ship to protect the Harbour—It produced some strong sensation to find the ship quite in a state of preparedness for action having her guns loaded & being netted all round to prevent boarding—'It is a fair wind' sayd the Captain 'and the french may be here before night.' this simple remark gave more the idea of invasion than all that I have read in the newspapers My fears however soon subsided—and with the generality of persons I feel very easy respecting the circumstance. The

Papers on this day are very full of alarm—and mention that every thing on the part of the french is ready, and that nothing is waited for now but a fair wind, or rather perhaps no wind at all, for it is said that their only chance of coming over is in calm I do not often pester you with politics, but this subject of invasion is so personally interesting and comes home with so much force to the bosoms of us all, that I cannot forbear saying a word or two—A good deal of interest has been excited in the Kingdom by another event, although of very little consequence to the country at large—The representation of the county of Middlesex has been contested with a degree of violence which had not taken place since the famous times of Wilkes—The court candidate was opposed by S^{r} F. Burdett whose democratic Language in the house of commons, you cannot be ignorant of.—Considering the situation of this country in respect to court influence, the disposition evinced a very few years back, by the country in general—that the presumption was strongly against him—the event however has shown that John Bull with all his prejudice and obstinacy is liable to change—for although Mainwaring has been returned by the sherifs by an alleged majority of *five* votes—yet it is clearly to be seen that this has been produced by a jockeyship which those conversant in elections very well know how to manage—I have mentioned this event because in common with most of my friends I felt a good deal interested by it. . . .

No. 40

Jena. Oct. 22nd 1804

p. 1, *line* 1. A Five Weeks Ramble

Which ought to be read with a Map of Franconia or a large Chart of the Empire. /.

It was in the Easter Vacation of 1804 that Jena was nearly depopulated; at least I lost the greatest number of my young friends & compan^{s}. A large proportion of them went to the University of Würzburg: And it was rather to subdue the painful impression of taking leave at once of so many worthy honest fellows, than because I expect^{d} much positive pleasure that I promised to pay a visit to this newly regenerated & rising Seat

of the Muses; I was curious too to see how the mystical Metaphysicks of Schelling, the cold deism of Paulus which is miscalled rational Christianity, and the vulgar, I had nearly said brutal catholicism of the aborigines of Würzburg would amalgama[te] [edge of paper crumbled] & harmonise—I foresaw only a comical confusion from this strange jumble of parties & principles And I looked on the proceeding of the Bavarian Ministry rather as a well meant than a judicious plan to bring together all the varying Elements of science And form them into a well organized living body; And I wished to see what outward effect these changes would have on the Persons themselves who were to play the principal parts: I was besides interested in seeing my old Companions in general—In examining whether the peculiar character of a *Student at Jena* was fixed to the Soil alone, Or whether it was transplantable by so numerous a colony as had lately been fixed at the Maximilian University.

I had fixed my Journey for Saturday the 8th of September—but the day before, my new Acquaintance Major v. Knebel wrote me a polite billet requesting me to put off my departure till Monday the 10th when his friend Herr von Holzschuher would accompany me. I accordingly did so; and early on the Morning of Monday the 10th having equipped myself as a pedestrian, & provided myself with a Change of Linen, Shoes & Small Clothes, which I crowded into enormous pockets, I enter'd on my Journey—My companion Mr H. rendered the first three days highly agreeable, he is a Man of most amiable obliging manners & *worthy to be my companion on foot* tho' his Station in life & exterior promised little in favor of him. He is of a class of nobility, which tho' ancient is as little respected as perhaps any on the face of the globe (The french Legion d'honneur excepted)—he is a Patrician of Nuremberg—a Town whose political & civil character I have on a former occasion noticed. Mr H in his person does not contradict our notion of a Nurenberger cit. The Nobleman is lost in the Mechanick And the Splendour of chivalric nobility does not glimmer through the mean form of an old fashioned Nuremberger Toy. but I found in spight of Mr H's shrivelled swarthy face, his slender limbs & ignoble gait, that he had an internal nobility of body which raised my esteem. . . .

p. 1, *line* 30. . . . I went out of my Way to Bamberg expecting to see there Kupfer the Courlander who had staid so long behind his countrymen. He was gone, But I met with a large party of Students in Medicine (in B. is a most excellent Hospital & it is therefore a place of Resort for young doctors). To them I was a wellcome Visitor as coming from Jena, whose Name is still in honour wherever a Student of any sort exists, And one who comes from Jena is a sort of *dignified* person among all academicians—I accordingly staid a day here, & accompan^{d} my new acquaintces to a place of public resort, a village in the Neighbourhood where all ranks of persons regaled themselves with the celebrated Bamberg beer. And the younger part of them walzed merrily to a rustic orchestra—Here I met to my chagrin Schelling with whom I exchanged stiff bows—He seemed to have encreased in arrogance of deportment The next Morning I met with a return Chaise wch took me to Wurzburg with^{t} any remarkable adventure. I arrived late but time enough to find most of my acquaintances—My arrival excited an unaffected pleasure in half a dozen And some 20 others crowded round me to hear tidings from a place they all loved more than their pride would let them confess. We retired to my Inn of which the Landlord was an egregious dunce & being in high spirits it was resolved that I sho^{d} be represented to him as some distinguished character, and the famous *Fichte* was fixed on, to have his name taken in vain. We played our parts well, my ffriends put crabbed questions of casuistry to me which I answer'd sometimes with delphic mysticism, in other words, sheer nonsense, At other times with pompous triteness; perhaps of all expedients, the most certain in befooling a fool. Our host was delighted with the honour of hav^{g} so great a guest in his house, and soon brought into the Room a companion of his felicity—it was a young catholic priest who was travelling to wait on the Arch Chancellor the Elector Dalberg—He was a happy compound of Meanness, Vanity & Dullness whom it was hardly worth while deceiv^{g}. . . .

p. 2, *line* 1. . . . I enquired concerning the dispute between the Elector of Bavaria & the Bishop of Wurzburg, And found that he and his brethren (for now I was convinced he spoke the truth) had no other care than to stear between both, their subsistence

coming immediately from the Prince, tho' the capacity of enjoying it by retains the clerical charr they received from the Bishop

The next Morning Professor ffichte paid his Bill abruptly & took up his lodging with one of his former hearers & admirers.... The next day Saturday the 15th. . . . The morning was passed in attending an Execution which raised my curiosity but did not gratify it And which left permanent impressions of disgust which for a long while afterwards haunted my imagination—It was a Beheading, but in a way quite different from ours. I was placed near enough to see the operation but not to see the catholic ceremonies which might have been psycologically interesting—The wretch was drawn in a cart & being a mere vulgar murderer, expressed nothing on his countenance but that stupid despair which does not suffer the spectator to sympathise with the individual, he can only mourn over the degradation of human nature—Near the gallows's in Germany there is generally built a sort of circular elevation in the shape of a tub some twenty feet in diameter. After the Victim had at the Entrance—performed all the religious ceremonies, With great rapidity he was led by two Men & blindfolded & put into a chair—The Executioner came behind him with a broad Sword which he held under his cloak & in an instant with a back handed blow the head was struck off—And instead of it three spouts of blood were seen which played for some considerable time while the headless trunk sat upright in the chair as if nothing had happened. At the instant the blow was struck a Priest approachd the Edge of the circular elevation And addressed the mob with coarse emphasis & a sort of eloquence which I acknowledged to be not unfit for the audience tho' disgusting to me. The first sentence was an exclamation 'See my friends the consequences of not going to confession! . . .

p. 3, *line* 1. . . . Among the high Roads of Germany most deservedly celebrated is the *Berg Strasse* i. e the Mountain Road And indeed its Excellencies & Beauties are such that I do not hesitate to put it above any Road of like extent which I ever saw—It runs from Darmstadt to 4 leagues beyond Heidelberg tho' the denomination might with propriety be extended even to within a couple of leagues of Carlsruhe, for the same exquisite

peculiarities & character remain—These consist 1st in a road which is not surpassed by any turnpike Road in Engld. And then in its Situation which is perhaps witht parallel—To the left . . . a gently ascending Mountn. . . . To the Right is a perfect plain, somewhat lower than the Road which runs partly along the mountain—And this plain is 1½ league in breadth comprising a variety & richness of culture which is a wonder considering its degree of latitude—In this plain, but concealed by its lowness rolls the noble Rhine now alass [*sic*], the boundary of Germany And beyond it is seen one varied horison of distant Mountains formg a most picturesque scence & announcg by the fanciful & grotesque outline, a profusion of romantic beauties in the Neighbourhood which excited the most painful Reflections even in me And which methinks no true German could behold without Agony. In this Plain lie of course many villages & towns & cities some of whom are famous in history & alass some have become a victim to the Gaul. Worms, Speyer & Manheim are known to all who are acquaintd with Germany. In the Centre of this Paradise lies Heidelberg—Which we left at ½ past seven on the Tuesday Morning full of spirits & hope which did not deceive us. It is sd to be the property of beauty to enervate, but this is true only of certain ambiguous kinds I never felt more strongly the effect of interesting scenes in giving strength & perseverance than today—You may judge, for one of my Companions and myself arrived at Carlsruhe at 5 O'Clock—a distance of 13 Leagues. It is true we had refreshment of every sort—for the whole road is without intermission lined on both sides with noble fruits consisting chiefly of Walnuts & Apples but interspersed with pears & horse chestnuts. To our right were hops & grapes And to our left a variety of produce. . . . The principal harvest was over, but an immense variety of garden stuff And fodder for cattle—besides these, were flax, tobacca & turkish corn . . . among the Trees I remarked one peech tree standing alone—It is to be remarked that In quality and quantity the fruit here is alike excellent. The apples are not knocked down but carefully gathered one by one by an artfully contrived rake which is also a sort of basket—a proof, this, of the value of the produce—I saw one tree supported by 9 props. . . . That such a scene does not soon tire you will easily

imagine. . . . Carlsruhe belongs to the most remarkable towns of Germany. . . . And is tho' by no means a princely, yet a truly monarchical Town for it is built not *by* a people or *for* a people but by *one* (μονος) & for *one*. And as in spight of all Changes of Sentim[t] I still remain a Republican, this obvious character could not but offend & disgust me— . . . And now you may ask why this place is so disgusting, I have already answered in part, but the principal reason is independent of all political sentiments & will be convincing to you. . . . All beauty requires that the Matter & form of the Work be in harmony with each other And the reason why Carlsruhe is disgusting is that the Architect was richer than his Prince . . . the plan of the builder like many a Theory is admirable as a plan but in execution is paltry—It is one reason why all the little Seats of German Princes afford but little pleasure to English Travellers, because accustomed as we are to a certain completion in all things, a fitness in the proportions &c we are offend[d] by the constant mixture of splendour & meanness.—This is most strikingly the Case in Carlsruhe. . . .

p. 4, *line* 12. . . . we hired a Coach & rode to the celebrated Town of *Mannheim* . . . not many years since the splendid Seat of the Court of the Palatinate—But on the Accession of the family of the Palatine to the Electorate of Bavaria the Court was removed to *München*—Still Mannheim retained much of its antient splendour; till the ffrench War when it endured one or two severe Sieges And at last lost its ffortifications & suffered greatly in its public buildings—By the exchange of dominion at the peace it suffered still more, for the Elector left the palace as bare as he co[d] And the present Sovereign is too poor & too covetous to restore it in any great degree. . . . It lies about ¾ of a Mile from the Rhine. . . . We walked to the ferrying place but of course did not cross over to the Land of the Gauls.

The Theatre of Mannheim was formerly under Iffland's direction the very first, & still one of the first in Germany But it afford[d] us little pleasure We saw a vile pantomimic succession of interesting situations by Kotzebue miscalled a play—The Crusaders in which every scene was a co[a]rse & vulgar appeal to the Sensibility of the spectator—heart breaking separations & wonderful Encounters Acts of magnanimous heroism &

generous devotion—christian perfidy & turkish fidelity—Cruel Abbesses & Superstitious Soldiers—Much Misery at first & vast good fortune at last—This was the Trash with which in spight of tolerable acting & a new & handsome Theatre our Time was lost & ourselves put into bad humour—It is now time to speak more minutely of Heidelberg which in respect to its Situation is perhaps the most beautiful Town, unquestionably the most beautiful University I ever saw—Indeed it is in this respect so superior to Jena that he who has loved Jena for its beauty & comes to Heidelberg will forget the object of his former attachment as quickly as Romeo forgot his former Love on beholding Juliet. . . .

. . . The Mountain above is clothed with Oaks as Sacker and I rambled half a day to gain the Summit & find out the dispersed romantic beauties which are to be met with here, we were not attacked, but still somewhat startled by a wild boar which rushed by us. . . . The Villages on the Berg Strasse . . . afforded us in this season a peculiar treat in the Grapes they afforded—The vineyards are not allowed to be entered in, till the Vintnage is publicly proclaimed—in order to secure the prince his Tythe—but the Gardens in the Cottages are open—And it is here the custom to form Arches of Vineyards which constitute a gateway & in this plentiful season the glowing bunches with their leaves formed a thick shade—Sitt^{g} under there I went every day & feasted on Grapes of an excellence & cheapness of which y^{o} have no conception—for about 3 pence I received a plateful which I could with difficulty empty—In other respects too Heidelberg is one of the cheapest places of Germany so that in case of national afflictions which sho^{d} render it necessary for a large number of my friends to emigrate I know not a place which in any respect wo^{d} be so fit for a colony as this—In a cheap land possess^{g} a fertile soil a mild climate & the beauties of nature in profusion. . . .

p. 5, *line* 43. . . . I have hitherto omitted observ^{g} that it was precisely during this tour that Buonaparte made his Excursion to Mayence &c. Of course all the Newspapers were full of the *common stuff* on such occasions And he was the subj^{t} of general Conversation It is a fact worthy of being mentioned that during the whole Journey I did not meet with a single person who

utterd a civil favourable Word of the new Emperor.—I made it my practice to declaim with all the vehemence possible—for you know that I am become a furious Anti-gallican—And no less an adversary of the Corsican robber—My declamations were it is true not often echoed, but evidently heard with satisfaction —They who were too prudent themselves to join in the condemnation, were happy that others were yet at liberty. Besides I was an Englishman—Indeed I must observe that since the assumption of this new imperial title the tide of public opinion is strongly turned towards England—This Evening at the Table d'Hote I raged as usual—I had at my right hand a well-looking man . . . he enquired whither I was going and hearing—on foot to ffrankfurth—he took me by the hand And with the Air of a Man asking a serious favour begged me to take a seat between him & his Wife in their Carriage—It will do my heart good continued he—to talk with an Englishman against that vile Nation & their vile Emperor who have thrust my Country into such misery—I am a Swiss said he from Bern *von Haller'*—Probably said I of the family of the great Physiologue—The same said he bowing—The request was seconded by his Wife a naive & amiable little Woman who had never before been out of her native place. From diffidence she spoke french because the Swiss dialect is proverbially bad—With all my heart said I to her 'on condition that you do not speak a work of french on the Road—for *then* (making a bow) even you no longer appear handsome:— . . .

No. 41

Jena. Dec. 12th 1804

p. 1, *line* 40. . . . I fear England is not without dreamers equally puerile, equally pitiable Do you not know many among your ffriends people who still support the cause of *ffrench liberty*? And who hope that they may succeed in crushing the tyrannical and despotic Governmt of England?[1] . . .

[1] '. . . I have a good opinion of the rising generation there [in Germany]. Were the German nation but united and blest with a good Government it would soon not only rival its flimsy neighbours, but it might venture upon the more honorable tast of vieing with Britons. I have almost given up the Idea of settling on the left bank of the Rhine: the present ruling sistem of France is so repugnant to my feelings that I should feel absolutely miserable under such an

p. 2, *last two lines*. . . . On looking over my Papers I found I had gone on foot abo^{t} 190 Leagues, With^{t} any Accident & with great advantage to my health & infinite pleasure: And at the very moderate Expence of about 12 Guineas!!! . . .

p. 4, *line* 5 (*below direction*). . . . Knebel's Sister is Governess to the Princess of Weimar—I was invited lately to breakfast with her—with the Major—She is a very accomplished young Woman—And I found myself in a few Minutes quite at my ease. In spight of the recollection that I was chatting to (or rather I sho^{d} say rattling before) So near a relation to the Emperor of Russia—Indeed the Sound of great Names & Titles is not so terrific near as at a distance. The Princess understands English, ffrench, Italian & Latin, draws perfectly And is perfectly Graceful in her deportment—So you will say are all Princesses—but this tho' meant as a Sarcasm is a fact. The power of education & the consciousness of rank in the formation of the exterior is undoubted—

Within a few weeks Weimar has been all in uproar—the hereditary prince has brought home his bride—the Grand Princess of Russia—Sister of the Emperor—Great feasts & Entertainm^{ts} have taken place, but I have not been over a single time I thought it better that my absence than that my presence sho^{d} be enquired into.

Indeed it is now very problematical how I shall stand in the future in Credit at Weimar in consequence of an unpleasant affair of wch I have no time to write in detail now—When it is closed you will of course hear the whole. The fact is—that I have a criminal prosecution hanging over my head, You will readily believe neither for murder, rape nor robbery—but still serious And I am threatned with expulsion from the University—How it will end I know not. I have ffriends at court—And my cause tho' not good—is yet not very bad—At any Rate address your Letters as usual Should I be rusticated I shall not remove further than Weimar—but of this more hereafter.

My Winter occupations are as following—I hear 2 courses of public Lectures—On Philosophy, according to Kantian Prin-

arbitrary Government. No doubt you have had many opportunities of rectifying your Ideas respecting the mother country and I trust after all, that blamable as it may be, you will still find it the freest nook of earth. . . .' *J. Aldebert to H. C. R.*, 12 *Feb.* 1802.

ciples by my ffriend Dr Fries which I hear more for Reasons of private friendship than for the sake of the lectures themselves And philological Lectures on Homer & the Roman Satyrists which are not very edifying—I go on with my Greek with my ffriend Dr Ast—As to my progress in this Language I am dismally mortified by the consciousness that I make so little Progress— . . . You have no conception how hard it is to learn in old age what we neglected in our Childhood— . . .

No. 42

Jena March 2nd 1805.

p. 3, *line* 9. . . . In my last letter I informed you that I had a criminal prosecution hanging over my head—I do not suppose that this intimation threw you into any great alarm. The truth is that tho' the affair was of some importance to me for it could easily have drawn my expulsion from the University after it. . . . Yet it is still so insignificant in itself, that I know not by what means I shall contrive to make it amusing in the relation. . . .

I take for granted that I formerly related to you, in general terms at least, the history of the disturbance on new year's eve a twelvemonth ago, of the departure of so many students occasioned by this affair, And my fruitless endeavours to effect a reconciliation—In the course of my negociations at that time I saw many professors much more closely than before, And learnt to despise several of them very heartily—At the head of these was *Eichstädt*[1] Professor of Rhetorick and Belles Letters —the Republisher of Wakefields Lucretius & a Philologist of some Reputation. On a public occasion I stepped forward & was bitter and insulting against him And he tho' he was too cowardly or too indifferent to take any Revenge openly—was yet my Enemy in private And as I have since learnd my Calumniator. I still heard his lectures, poor as they were, And this Winter attended his lectures on Homer and Horace.—On this as well as on other Occasions I had not been a little irritated

[1] Eichstädt, 1772–1848. 'Und doch war er kein fleissiger Professor, dem es um eine grosse Zahl Zuhören zu tun gewesen wäre ; es kam dahin, dass er zwar noch immer Vorlesungen ankündigte, aber er brachte kein Collegium zu Stande oder wollte es nicht. Mehr als das Lehren interessirten ihn seine litterarischen Arbeiten.' *Allgemeine deutsche Biographie*, v. 742.

by perceiv^{g} extreme shabbyness in putting off his lectures till he had received his Honorarium & slovenliness & inattention in deliver^{g} them afterwards—I had heard too that he made no scruple to read printed books instead of giv^{g} himself the trouble of compos^{g} anything himself—At length I was put in possession of a Commentary on Horace written by a ffriend of Eichstädts—I took it into the Auditorium & found to my no little surprise that he read this book literally & shamelessly—Word for Word—He had besides in the prolegomena omitted citing this book—Provoked at this meanness I hardly waited for his leaving the Rostrum & Room before I called one of the Students to me & said aloud That the Professor had done nothing but read the book—I added to[o], as it seems, 'this [These] lectures are an infamous cheat and sheer impudence' Eichstädt listened at the key-hole & could not contain his rage, but rushed into the room when a violent altercation ensued. He accused me of trying to inveigle away his Hearers, & said I had been for more than a year his Enemy—I replied that I was his Enemy, for good reasons, & that I had never abused him more than he deserved &c &c—He threatened me with Expulsion And did his utmost to that purpose—I was immediately summoned before the Prorector Who treated me with great politeness. And allowed me to dictate my own answer to the Examination So that the Protocoll appeared little to the honour of the Professor. The Matter was brought before the Council of the University—A motion for my expulsion was made And witnesses were summoned. Finding that the Affair had a serious aspect, I set to work & drew up a defence of myself or rather an inculpation of the Professor, I wrote with spirit & effect & under the mask of naiveté (which my foreign english-german heighthened) contrived to bring into my Memorial the most biting & stinging sarcasms against my Opponent—I deliverd this to the prorector & informed some Members of the Council that I had deliverd this Writ^{g} An attempt was made to keep it concealed but with^{t} effect.—And the Matter was brought before the whole Academical Senate—Here I was warmly defended And Eichstädts party driven into their quarters. For I had gained a great point by contriv^{g} by means of my Writing to cause the question to be seen from that point of view which

was to my Interest And you know that this is always half the battle. for instance: My real offence lay in the insult^{g} language I had used of a public professor—I, on the contrary, with great formality shew^{d} that there were properly speak^{g} two accusations—One a calumny I hav^{g} falsely accused the Professor of read^{g} a printed book—and the second, a merely frivolous charge of using uncivil language—On the first I joined issue & pledged myself to prove the fact—As to the second I affected to treat it with levity—The Senate was caught by my Statem^{t}—And resolved that noth^{g} could be decided without hear^{g} the Professor's reply to my Writing—he was called on to Answer whe^{r} or not he was willing to enter into the trial of the point urged by me—This was a bitter pill—ffor if he denied the fact, I should than have been called upon to prove it—And I sho^{d} have proved it—If he confessed it—he confessed his own shame—Accordingly he answered, he wo^{d} give a written reply And he gave no Answer—But as I learnt went to Weimar and I doubt not attempted to procure a command for my Expulsion, from the Court—but I had here been on my guard, I had previously given M^{r} Osborn notice of the affair, who promised to advocate my cause with the Duke if necessary. And by way of anticipation I had caused myself to be presented a week before to the Duchess Dowager—I now went over a second time Paid a visit to one of the Minister's whose lady is my avowed Patroness And visited Schiller who was very friendly to me but I was informed that Göthe was on the side of the adversary & did not venture to go to him—I put my Writing into the hands of one of the Ladys of honour of the Duchess dowager and have reason to think it was read by the Duchess herself The next day I was invited to dinner by the Duchess dowager—And in the Evening accompanied Schiller to the Theatre, I sat in his box which adjoins that of the Court and was offered refreshments out of the Duke's Box—The Duchess dowager came forwards & conversed with me openly between the acts And as this was seen by the audience & doubtless done designedly—this was an intimation that I was under protection. And since this day I have heard nothing further on the business—The Prorector who affected to be my friend & to censure E. said he tho^{t} the Senate wo^{d} pro forma centence [*sic*] me to a nominal

punishm^{t} perhaps 1 or 2 days imprisonment in the Academical Carcer. I answerd I wo^{d} submit to no punishment whatever—But appeal at once to the Duke; if that were fruitless I would leave the University—& send printed copies of my Writing to every University in Germany. This threat has probably had its effect. The matter sleeps. M^{r} Osborne, Major Knebel & 2 Professors shewed great zeal in my favor—The most unpleasant Circumstance attend^{s} the whole is that Voss is the intimate ffriend of Eichstädt, I feared it wo^{d} cause a discontinuance of my acquaintance with V. but he seems to be appeased, tho' he at first was decidedly against me. That E. sho^{d} have prejudiced Göthe against me, is of no great Moment—It has rather relieved me from the doubt I was always in, whether I should visit him again—I have now an apology for not doing it—And Göthe is (in the language of M^{r} Walker Jun^{r} on Ben Strutt) 'One of the most *painful Men* I ever knew' He is so great that we little Men like the patriots of Rome before Cæsar shrink from before him & seek ourselves 'dishonourable' obscurity

My Visit to the Duchess Dow: was (as you will suppose) highly agreeable. I was as free from Embarrassm^{t} as at any ordinary genteel table & had no reason to be otherwise The Company was small, Wieland was of the party, With him I had the principal discourse, tho' both of us were Courtiers enough to direct our conversation indirectly to the Duchess—She is advanced in years but has a lively Mind & takes an interest on all subjects We disputed on Philosophy Poetry &c And Wieland in his old age shewed an elegant taste & enlarged Knowledge on all subjects—The Dutchess is certainly one of the most estimable of the German Princesses & is not unworthy of being a Niece of *Frederick the 2nd* At the Theatre I saw the wonder of the north & the object of every one's idolatry here—The hereditary princess of Saxe Weimar—I take for granted that (as my residence here has given you an interest for every thing that concerns our little court) you are not ignorant that a few months since Our hereditary prince brought home his bride—The Sister of the Emperor of Russia And a daughter of Paul—All Tongues are lavish of her praise And indeed she seems to be really an extraordinary person—She is young & possesses a most cultivated Mind & accomplished Address—I stood by her

some time & smiled at myself by remarking the effect she had on me—Since excellent as I doubt not she is I am still sensible—that the strange sensation I felt at hearing her say common things—was principally occasioned by the magic of title and name—I should otherwise have seen little more than a lively & elegant Girl with a pretty mouth but as it was I saw a daughter & sister of an Emperor!!! And another accidental feeling was suggested by the recollection of *what* an Emperor—Paul whose Name & Character have become a bye word of derision & execration—It is however acknowledged that he was in his private relations amiable, & his daughter our present princess loved him passionately And is still attached to his Memory—But in other respects all the Russians I have seen hold one Language as to this headstrong obstinate Man whose great fault was that of being (in a Sense in which no one can be one without self ruin—) an autocrat—a Self-governour—without being able to govern himself— . . .

1805–1808.
No. 8.

T. R. to H. C. R.

March 29th 1805

p. 1, *line* 29. . . . My Letter will have told you that you excited some anxiety by the intimation about the prosecution. We were much amused by the account of its termination and think that you managed your *defence* with address. But what became of Mr Professor after this rupture—it seems to me hardly possible that he could hold his situation, I think at least that his Lectures must be dropt. I was somewhat apprehensive upon the first intimation of this affair that you had been too free in your animadversions on the french government—and which therefore your prince might be under the necessity of taking notice of for we hear strange stories of this kind here, many of which are no doubt fabrications—propagated for certain obvious purposes, but yet there can be no question, but the great Emperor does occasionally shew his power by enjoyning silence in some of the little principalities. . . .

No. 43

Jena. April 21st 1805./

Dear Thomas.

If my last Letter was unusually acceptable to you, because it intimated my inclination to return to you, the present will be still more agreeable as I have now to announce my *Resolution* to leave Jena & Germany altogether. And tho' I have not fixed on the Week or Month I consider myself as already departed in spirit, And my further abode here as but a delayed departure. For all things there is a fullness of time—And that of my German Expedition is, I find, now come. . . . And because (what after all is perhaps the principal motive)—I really feel that my Curiosity is for the present exhausted—I have been too strongly stimulated, so that time & a sufficient period of rest at home is necessary to restore my Travelling Capacity. It is therefore my hope to witness the next fall of the leaf in England even if I shod pluck myself, before, a bunch of Grapes on the banks of the Rhine. . . . And as I am resolved to come I will not plague my brain with the Reflection that I come back five years older, not quite as ignorant, but I fear as to the main point, not wiser than before. . . . One of the first & most essential Occupations which I would propose for us three—is a regular study of Shakspeare whom I am ashamed to confess I know so imperfectly—And in comparison with whom I hold even Shaftsbury And my other philosophical favourites as unimportant. . . .

p. 2, *line* 16. . . . I must further remark that of all english Authors, the one whose System is most easily to be reconciled with the German Improvements is Godwin— . . .

p. 2, *line* 35. . . . You renew . . . your Enquiries concerng the Religious opinions of the German Philosophers. . . . You ask pointedly & emphatically 'how far they are disposed to admit the account of the miraculous facts asserted in the christian scriptures'—I fear my answer will not please you, but I can give you no other than this, as a matter of fact—Since the five years of my Residence here, I have never once heard the truth of the Christian Miracles debated—*it is not a subject about which people talk here*—Do not be surprised at this, Nations like Individuals have their habits of thinking—Questions are here

disputed with vehemence, which in England would with difficulty be made intelligible—And on the contrary the points on which all the thinking & no-thinking persons in England daily talk, never occur here. I have often wished to introduce the subject of Christianity the miracles, divine inspiration etc in the company of my more intelligent acquaintances here, but have never ventured to do it for fear of being laughed at. . . .

p. 3, *line* 7. . . . The Mob here is like a Mob everywhere And the only difference is that the great body of the english literary populace are much more in earnest than their bretheren in Germany. But on the whole the difference is not great. But the philosophers by profession are what the philosophers by profession in all Countries & Age[s] were are & will be for ever & ever. . . .

p. 3, *line* 23. . . . Your supposition that I might have incurred danger by talking against the Emperor of France shows the little attention you pay to the state of continental alliance & connection. The uncle in Law of the Emperor of Russia would hardly resent an affront done to the Corsican. The Court here is openly what all Courts are privately the Enemy of Buonaparte—It is true on the Rhine the little Princes are forced to be on their Guard but even there an englishman would not readily be molested—I have been a second time to dinner with the Duchess Dowager & had a Tete a Tete of two hours during which we talked on politics And I cannot say that it did not give me some satisfaction to chat familiarly on the Unfortunate Campaign of the Year 92 with the Sister of the Duke of Brunswick; tho' I learnt no state Secrets. . . .

p. 3, *line* 54. . . . Talking of Mysticks has put me in Mind of *William Hazlitt* if you should know anything about him, tell me; Of all the young Men of my acquaintance in English I consider him as incomparably the first in point of intellect—I am inclined to think that in the whole stock of my ffriends he is the only one who promises to be a distinguished & original Character Tho' on the other side for various reasons I fear that he will never be able to shew himself but perhaps be another of the sad instances of Genius which sinks in its struggle with fortune & the world. . . .

p. 4, *line* 3. . . . Holcroft's Characteristicks of Benj. Constant & Mad: de Stahl, tho' in the main correct, do his Talents as

portrait painter no great credit—I sho[d] hope that my Letters have given you a better Notion of them both That B C is an *open Character* seems to me very doubtful—he talks openly when & where he will—And as he professed patriotism, it was in Character for him to talk freely & boldly—but his real character is ambiguous: he is undoubtedly very discerning And is a most respectable Man for the qualities of his Head. His connection with Mad de S. too, throws another Veil over him—He is divorced from his own Wife And is Mad de S's good friend She is rich, & he is not: And their intimacy is no Secret. Under these Circumstances I doubt how far a Man of fine honour wo[d] bear a continuance of the Connection

It seems to me understood pretty generally that a Man ought not to receive favours *of both kinds* from a Lady: And then the dependence, the Want of Confidence implied in the looseness of the bond which binds them etc. These are riddles which I am too little acquaint[d] with B.C. to resolve. After all, however, he is the most interesting ffrenchman I ever saw. As to Mad. de S. I cannot say that I found it so very hard to follow her in her discourse tho' she has undoubtedly vast abilities—her table-eloquence is certainly first rate. . . .

p. 4, *line* 17. . . . All that I have heard for the last 2 years of the french fixes them as a nation in my disesteem—On the contrary it must be confessed that (leaving all moral relations & all higher super-terrestrial qualities out of view) there is something respectable in the uniformity & consistency of Buonapartes deportment—I admire his sagacity—in the choice of his Means it is evident that he knows his people & despises them—can we blame him?—Apropos I will give you an Anecdote. . . . Humboldt the great Traveller was present[d] to the Emperor on his Return from America. Now H. himself is a sort of Buonaparte among Travellers & expected to be distinguished—*Vous aimez la Botanique* said the Emperor to him—*Et ma femme aussi*—And passed on. Is it not admirable? There are many occurances of great & little moment in life which can only be understood from their relation to the Character of the actor—like this Address of Buonaparte—Humour, or Satire, or Insolence, or Impertinence? Did he deserve a kick . . . or a pat on the Shoulder? Ask his Lord in Waiting— . . .

1805–1808.
No. 12.

T. R. to H. C. R.

May 21st 1805

p. 1, *line* 6. . . . You ridicule the expression of my fears, and the caution I gave you against making too free with the sacred character of the Emperor of France. But I shall still beg you to take all possible care not to fall into the clutches of any of his creatures—and therefore beware of Hanover. . . .

No. 44

Jena. June 17th 1805.

p. 3, *line* 3. . . . Should a good star prevail in the firmament on my arriving among you, it is still possible that English connections may so bind me to my native country, that all my foreign relations may have no further influence on my future life than that of affording me the pleasures of memory in a rich abundance—Indeed the turn which things have taken here & at Weimar seem to point to this End as the natural termination. It was my good fortune to come to Jena while the antient spirit was still alive & active—And I saw the not insignificant remains of a knot of public teachers who have seldom been surpassed in a university—I have seen too a galaxy of literary talents & genius, which future ages will honour as the poetical ornaments of the 18th Century And place above the more showy but less sterling beaux esprits of ffrance who flourished thirty & forty years before—But I have lived too to see this Knot broken and I prognosticate its speedy dissolution.

You know that more than a year ago Herder died; unquestionably of all the german writers the one in whom the powers of the poet, orator, historian, & sentimental philosopher were most happily & harmoniously united—And who presents one of the most interestg minds & characters to our contemplation, tho' he has not from the universality of his genius in any one departmt attained the highest honours. A strong moral Sense was what distinguished him from Most of his competitors in the arts & sciences, & (strange as it may seem) even impedd his progress as a philosopher & poet—his Enmity to Kant proceedd from a *passionate* view of the critical philosophy which

prevent[d] his viewing an abstract theory closely—And many walks of poetry were shut up to him from the too great delicacy of his feelings: hence his enmity to Göthe And his Aversion to some of the most admirable of Göthe's production[s]. . . . But all these hindrances in the way of his fame & even efficacy do not prevent his loss being felt & generally acknowleddged as irreparable—I lost in him the only one of the 4 Heroes of Weimar to whom I was strongly attracted by the cordial warmth of his ffeelings And at the same time kept at a due but not remote distance by the command[g] majesty of his countenance & the high tenor of his thoughts.

The second shock which Weimar was doomed to feel took place a few weeks since when Schiller died. . . . It is possible that a severe Criticism may not allow him a high place among the dramatic poets—He had a more decided turn for lyric poetry And like Herder United poetry & philosophy together but without keeping these distinct operations of the Mind sufficiently apart—His Tragedies are too declamatory, too much stuffed with fine sentences & splendid tirades He was a poet of Reflection And had he not written for emolument—And had he been content with a subordinate Reputation or rather I sho[d] say with a higher Reput[n] in a lower departm[t] He might have been more than the Lucretius of Germany—He had all the Accessories of poetry even when he seemed to be without the mistress herself—He had a great fund of eloquence in his works both prose & verse And tho' no great philosopher in the School He has popularised with great effect many of the most import[t] dogmata of the School. Kantianism is greatly indebted to him. Schiller's death took place unexpectedly tho' his health had long been in a decline And on his being opened The nobler & more immediate organs of life were found in such a degree of decay that it excited Wonder how he co[d] so long survive His heart was shrivelled And the liver too resembled dry paper. The grand duchess has made a provision for two of his Sons. I was at Weimar just after he died & was gratified to find that all ranks of persons seemd to feel his loss becoming[ly]—The good old duchess observed to me very feelingly that it had been the joy of her life to be surround[d] by the first Men of the age, but that it was hard to be the Survivor of them all And I

think she will be so. Göthe has had repeated attacks of a cramp in his stomac—And was so alarmed at Schillers death that he made his will the same day: Schiller was but 45—Göthe is about 60—Wieland is 73 And is still lively & amiable.

I have spent 2 very interesting afternoons with him lately in wch he talked a great deal abo[t] english Authors which he does with pleasure. . . . Wieland gave much offence by the preface to the new edition of his Works in which he remarked that he had witnessed the rise of German literature & feared he should live too to see its decline—I fear so too—for of the younger poets I know only Tieck who promises to keep alive the flame of the Muses. I fear too that I have seen the last days of German Glory—And sho[d] it be so it will console me in my absense. . . .

p. 4, *line* 1. . . . As to politicks, I am so unacquainted with the state of things that I have no idea even of your parties. But I am previously disposed to be of that which is most decidedly against the french—Tho' I here confess that I suffer myself to be guided rather by feeling than judgem[t]. As to the War —The Language held here by the french Party is; if the English continue the War they will be ruined by the immense cost, if they make peace the french will in a few years have so restored their fleet and their Colonies will be so predominant that England will then be starved out or eaten up alive—The shortest answer to such anticipations is an appeal to the experience of ages which shows us how vain it is to prophecy long before hand And we may therefore trust to changes in the political World But at the same time it is methinks impossible to resist the notion that sooner or later our Nation must fall and that without going into a long detail. And the Reason is obvious.

The power & political greatness of England is not natural; it is artificial—And all Works of Art are like their Masters mortal—Our Credit is a name, a fancy. We have not a natural strength to support us & our existence can only be continued by the prolonged contests on the continent And by the continued folly of our Rivals & Opponents. We are undoubtedly indebted to our commercial & œconomical spirit for our distinction in Europe—but this spirit is spreading rapidly.

We have gained much by the early having thrown off the

yoke of Catholicism—but the States of Germany & in some measure of all Europe have learned or are beginning to learn the Art of retain^{g} Catholicism only in obedience to the State: The Excesses of the papastical pretences produced the Reformation by mak^{g} it the interests of the Princes to oppose the state—But now there seems to be in work a more effective Union of Church & State in all Countries; in which the antient Relation is reversed. In which the secular power calls in the spiritual head to its Support—Not the spiritual power, the secular arm. In the mean while Religion will continue to be as it has been in all ages. The tool of the powerful, the solace of the weak. The Theme for the poets fancies The Riddle of the Thinker's Speculations A significant reality for the few And an idle pretence for the many. . . .

No. 45

Jena August 12th 1805./.

Dear Thomas.

You will have waited for this Letter somewhat beyond the usual time; but I hope without anxiety. You know how hard it is to separate from a residence of three years, where there is a possibility of not coming again The leaving home to travel is nothing compared to it, for bating the possible mishaps of journeying, on which we ought never to speculate; & which in fact do not disturb in a great degree persons who are healthy: there is no doubt of returning again, hence no regret at parting. It is the Idea of taking leave *for ever*—It is the thought of *settling elsewhere* which pains the feeling Mind. I am sure it would cost me less regret at some future time to leave Bury in order to make a Journey round the World—Than to pack up my books And as it were take leave of my ffriends in order to settle in an adjoining county—But these Reflexions will seem to you mal a propos Now that I am about—not to leave you—but to come to you—Yet they are forced on me by every thing around me—I took leave of my Weimar ffriends yesterday —And was really affected at parting from the venerable Wieland he is 73 Years old And is already no more the acute & versatile Genius which made him for half a century together the delight of the german nation. He & the Dutchess spent 5 Days here

lately—Which afford[d] me the means of seeing much of him I was invited every day to Dinner or Supper And formally in the Suite of the D. as she attended the Lectures of the famous D[r] Gall of which I have already spoken—I escorted Wieland constantly And as he has all the loquacity without the ill humour of old age, listen'd with interest to the detailed history of his first love—& his first book—It is therefore no Wonder And in the present state of his Mind I may say it without Vanity that he really shewd a regard for me—And it was in fact more pleasant than flattering to me, to be told by him—That he had never yet seen an englishman whom he loved so much, that the others were civil & respectable strangers, but that I had an harmony with them (the friends of W. in general) & was near to them in a way which no E[nglishman] ever before was—I can easily think this, without being puffed up, as I have no doubt they never saw an englishman who united so great a knowledge of the language with such a familiar acquaintance with their literature & pursuits—But this is accident not merit—And I am pleased that it is so without esteeming myself the more for it.

In general, I have always been able to *account* for the sort of esteem with which I have been treated here,—without supposing qualities or acquirements which I am conscious of not having. The Englishman, as such, has in Germany such a preposses[s]ion in his favor that if he will he can easily & cheaply maintain his credit—Particularly if he be liberal enough to lay aside little offensive national peculiarities—

This Letter will be dated & put in the post the day or the day before my departure.[1] I shall walk to Braunschweig I hope in 5 Days—After staying 3 days there I shall go in the stage to Hamborough where my Box is already—I shall stay there perhaps a week—And should the Weather be fine & I find that I can with safety delay my passage over the water I shall perhaps make some excursion into the neighbourhood—It being in general my purpose not to come over till *I must*, that is, till the œquinoctial storms are likely to set in—for as this is a part of Germany I neither hope nor wish to see again I should like to see every thing remarkable in it—For that Reason you will not expect me till about the middle of September—And if it

[1] The post-mark is : Foreign Office, Sept. 6, 1805.

should be longer, be not alarmed nor fancy that the Salt Seas have swallowed me up—In the meanwhile I hope to enjoy the last Weeks in Germany which assuredly will not be a little sweetened by the expectation of being so soon in England—I shall walk thro' a part of Hanover—but I shall be dressed more shabbily than is usual in an englishman & shall take a German Pass—I am in no danger of being betrayed to the Imperial Soldiers

At H. I shall receive your Letter—I have further but one thing to say And that is, to put the benevolence & activity of my Sister in requisition. Except that I bring with me more books than the prodigal Son ever read—I return in an attire much resembling that of the illustrious vagabond. My Wardrobe consists of 1 Coat. 2 Waistcoats. 2 Breeches 3 Shirts. 6 Neckcloths. 3 Stockgs 2 Pockethandks &c &c As far as is possible I beg my Sister to make preparations for my equipment —Or I shall be forced to beg old Clothes of you an expedient not comportable with my dignity or your convenience. . . . And now dear Thomas I close my five Years uninterrupted Correspondence which has been a source of great delight to me, And I believe too of interest to you—Consider me as on the Road but recollect that an Ocean is between us. Trust to the God of Travellers And do not expect me till you see me—I embrace you all in fancy

H. C. Robinson.

. . . .

APPENDIX I

Mrs Thomas Robinson's Recipes.

(See p. 22)

2nd Sept, 1800.

1. To make the best Beefstakes

From the Loin end of a Rump of Beef cut Slices about half an inch thick, sprinkle them with pepper & salt and lay them on a clean Gridiron over a *clear brisk* Fire in about 3 Minutes that is as soon as brown turn them and after letting them remain the same time on the other side, take them off, lay them on a *hot* Dish, putting a piece of Butter about the size of a *small* nut on each Stake—You will observe the stakes are to be turn'd but once because the Gravy will then swim on the upper side and if they are taken off the Gridiron *carefully* you may preserve most of it.

2. To make an Apple, Currant or any Fruit Pudding

Take somewhat more than a Quart of Flour, put it in a Pan, and rub in with your finger and thumb a piece of Butter the size of a large Walnut when the Butter is well mixed with the Flour pour a small quantity of cold Water just sufficient to make a very stiff paste—this done place it upon a pyeboard and roll it with a Rolling pin till it is of a proper size and Thickness. The most convenient [way] of moulding it up is to spread the pudding cloth in a Bason, lay the Crust within it there, then put the Apples (ready cor'd and quarter'd) or Currants into the Crust then draw up the sides of the Crust and make them meet at top carefully closing it that the water may not get in then gather up the pudding cloth and tye it tight Observe that the water *boils* when you put it in the pot. An Apple pudding will require a full Hour & half to boil it a Currant not more than an Hour and Quarter. An Apple Dumpling is made the same way with one apple uncut and baked instead of boil'd.

3. Apple Fritters alias Pancakes.

Take 3 Eggs break them into a pudding cup or Bowl, beat them with a spoon then add about a Quart of Flour half a teaspoonful of salt and a little milk beat it well to break the knots of ye Flour &c when well mix'd and beat, add more milk sufficient to make it of the consistence of a *very thick* boil'd custard. Then pare 3 or 4 large Apples core them, cut them in Slices, chop them small, and

mix them with the Batter—Have ready a Frying Pan and some Pork Lard put into the Frying pan a piece of y^e^ latter about the size of a large walnut set it on the Fire & when it boils cover the bottom of y^e^ Frying pan with spoonfuls of the Batter, each spoonfull will make a Fritter when Fry'd brown take them out add more pork lard and more spoonfuls of Batter and so on till you have emptyd your Pudding cup or Bowl—N.B. when you have fry'd the 1^st^ Panful if you find your Pancakes either too thick or too thin you can alter them by the addition of either a little Milk or a little Flour to your Batter.

4. Whipt Syllabub

Put a Quart of thick Cream into a deep rather large Pot—add full half a pint of Mountain Wine the juice of a Lemon a tablespoonful of Brandy and with fine Loaf Sugar sweeten it to your taste I apprehend it will take a Q^r^ of a pound. Whip it with a whisk (a small white Rod) till it is quite thick, let it stand a Q^r^ of an hour to settle after which take off the top with a Spoon to fill your Glasses to make y^e^ fine frothy top you must prepare the ingredients as above in smaller quantity and a little milk and mill it with a Chocolate Mill taking the Froth off as it rises and laying it upon a sieve to drain, top the Glasses with this. The above Receipt will make good Syllabubs but to make very rich ones some add Orange flower water, Rose water, Sweetmeats etc.—You will be careful to put in the Wine etc *by degrees* stirring the cream at the same time or it will curdle.—A Milk Syllabub is very simple, Put some Wine into a Bowl sweeten it to your Taste, grate in half a Nutmeg and milk into it from the Cow—

(See p. 33.)

Oct 27 1800.

. . . A remark on your acknowledgement of my pancake receipt. You say the Idea of Dripping excited some disgust now as Dripping is not used either in the composition or for y^e^ frying of Pancakes I apprehend you have mistaken Pork Lard for Dripping

APPENDIX II

(See p. 124)

Communications by H. C. R. printed in the 'Monthly Register', which began on May 1st, 1802.

Vol. I. August, 1802, pp. 397–403. First Letter on German Literature. 'The following is by a Gentleman resident in one of the most popular of the German Universities.'

August, pp. 411–16. First Letter on the Philosophy of Kant from an Undergraduate in the University of Jena.

Vol. II. Nov. 1802, pp. 6–12. Second Letter on Kant—a Dialogue.

. . . [p. 25. A Letter from Oxford signed 'Carthusianus', criticising H. C. R.'s hexameters in the translations of the first letter on German literature.]

p. 26. Second Letter on German Literature. Two translations from Goethe. *Drops of Nectar, Cupid as Landscape Painter.* [Not hexameters.]

Jan. 1803, pp. 205–8. Third Letter on German Literature—Versification.

Feb. 1803, pp. 294–8. Fourth Letter on German Literature. Four Translations from Goethe—*The Wanderer, Mahomet's Song: Prometheus; Ganymede.*

April 1803, pp. 485–8. Third Letter on the Philosophy of Kant.

April 1803, pp. 492–3. Fifth Letter on German Literature entitled *More Distiches.* [Carthusianus is answered in an introduction, and translations in hexameters are given, chiefly from Goethe, Schiller, and Herder.]

Vol. III. May 1803, pp. 3–6. *On the Present State of the German Universities.* From an Undergraduate of Jena.

APPENDIX III

H. C. R.'s Expenses during Five Years in Germany

(See p. 34 etc.)

[Kindly contributed by Mrs. McKillop]

Crabb Robinson kept very careful accounts during his visit to Germany, and the memorandum book in which they were entered at the time is still preserved among his papers. He was away five years and three months, and spent about £540 ; so that he may be said to have lived practically within his income of £100 a year. He made an attempt to continue accounts in the same way in London in 1806 ; but was evidently distracted much more in his new life, and soon neglected to put down details, only recording that in that year he spent £145. There is not enough material, therefore, to make any careful comparison of the value of money at the time in the two countries; though it can be noted that he paid his friend Mrs. Collier £5 5*s.* 0*d.* a month that year for board and lodging, a distinctly larger amount than that demanded by any hostess in Grimma or Jena.

There is plenty of information concerning H. C. R.'s disposal of his small income, his personal habits, his mingled frugality and generosity during his stay abroad. His passage from Yarmouth to Hamburg cost £5 6*s.* 0*d.*, and the post-chaise journey to Frankfurt which followed close upon it cost in English money £7 8*s.* 0*d.*, although he shared the charges, first with three, then with four others. The first fortnight in Hamburg was very expensive, and in Frankfurt he found himself spending over 5*s.* a day on the bare items of lodging and meals. It did not take him long to face the situation. First, as to seeing Germany—that must be done on foot ; for he would be unable to afford the post-chaise journeys which seemed the only alternative. And after cutting down living expenses as much as he could in Frankfurt, he saw that the student's life, frugally lived at one of the university towns, was better suited to his means. After all, books were not dear, nor were private lessons. His first lessons in the German language were at the rate of 10*d.* an hour ; and his classical coach in Jena seems to have given him four lessons for a florin !

His cash entries of course were made in German coinage, and are somewhat difficult to follow as this differed in different states. He began with florins and kreutzer; at Grimma he used thaler, groschen, and pfennige, and at Jena a slightly different florin, divided into

24 groschen instead of 60 kreutzer. The exchange value is given every time he went from one coinage to another (though only briefly, for his own calculations), and whenever he receives a remittance from England he gives the foreign exchange, which did not vary very much in five years. Thus it is possible to convert all his entries approximately into English money: and this is preferable, both to avoid mentioning the changes of coinage and also to refer the items, as we mention them, back to the central fact that his income was £100 a year. The florin was 2*s.* or 1*s.* 11*d.*; it has been taken as 2*s.* for convenience; and the thaler as 3*s.* 8*d.*

As to board and lodging, in whatever town he was, he usually preferred a single room, with dinner at an inn, and sometimes all other meals out also. Both at Jena and Grimma the food was very plain; and he usually just bought wood for a fire in his room if he was cold. When away on walking tours he did not retain a room, so was very free of expense in that way. His expenses per day on board and lodging at Grimma and Jena were very little over 2*s.*; when at Marburg for a short time, they were no more, and on his return to Frankfurt in 1802 he managed to keep them under 3*s.* It is interesting to notice that on his *walking* tours—those in which he practically disdained any help in locomotion—he could live at the same cost, or a little more. A brief table is given below of the cost of his tours; where the cost comes as high as 5*s.* or 6*s.*, it is due to part of the journey being by post or by river, or else to what he calls 'extraordinary' expenses, in sight-seeing or making presents. One sees by his accounts that with all his austerity towards his own needs he was never niggardly in giving tips, nor did he forget people's dues. Glancing through the items, one is not surprised to find 'shoes mended' particularly frequent. He spent about £11 a year on clothes;[1] and it is not very astonishing to find in his last letter that he prepares Thomas and Mary for his shabby appearance, with a wardrobe that needs replenishment everywhere. During the five years he spent at least £23 on books; this is probably an underestimate, because it is not clear, especially at the end, whether he was buying books for himself or as presents. Letters he received *from* England cost him 6*d.* or 7*d.* each, whereas the postage of a letter *to* Germany after his return is entered several times as 2*s.*, and he paid the same when he received one. A trivial item which occurs quite frequently during the five years is 'new watch-glass'. Going 'to the play', in any of the towns, cost him from 1*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.*, unless he escorted some one, in which case he might spend somewhat more on better seats. To

[1] His first German coat and breeches came to £3 15*s.* 0*d.*

see a play in London in 1806 cost him 3*s.* 6*d.* Many trivial kindnesses and treats for young people are mentioned; and a little bunch of bad debts, evidently loans to fellow students, is philosophically recorded when he leaves Jena.

Estimate of the Cost of H. C. R.'s Tours

	Per day.	
	s.	*d.*
No. 3 (see list). *The Rhine and the Lahn.* £1 5*s.* 0*d.* for 7 days	3	6
5. *Frankfurt to Grimma with Brentano.* £5 8*s.* 0*d.* for 18 days	6	0
6. *Erzgebirge.* £3 18*s.* 0*d.* for 16 days . . .	5	0
7. *Dresden, Prague.* £8 13*s.* 0*d.* for 44 days . .	3	8
8. *Weimar and Jena.* £1 5*s.* 0*d.* for 8 days . .	3	2
9. *Dresden, Bavaria.* £3 6*s.* 0*d.* for 25 days . .	2	7
10. *Berlin.* £6 15*s.* 0*d.* for 25 days . . .	5	5
11, 12. *Franconia.* £7 4*s.* 0*d.* for 36 days . .	4	0

It will be seen that a large part of the total is for actual living, not travelling expenses, and for very frugal living too.

His passage home from Husum to Yarmouth cost £7; and his journey from Yarmouth to Bury St. Edmunds 18*s.* 9*d.*

APPENDIX IV

Translations from the German

(See Text, p. 52)

Noted by Thomas Robinson in the first issues of the *Monthly Magazine*, 1796–1800 (Monthly Lists of New Publications); and sent to his brother on 11 December 1800.

(The names have been corrected by reference to the periodical itself, and the name of the translator, where given, added.)

1796. Albert de Nordenchild. [A novel.]
Chemico-Physiological Observations on Plants. von Uslar. Tr. G. Schmeisser.
Life and Opinions of Sebaldus Nothanken. F. Nicolai. Tr. T. Dutton; again in Apr. 1798.
The Chase, and William and Helen. Bürger.
Laura, or the Influence of a Kiss. Gesner.
Silent Fairy Tales. Wielaw [Wieland].

1797. Count Donamar. [A novel.]

1798. Adelung's Elements of Kant. F. Willich.
The History of my Father. Kotzebue [Feb. and May].
Stella (novel), founded on a recent event in private life. M. Goethe.
Natalia and Menzikoff. Kratter.
The Maid of Marienburg. Kratter.
Clavigo. Goethe.
Geographical . . . Account of the Cisalpine Republic. W. Oppenheim.

1799. Goetz of Berlichingen. Goethe [Apr. and May].
The Force of Calumny. Kotzebue. Tr. Anna Plumptre [May and June].
False Shame. Kotzebue. Tr. Anna Plumptre [May and June].
The School for Honour or the Chance of War. Lessing.
The Bachelors. Iffland.
The Spaniards in Peru. Kotzebue. Tr. A. Plumptre.
Essays and Treatises on Moral and (other) Subjects. Kant.
Practical Philosophy. Knigge. Tr. P. Will.
Family Distress. Kotzebue. Tr. H. Neuman.
Letters from the Continent. Mathison. Tr. A. Plumptre. [F. von Matthisson.]

The Corsicans.
The Nephews. Iffland. Tr. H. E. Lloyd.
Poverty and Nobleness of Mind. Kotzebue. Tr. Maria Geisweiler.
The Sufferings of the Ortenberg Family. Kotzebue. Tr. P. Will.
Two Metrical Romances and other Pieces with a translation from Kotzebue.
The Lawyers. Iffland. Tr. C. Ludger.
Sighs, or, the Daughter. Kotzebue. Tr. P. Hoare.
Sigewart. Novel. Tr. A. Ll.
History of Amtrath Gutmann. Knigge.
History of the Thirty Years' War. Schiller.

1800. Outlines of a Philosophy of a History of Man. Herder. Tr. T. Churchill.
Joanna of Montfaucon. Kotzebue. Tr. R. Cumberland.
The Armenian, or the Ghost Seer. Schiller.
Sketch of his Life and Literary Career. By Kotzebue. Tr. A. Plumptre.
Gymnastics for Youth. Salzmann.
Physiognomical Travels. Musaeus. Tr. A. Plumptre.
Crime from Ambition. Iffland. Tr. M. Geisweiler.
Death of Wallenstein. Schiller. Tr. S. T. Coleridge.
History of Rinaldo Rinaldini. Vulvius. Tr. J. Hinckley.
Sorrows of Werter. Goethe. Tr. W. Render.
German Grammar for English Students. H. Noehden.
Phaedon. M. Mendelssohn. Tr. C. Cullen.

In addition to the above, certain translations not mentioned by Thomas Robinson are announced in the *Monthly Magazine*. Possibly some of the omissions are due to the fact that earlier translations were in existence or that the books were not on subjects attractive to his brother. The following is a list of the omitted works :

1796. Lenore. Tr. from the German by Mr. Stanley.
Travels through . . . the Kingdom of Naples. By C. Ulysses. Tr. from German by A. Aufrere.
Lenore, from the German of Bürger. Tr. by H. J. Pye.
Cabal and Love. From the German of Schiller.
Lenore. By Bürger. Mr. Spencer's translation with nine designs by Lady Diana Beauclerc.
System of Natural History for the Instruction of Youth. From the German of Professor Raff. [July and Oct.]

The Negro Slaves. From the German of Kotzebue. [July and Oct.]

Essay on National Pride. J. G. Zimmermann. Tr. S. H. Wilcocke.

Fiesco. A Tragedy. By Schiller.

The Alps. Poem by Haller.

Ellenore : a Ballad. From the German of Bürger.

The German Miscellany, . . . Dramas, Dialogues, and Novels. Tr. by A. Thompson.

The History of Peregrinus Proteus. From the German of Wielaw [i.e. Wieland].

Project for a Perpetual Peace. Em. Kant.

1797. A History of Discoveries and Inventions. J. Bechmann. Tr. by W. Johnston.

Travels through Germany, Switzerland, &c. By Count Stolberg. Tr. T. Holcroft.

The Art of Prolonging Life. Tr. from the German.

1798. The Stranger. Freely translated from Kotzebue. [Apr. and May.]

Don Carlos. Schiller.

The Midnight Bell. A German story.

The Wild Huntsman's Chase. Bürger.

Oberon. Wieland.

Don Carlos. Schiller. By the translators of Fiesco.

Don Carlos. Schiller. [Another.]

The Inquisitor, a Tragedy. Altered from the German by J. P. Andrews and H. J. Pye.

The Natural Son, or Lovers' Vows. Kotzebue. Tr. A. Plumptre with a Life of Kotzebue by A. W. Willich. [Oct. and Nov.]

Adelaide of Wulfinger. Kotzebue. Tr. B. Thomson.

The Reconciliation. Kotzebue.

The Count of Burgundy. Kotzebue. Tr. A. Plumptre.

Lovers' Vows. Abridged and altered from Kotzebue by Mrs. Inchbald.

Solitude . . . selected from the original German of M. Zimmermann.

St. Julien, or Memoirs of a Father. From the German of A. La Fontaine.

1799. Virgin of the Sun. Kotzebue. Tr. A. Plumptre.

The Constant Lover, or William and Jeanette. A tale from the German.

Self Immolation. Kotzebue. H. Neuman.

The Birthday, or Reconciliation. Kotzebue.
The Discovery of America, for the use of Children. From the German of J. H. Campe.
The Noble Lie. Kotzebue. Tr. M. Geisweiler.
The Horse and the Widow. Taken from Kotzebue and adapted to the English stage.
The Foresters. Iffland. B. Plumptre.
Pizarro in Peru. Kotzebue. J. Dutton.
The Peevish Man. A Drama from the German by C. Ludger
Pizarro. Extracted from Kotzebue's Spaniards in Peru and adapted to the English stage by R. B. Sheridan.
The East Indian. Kotzebue.
Columbus, or the Discovery of America (for the instruction of youth). Tr. from the German of Campe by Eliz. Helme.
Romulus, a Tale. Tr. from the German of A. La Fontaine by P. Will.
The Tournament, a Tragedy. Imitated from the German drama *Agnes Bernauer* . . . by Mariana Starke. [Twice.]

1800. The Wise Man of the East. Kotzebue. By Mrs. Inchbald.
The Writing Desk, or Youth in Danger. Literally translated from . . . Kotzebue.
The Art of Maintaining Feeble Life. . . . From the German of C. A. Straire.
The German Theatre. I. The Stranger.
Pizarro, or the Conquest of Peru (for the young). By J. H. Campe. Tr. E. Helme.
Solitude. Zimmermann.
The Negro Slaves. Kotzebue.
The Birthday. Kotzebue. Altered and adapted by T. Dibdin.
Principles of Modern Chemistry. F. G. Gren.
The Piccolomini, or the First Part of Wallenstein. Schiller. Tr. S. T. Coleridge.
Crime from Ambition. W. Iffland. Tr. M. Geisweiler.
Nos. 1, 2, 3 of the German Museum conducted by P. Will.
Joanna de Montfaucon. Kotzebue. (Original translation from which Mr. Cumberland has formed his Drama.)
Cortes. J. H. Campe.

APPENDIX V

Tours and Journeys in Germany taken by H. C. R., 1800–1805

1

May 1800. *Hamburg to Frankfurt.* *By Posting.* *No.* 2, *pp.* 20–1.
Hamburg, Harburg, Welle, Soltau, Bergen, Celle, Schillerslage, Hannover, Bruggen, Einbeck, Northeim, Göttingen, Münden, Cassel, Wabern, Jesberg, Halsdorf, Marburg, Giessen, Butzbach, Friedberg, Frankfurt.

2

Sept. 1800. *Frankfurt to Kastel.* *By carriage; walked back.* *No.* 5, pp. 30–2.
Visited Hochheim, Bieberich, Wiesbaden, Königstein.

3

Oct. 1800. *Frankfurt, the right bank of the Rhine, and up the Lahn.* *Walk.* *No.* 7, *pp.* 39–45.
Frankfurt, Kronburg, Falkenstein, Königstein, Wiesbaden, Bieberich, Rudesheim, Lorch, St. Goarshausen, Braubach, Lahnstein, Ehrenbreitstein, Ems, Dietz, Limburg, and back to Königstein.

4

June 1801. *Frankfurt to Wetzlar and back.* *Carriage.* *No.* 13, *pp.* 68–9.

5

June 1801. *Frankfurt to Grimma.* *Walk with Brentano.* *Nos.* 13, 14, *pp.* 69–78.
Friedberg, Butzbach, Marburg, Jesberg, Cassel, Wilhelmshöhe, Münden, Göttingen, Osterode, St. Andreasberg, The Brocken, Blankenberg, Eisleben, Merseburg, Leipzig, Grimma.

6

2–18 *Sept.* 1801. *Grimma to the Erzgebirge and back.* *Walk.* *No.* 16, *pp.* 79–84.
Altenberg, Gera, Schleitz (Ebersdorf), Schneeberg, Annaberg, Chemnitz, Waldheim, Grimma.

7

22 *Sept.*–*Oct.* 1801. *Grimma to Dresden, Prague, and back.* *? Walk latter part only.* *Nos.* 17, 19, *pp.* 85–8, 93–5.
—Dresden. Pirna, Königstein, Schandau, Tetschen, Aussig, Teplitz, Prague, Budin, Leitmeritz, Teplitz, Mariaschein, Pirna, Dresden, Meissen, Hubertusburg, Grimma.

8

Nov. 1801.	*Grimma to Weimar and Jena via Naumburg.*	*No.* 20, *pp.* 95–104.

9

May 1802.	*Grimma to Dresden, Saxon Switzerland, Franconia, Frankfurt.*	*Walk with Brentano.*	*No.* 24, *pp.* 108–13.

Porsberg, Liebethal, Hohenstein, Schandau, Lilienstein, Utterwalde, Rathewalde, Freiburg, Hof, Wohnsiedel, Bayreuth, Bamberg, Erlangen, Nuremberg, Bischoffsheim, Würzburg, Aschaffenburg; boat to Frankfurt.

[H. C. R. remained in Frankfurt 11 weeks, in Marburg 5 weeks, and took up his abode in Jena, early in October. He walked from one to the other.]

10

April 1803.	*Jena to Berlin and back.*	*Chiefly walking.*	*Nos.* 30–1, *pp.* 121–25.

Naumberg, Rossbach, Merseburg, Halle, Dessau, Worlitz, Wittenberg, Potsdam, Berlin, Dessau, Leipzig, Grimma, Jena.

11

Sept. 1804.	*Jena to Franconia, the Lower Rhine, and Frankfurt.*	*Chiefly walking.*	*Nos.* 40–1, *pp.* 152–60.

The Saale Valley to Rudolstadt, Schwarzburg, Bamberg, Würzburg, Bischoffsheim, Wallduen, Heidelberg, Darmstadt, Karlsruhe, Stuttgart, Mannheim, Schwetzingen, Auerbach, Worms, Speyer, Darmstadt; by carriage to Frankfurt; Hanau, Fulda, Eisenach, Gotha, Arnstadt, Jena.

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